Salignac de la Motte Fenelon

A NEW

TRANSLATION

OF

TELEMACHUS

IN

ENGLISH VERSE.

By GIBBONS BAGNALL, A. M.
Vicar of Home-Lacy, Herefordshire.

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.——— Hor. Art. Poet.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

IN the preſent diſcerning age, which ſeems to aim at the higheſt perfection in every branch of Science, as an apology would be needleſs for a work that has any real merit; ſo one that has none to ſhew, will be very ſure to meet with the contempt which it deſerves. How great then muſt my apprehenſions be for the following ſheets, which, I am ſenſible, come ſo very ſhort of the beauty of their great original!

But, by the laws of our excellent conſtitution, every criminal has an undoubted right to be tried by his peers: This privilege I lay claim to. And ſhall look on none as my equals, who have not, at leaſt, as great an alacrity in ſinking as myſelf: As to Critics of a ſuperior claſs, I am too inconſiderable for their notice: but ſhould any of them condeſcend to become my readers, they will not be inſenſible of the difficulty of this undertaking: So that from their candour, and humanity, I may reaſonably expect all favourable allowances. The attempt, at leaſt, was laudable, if I have failed in the execution

——Nec tam,
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendiſſe decorum eſt.

An Epic Poem has been juſtly eſteemed one of the greateſt productions which human nature is capable of: and ſuch a poem is Telemachus, *in the opinion of the moſt able judges. It will not, I preſume, be expected*

that I ſhould bring any arguments to prove this; after what have been ſo judiciouſly advanced by the celebrated Ramſay: *but though it has every other eſſential of a compleat Epic Poem, it is undoubtedly capable of ſome improvement from harmony and numbers; could any hand be found that was equal to ſuch a taſk. For want of this variety (eſpecially in the didactic parts, which frequently take up almoſt a whole book together) the ſentiments, however excellent in themſelves, are dry and tedious. To diverſify, and give a life to theſe, was one of the principal things I had in view; and what was attended with the greateſt difficulty. It was like travelling for many miles over a dead flat, with no variety of proſpect to entertain the ſight. A ſtrict literal tranſlation in theſe caſes was not to be expected: a paraphraſe was often neceſſary, often unavoidable; and the beſt tranſlators we have (even Mr.* Pope, *the Prince of them) have given a ſanction by their practice to this kind of liberty. It is ſufficient in works of this nature, if nothing inconſiſtent be introduced; if we never deviate ſo far, as to loſe ſight of our author.*

The plan of Telemachus *is evidently taken from the* Odyſſey *of* Homer. *But the great Archbiſhop of* Cambray *was no ſervile imitator: he has not confined himſelf to the* Odyſſey, *but has ſelected many of the choiceſt flowers from the* Iliad, *and the* Æneid; *as well as from the tragic poets, and beſt writers of antiquity; and enriched his performance with many noble flights of his own imagination. His characters are all natural, his epiſodes extremely beautiful, and his ſimilies worked up to a ſublimity unuſual. Add to this, that his extenſive learning is diſcoverable in every page: he has ranſacked all the treaſures of both ſacred and prophane hiſtory. His Chronology and Geography, will, in general, ſtand the ſtricteſt teſt; his moral is always excellent, and adapted to all the various ranks and conditions of human life. He wrote to all ages, and will be reſpected by all; ſo long as any taſte ſhall remain for virtue, and politeneſs. How narrow then were the ſouls of his malicious adverſaries, who could labour to repreſent one of the fineſt compoſitions, that ever appeared in any language, as an execrable lampoon, and ſatire upon the times! In*

the

the Notes, which are here given, all therefore of that kind are induſtriouſly avoided, and purpoſely omitted. For, in the firſt place, none that are acquainted with his amiable character, will believe him at all capable of a deſign ſo mean; and in the next, ſuppoſing it true, we have, at this time of day, nothing at all to do with it.

And as there ſeemed to be no neceſſity for painting this beautiful Swan with feet ſo remarkably ugly, it ſeemed equally inexpedient to interrupt and diſtract the reader with a multiplicity of notes of any kind, and long-winded quotations: I judged it would be more agreeable, briefly to refer him to the ſeveral places of imitation, and ſelect what appeared moſt eligible out of all the editions hitherto publiſhed. I am under very little concern therefore leſt this part of my work ſhould be thought burthenſome; unleſs in thoſe places where I have ventured to inſert a ſhort comment of my own.

Upon the whole, I confeſs myſelf extremely diffident of ſucceſs: am all ſubmiſſion to the judgment of the impartial Public, and willing to ſtoop as low to procure their favour as is conſiſtent with the mock-pride and dignity of poets. Whatever may be the fate of this Tranſlation when publiſhed, it has amuſed me in ſome ſolitary and very melancholy hours: to its Author therefore it hath already been of ſingular ſervice; and, I have vanity enough to think (like other Empirics) that it may poſſibly be uſeful to the world in general: for, at the worſt, I wou d recommend it as a good Narcotic, which may adminiſter comfort to all thoſe who are in want of ſleep. And I ſee no manner of reaſon why they, and I, may not nod together; when the great Homer *himſelf has done the ſame before us.*

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, *conducted by* Minerva, *under the ſhape of* Mentor, *after ſuffering ſhipwreck, lands upon the iſland of the Goddeſs* Calypſo; *who was ſtill in great affliction for the departure of* Ulyſſes. *The Goddeſs affords him a kind reception, falls in love with him, makes him an offer of immortality, and deſires to hear his adventures. He relates to her his voyage to* Pylos *and* Lacedæmon; *his being ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of* Sicily, *the danger he was in of being ſacrificed there to the ghoſt of* Anchiſes; *the aſſiſtance which he and* Mentor *gave to* Aceſtes *in repelling an incurſion of Barbarians, and how that King acknowledged their ſervice by preſenting them with a* Phœnician *ſhip to return home.*

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

BOOK I.

WITH tears *Calypso* did her loss deplore:
Ulysses fled, and comfort was no more.
No pleasing hope from endless life she knows,
Nought but a sad eternity of woes.

The

NOTES.

Verse 1. *With tears* Calypso, *&c.* Feigned by the Poets to have been the Daughter of *Atlas*, and *Thetis*; and to have reigned in the Island *Ogygia* in the *Adriatic* Sea. As *Homer* is the first that mentions her, he probably derived her name from the *Greek* word καλύπτω on account of her concealing so long the Hero of his *Odyssey*.

Verse 2. Ulysses *fled.*—The Son of *Laertes* and *Anticlea*; and King of *Ithaca*, a small island about five and twenty miles in compass, situated in the neighbourhood of *Peloponnesus*; and now known by the name of *Val di compare*. In his passage from the Siege of *Troy*, he

IMITATION.

Verse 3. *Ovid. Met.* lib. 1.

The vocal Grotto, ſcene of former joys,
No more returns the muſic of her voice;
Th' attendant Nymphs abaſh'd around her preſs,
Nor dare enquire the cauſe of her diſtreſs.
Penſive ſhe wanders o'er the flow'ry plain,
Where blooming youth and ſpring perpetual reign,
The riſing fountain, and th' enamell'd grove,
Recall the dire remembrance of her love:
'Twas here ſo oft ſhe view'd that faithleſs Man,
And all their ſweets but aggravate her pain.
Once, as dejected on the bank ſhe ſtood,
And ſwell'd with tears th' inexorable flood;
Still to that point her languid eye-lids rear'd,
Where laſt *Ulyſſes* and his ſail appear'd;
A ſudden ſhriek aſſail'd her frighted ears,
And, lo! a ſhipwreck to her ſight appears.
The ſlacken'd cordage, and the uſeleſs oars,
In wild diſorder floating to the ſhores;
Helm, keel, and maſts, in horrible array,
All borne in triumph by the boiſt'rous ſea.
Far off two Mortals, of unuſual mien,
Struggling amidſt the foaming waves were ſeen,
The one, Old Age had cloth'd with ſilver hairs;
The other, bluſhing in the bloom of years:
Grace ſhap'd his limbs, and beauty deck'd his face;
In air, in aſpect, what *Ulyſſes* was.
Conſcious ſhe ſaw; but who the rev'rend ſage
That came as Guardian to his tender age
In vain explor'd: here fail'd th' Immortal ken,
So far ſuperior to the ſons of men;
(For Spirits that dwell in Heav'n's ſupreme abodes
Surpaſs all knowledge of inferior gods)

NOTE.

he was thrown by a tempeſt on *Calypſo*'s coaſt; who detained him there ſeven years, 'till by the expreſs command of *Jupiter* ſhe was obliged to releaſe him.—*Vid. Odyſſ.* 5.

IMITATION.

Verſe 10. *Ovid. Met.* lib. 1.

With

With eaſe could *Pallas*, under *Mentor*'s veil,
The radiant luſtre of her eyes conceal.
Mean while *Calypſo* pleas'd that wreck ſurvey'd
Which to her ſight *Ulyſſes*' ſon diſplay'd.
Onward ſhe came, but with diſſembled ire,
Nor ſeem'd to know him, tho' ſo like his Sire.
" Raſh boy! What Deity's offended pow'r
" Sent thee to periſh on this fatal ſhore?
" For learn: no common puniſhments await
" The wretch intruding on my calm retreat."
This ſaid, her joy expos'd the aukward part;
And ſhew'd her face the contraſt of her heart.
To whom the Youth: " O Nymph of heav'nly frame,
" Mortal, or Goddeſs, or whate'er thy name;
" (For who that face beholds, that awful port;
" And ſees not beauties of immortal ſort?)
" Say, can I think that You'll relentleſs prove
" To all the ſufferings of a filial love;
" To all the hardſhips of a duteous ſon,
" Who ſeeks his Father in a realm unknown;
" Expos'd to tempeſts, with his veſſel loſt,
" Himſelf juſt periſh'd on your fatal coaſt?"
Ah! ſay what father, quoth the Goddeſs, ſpeak:
Whom thro' variety of ills you ſeek.
" Fair Nymph, I will. *Ulyſſes* is his name,
" All *Greece*, all *Aſia*, will record his fame.
" Nine years he warr'd upon *Scamander*'s banks
" Firſt in the council, foremoſt in the ranks;
" With other Chiefs, conſpiring to deſtroy
" The pride of *Aſia*, in the fall of *Troy*.
" An exile now, upon the boundleſs main,
" Sport of the floods, he ſtrives his realm to gain;
" Purſues his *Ithaca* with longing eyes,
" Which, as a viſion, ſtill before him flies:

NOTE.

Verſe 37. *With eaſe could* Pallas, *&c.*—This thought of diſguiſing *Minerva*, under the borrowed form of *Mentor*, is taken from the ſecond and third books of the *Odyſſey*.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 50. *Odyſſey* 6, and *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 70. *Virg. Æn.* 5.

" Has

" Has left his conſort, and his ſon to mourn,
" No glimpſe of hope that he ſhall e'er return.
" With equal pains, and headlong zeal, I go,
" Some dreadful tidings of my Sire to know.
" For, oh! what ſurety, but beneath ſome wave,
" Ev'n now, he haſtes to his untimely grave?
" Say, if you know, what heav'n's ſevere decree;
" And ſhew ſome pity to a wretch like me.
" Say, will the Fates ſome farther ſpace allow,
" Or ſink him lifeleſs to the ſhades below?" 80
Struck with his early ſenſe, and ſage replies,
She view'd the beauteous youth with raviſh'd eyes:
Long fix'd remain'd; at length her ſilence broke,
" Yes: I'll inform you all—but time would fail
" To tell you now the mortifying tale:
" The day's far ſpent, and limbs with toil oppreſt
" Aſk juſt returns of neceſſary reſt.
" Come then, my ſon, repoſe thee here a while;
" My bliſs, my comfort, in this loneſome iſle: 90
" To give you joy, be mine the pleaſing part,
" Your's, to receive it with a grateful heart."
She ſaid. And compaſs'd with a beauteous band
Of Nymphs, obſequious to her great command,
Herſelf the faireſt; onward led the way
Erect and taller by the head than they.
So the fair oak upon the ſpacious plain,
Luxuriant Queen, extends her awful reign;
Pleas'd o'er the lawn her ample ſhades to throw
And nods ſuperior to the ſhrubs below. 100
Charm'd with her beauty, and becoming grace,
The hero follow'd with ſubmiſſive pace.
Her robe, which true *Sidonian* dye declar'd,
Careleſsly pendent from her neck appear'd.
Her treſſes gather'd in a knot behind
Neglected fell, and wanton'd in the wind.
Her ſparkling eyes Divinity confeſs'd
Join'd with a ſweetneſs not to be expreſs'd.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 77. *Odyſſey*. 3.
Verſe 95. *Odyſſ*. 6. *Æn*. 7. and *Ovid. Met*. 8.
Verſe 100, *Virg. Ecl*. 1.

Mean

Mean while with downward look grave *Mentor* paſt
Modeſt, and ſilent; of her train the laſt.
Calypſo's grotto now at hand appear'd,
On ſtone piazzas elegantly rear'd:
Here ſaw *Telemachus*, with new delight,
Whate'er could raviſh, and attract the ſight:
Yet plain as rural neatneſs could inſpire,
No gold or ſilver to excite deſire;
No paint nor breathing buſt did it diſcloſe,
No columns riſing in *Corinthian* rows:
But hewn in vaults was ſeen the wond'rous place,
Shells, and rock cryſtals had conſpir'd to grace.
Around its verdant ſides for ever twine
The turgent branches of a gen'rous vine,
While gentle zephyrs, and refreſhing air
Reſtrain'd the raging of the ſultry year.
While murm'ring ſtreams from pureſt fountains flow,
In looſe meanders to the vale below;
Through beds of amaranth, and vi'lets blue,
And thouſand flow'rs of variegated hue.
Here various baths in concave banks receive
The bubbling current, and the cryſtal wave;
There golden groves in comely order ſpread
And bluſh with apples of etherial ſeed:
Whoſe glorious bloſſoms every ſeaſon greet
With heav'nly fragrance, and ambroſial ſweet.
The radiant branches crown'd the ſmiling mead,
And baniſh'd *Phœbus* from the duſky ſhade.
No ſound was heard in all the ſweet abode,
But feather'd ſongſters warbling through the wood;
Or fall of water from the mountain-brow
In fair caſcades into the vale below.
Where foaming wide the indignant waves were ſeen
And gliding ſwift through all th' embroider'd green.
High on a hill the finiſh'd fabric ſtood,
With front extended to the ſilver flood.
Here oft with peaceful wave old Ocean ſmil'd,
With glaſſy ſurface, and with aſpect mild;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 139. *Hor. Epod.* 16. Verſe 142. *Virg. Geor.* 4.

As oft in rage he laſh'd the ſounding ſhore,
And mountain-high his tow'ring billows bore.
Behind, a ſtream with flow'ring lindens crown'd,
In various iſles divides the fertile ground;
'Midſt rows of poplar, regular and ev'n,
Which ſeem'd to pierce th' etherial vault of heav'n.
The num'rous rills, as by thoſe iſles they ran,
Seem'd as in play through all the rich champaign:
Impetuous ſome, while others gently flow;
Soft was their progreſs, peaceable, and ſlow:
Some winding far thro' many a rood had fled,
And back return'd with vigour to their head,
Repeating thus with joy their deſtin'd race,
As loth to leave the dear enchanted place.
Far off, the hill and mountain-top appear'd,
Their tow'ring heads above the clouds were rear'd.
Their forms romantic minift'ring delight,
A ſweet horizon fram'd to charm the ſight.
Around, the vines beneath their burthens bend,
In fair feſtoons the cluſt'ring grapes depend;
No more the leaves their beauties could conceal,
No *Tyrian* purple could their dye excel.
There roſe the fig tree of ſtupendous height,
Pomegranates, olives, raviſhing to ſight,
And ev'ry beauteous plant of happier kind
T' enrich the lovely landſcape had combin'd.
And now the Goddeſs ev'ry charm had ſhown,
All Nature's ſweets had blended with her own.
Here reſt, ſhe cried, and other robes receive:
For drench'd are thoſe beneath the briny wave.
This done, I'll haſte to ſatisfy your fear,
And talk of truths which you muſt weep to hear.
She ſaid: and leading to a neighb'ring ſhade,
(Which ſacred ſeem'd to Meditation made)
A grotto ſhew'd where flaming cedars ſhone
Which breath'd etherial ſweets; and next her own.
Th' officious Nymphs th' odorous pile had fir'd,
And brought new robes; then modeſtly retir'd.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 147. *Virg. Ecl.* 9. Verſe 154. *Ovid. Met.* 8.
Verſe 183. *Æn.* 7.

Telemachus

Telemachus beheld with eager eyes
A ſumptuous veſt, and ſeiz'd it as his prize:
The ſofteſt wool its tunic did compoſe,
White as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows.
O'er this a mantle glorious to behold
Of *Tyrian* dye; and border wav'd with gold:
With all the rapture of a youthful mind
To love of dreſs, and indolence inclin'd;
He ſaw—when *Mentor* gravely interpos'd,
And all his failing in full light diſclos'd.
" Are theſe the thoughts *Ulyſſes'* ſon ſhould fire;
" Or ſhould he rather emulate his ſire?
" *Ulyſſes'* ſon ſhould take a nobler aim:
" Through ev'ry hardſhip ſhould aſpire to fame.
" The foppiſh youth who, rival of the fair,
" Sets off his perſon with effem'nate care;
" Unworthy he of Wiſdom's ſacred crown:
" 'Tis Virtue only which deſerves renown.
" Virtue, which ſcorns of Luxury the ſeeds;
" Source of diſhonour, and ignoble deeds."
Abaſh'd he heard, and ſigh'd with gen'rous pride,
Then with ſubmiſſive accent thus replied:
" May the bleſt Gods before whoſe ſhrines I bow,
" Strike me unthinking to the ſhades below;
" Ere luxury and eaſe corrupt this mind
" Which pants for pleaſure of a nobler kind!
" No—It ſhall ne'er be ſaid *Ulyſſes'* Son
" Was ſlave to paſſions which he bluſh'd to own.
" But ſay, to what Divinity we owe
" The num'rous bleſſings which around us flow:
" What pow'r, unſeen, directed us to find
" This heav'nly Maid, ſo courteous, and ſo kind?
" Beware, ſaid *Mentor*, of thoſe fatal charms;
" Which elſe will lead you to a thouſand harms.
" Beware her gentle looks, her geſture ſweet;
" Shipwreck and ſtorms are trifles to deceit:
" The bark juſt found'ring in the vaſt abyſs,
" Sinks not like Virtue when betray'd by Vice.

IMITATION.

Verſe 199. *Ovid. in Phæd.*

" Guard well your heart againſt her idle tales;
" Youth is preſumptuous, and too often fails:
" In ſelf conceit to all things will aſpire,
" And ſad Imprudence feeds the dang'rous fire.
" Truſt not the honey of *Calypſo*'s tongue,
" With gloſſes falſe, and thouſand flatt'ries hung:
" As with indented wave the ſerpent glides
" Beneath th' enamel'd flow'rs, and venom hides;
" So do fair ſpeeches from *Calypſo* flow,
" While deadly poiſons are conceal'd below.
" Be warn'd, and fear: theſe wholeſome words attend,
" Diſtruſt yourſelf; and liſten to your friend."
This ſaid, they haſten'd to th' appointed ſhade,
Where the bright Goddeſs with impatience ſtay'd.
Her beauteous Nymphs, a ſhining band, appear
In milk-white veſtments, and with braided hair:
Nor ſtay'd, but inſtant ſerv'd a rich repaſt,
Though plain, yet neat, and exquiſite in taſte.
No dainties here were ſeen the board to grace,
But thoſe afforded by the ſylvan chace:
As birds transfix'd that left their lives in air,
And beaſts entangled in the ſilken ſnare.
The wine from ſilver cups, nectareous draught,
Stream'd into Gold, and crown'd with flow'rs was brought.
While all the fruits the rich deſert compoſe,
The beauteous hand of Nature can diſcloſe:
Whate'er can bloſſom in the genial Spring,
Or rip'ning Autumn to perfection bring.
And now four nymphs ſelected from the train,
A glorious concert in full choir began:
They ſang the troubles of the bleſt abodes,
The daring *Titans*, and imbattled Gods.

NOTE.

Verſe 254. *The daring Titans*—Theſe were giants, deſcended from *Titan* the elder brother of *Saturn*. They invaded heaven, and made war upon the Gods, to recover the dominion which their father *Titan* had been deprived of. But *Jupiter* overcame them with his thunder, and ſtruck them down to the bottom of hell.

Thence

Thence they deſcend to ſofter themes of love,
Th' amours of beauteous *Semele* and *Jove*;
Great *Bacchus'* birth; whom, with a parent's care,
Silenus form'd to victory and war:
Fair *Atalanta* ſtretching o'er the plains,
Triumphant miſtreſs of a thouſand Swains;
'Till Gold obtain'd *Hippomanes* his ſuit,
Who over-reach'd her with *Heſperian* fruit.
A diff'rent theme did next their notes employ;
All *Greece* conſpiring to the ſiege of *Troy*.
A ſpacious field *Ulyſſes'* acts afford,
His feats in arms, his prudence at the board.
Leucothoe join'd (whom all the Nine inſpire)
With touch harmonious of the breathing lyre.
The youthful hero heard *Ulyſſes'* name,
And filial love ſoon kindled to a flame:
Adown his beauteous cheek, through grief ſincere,
In ſilence ſtole the commendable tear;
The livelieſt ſorrow all his face poſſeſs'd,
And gave a ſweetneſs not to be expreſs'd.
Calypſo ſoon his agony perceiv'd:
Nought could he taſte, ſo greatly was he griev'd.
When in that inſtant ſhe the ſignal gave
To all her nymphs th' ungrateful theme to leave.

NOTES.

Verſe 257, *Great* Bacchus's *birth*—Son of *Jupiter* and *Semele*. He was worſhipped as the God of Wine by all nations, except the *Scythians*; who thought it ridiculous to honour him as a God, whoſe whole power conſiſted in making fools and madmen

Verſe 259, *Fair* Atalanta—Daughter of *Schæneus* King of *Scyros*. Being extremely ſwift of foot, ſhe would give conſent to marry no man but one that could out-run her; and whoever was vanquiſhed was to forfeit his life. *Hippomanes* accepted the terms, and during the race threw behind him three golden apples out of the garden of the *Heſperides*; while ſhe ſtooped to pick them up, he preſſed forwards and reached the goal.

Verſe 267, Leucothoe *join'd*—This Nymph is the ſame whom *Virgil* ſtiles *Albunea*, and *Suidas* the Sybil of *Tibur*; becauſe to her was conſecrated a grove and a fountain in that neighbourhood.

IMITATION.

Verſe 262, *Virg. Eclog.* 6.

And now, with ſweet tranſition, they deſcribe
Th' effects of riot in the Centaur tribe;
Who with wild rage had vanquiſh'd reaſon's pow'r,
And ſpilt their drunken ſouls in feaſting hour.
How *Orpheus* paſs'd unhurt in *Pluto*'s ſpight,
And brought his dear *Eurydice* to light.
This banquet o'er, the Goddeſs led apart
Her youthful gueſts, and thus diſclos'd her heart:
" O Son of great *Ulyſſes*, you'll receive
" With grateful mind what I ſo freely give:
" You ſee how kindly I relieve your woe;
" Myſelf immortal, and no change can know.
" No ſingle mortal of all human race
" Can view, unpuniſh'd, this delightful place:
" That ſtorm itſelf, that laſt retiring wave
" Which left you here, had left you to your grave;
" But that I love you, and compaſſion take,
" For your own merit, and your father's ſake.
" Long did *Ulyſſes* bleſs me in this iſle,
" And felt thoſe joys which now around you ſmile.
" Long might have ſtay'd—imprudent ſure in this
" To ſpurn at happineſs and endleſs bliſs.
" But love of wretched *Ithaca* prevail'd:
" Here the great wiſdom of *Ulyſſes* fail'd.
" For this he ſcorn'd my proffer'd joys, and me,
" For this; which heav'n forbids he e'er ſhould ſee.

NOTES.

Verſe 280, *Th' effects of riot*—The *Centaurs*, or *Theſſalian* horſemen being intoxicated with liquor at the nuptials of *Pirithous* the ſon of *Ixion*, made ſome luſtful attempts upon the women there preſent: whereupon a quarrel enſued between them and the *Lapithæ*, a great deal of blood was ſhed, and *Pirithous*, with the aſſiſtance of his friend *Theſeus*, deſtroyed them all.

Verſe 301, *But love of wretched* Ithaca—*Bochart* derives the name of *Ithaca* from *Athac*, an *Hebrew* word which ſignifies ſavage and barbarous. Agreeable to that etymology is the ſhort deſcription *Horace* gives of it, in the Seventh Epiſtle of the Firſt Book.

IMITATION.

Verſe 284, *Virg. Georg.* 4.
Verſe 300, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 5.

" He parted hence, but oh!—forbear my tongue:
" A dreadful tempeſt roſe t'avenge my wrong.
" Long time the ſport of angry winds, his ſhip
" At length was buried in the boundleſs deep.
" And now alas! what hopes *Ulyſſes'* Son?
" How ſhall he gain his country or his throne?
" Your Father's fate thus plac'd before your eyes,
" Let his misfortunes teach you to be wiſe.
" Grieve not for *Ithaca*: 'tis loſt, 'tis gone:
" But I'll enrich you with a nobler Crown.
" A Goddeſs loves you, and has fix'd her choice;
" Her dow'r this Iſland, and immortal joys."
She added more to influence his mind,
How bleſt *Ulyſſes* was, and ſhe how kind;
The pangs he felt, the dangers which he knew
From fierce *Antiphates* his barb'rous crew;
From *Polyphemus*, and his monſt'rous kin;
Whoſe rage he baffled and ſubdu'd by wine:
The ills which *Circe*, magic maid, had done,
Bewitching Daughter of the golden Sun.

Nor

NOTES.

Verſe 320, *From fierce* Antiphates—King of the *Læſtrigones*, who according to *Juſtin*, *Pliny*, and *Thucydides*, were ſeated near the *Cyclops*, and were ſome of the moſt ancient inhabitants of *Sicily*. They were of a gigantic ſtature, and great cruelty.

Verſe 321, *From* Polyphemus—The ſtory of *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops*, and the method *Ulyſſes* took to eſcape from them, may be ſeen at large in the Ninth Book of the *Odyſſey*. It may be ſufficient to obſerve here, that they had each but one eye in the middle of their forehead; and that *Polypheme*, the chief of them, was according to *Virgil*, ſo prodigiouſly tall, that when he ſtood in the midſt of the ſea, the water reached not up to his ſides. They were repreſented as cannibals and ſlaves to *Vulcan*; for being ſeated near Mount *Ætna*, which was continually vomiting out fire, and perhaps rough by nature, and not over hoſpitable to ſtrangers, it was eaſy for the poets to feign that they fed on human fleſh, and forged *Jupiter's* thunder in the caverns of that mountain.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 310, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 2.
Verſe 323, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 10.

Nor fail'd ſhe to recount the toils he bore
Where raging winds on the *Sicilian* ſhore
Hoarſely through *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar.
And, leſt his father's footſteps he purſue,
A dreadful picture of that ſtorm ſhe drew;
When *Neptune* riſing from his wat'ry bed
Convey'd by whirlwinds overtook him fled.
His bleſt eſcape with art ſhe glided o'er,
Nor nam'd *Phæacia*'s hoſpitable ſhore.
Charm'd as he was with being thus reliev'd,
Full plain her wiles *Telemachus* perceiv'd:
All *Mentor*'s counſels to his mind recurr'd,
And thus in brief his anſwer he preferr'd.
" Forgive me, Goddeſs, if the griefs I bear
" Extort one pious, tributary tear;
" A father claims it: blame me if you can.
" You beſt can tell the value of the man.
" Returning joys hereafter may have place,
" And I with pleaſure all your gifts embrace."
No more ſhe ventur'd (he no more could bear)
But ſtraight aſſum'd a more familiar air:
With tend'reſt ſighs *Ulyſſes* ſhe deplored,
And kindly ſtrove ſome comfort to afford.
The better ſtill her captive to controul,
And learn the ſecret motions of his ſoul,
She begg'd th' adventures of his life to know,
And all the dreadful ſeries of his woe.

NOTES.

Verſe 323, *The ills which* Circe—*Circe* was the daughter of the *Sun*, by the nymph *Perſe*. She reſided in a peninſula called *Æea* or *Circeii* at the foot of Mount *Circello* in *Italy*. She had great ſkill in inchantments, and tranſformed many of *Ulyſſes*'s companions into ſwine.

Verſe 327, *Hoarſely through* Scylla—Theſe were two famous rocks at the north entrance of the ſtreights of *Sicily*. Or, as ſome ſay, the firſt a rock on the coaſt of *Italy*; and the latter a whirlpool on the ſide of *Sicily*. The great danger in former times of ſailing betwixt them, is thought to be owing to the ſmall ſkill which the ancients had in naval architecture and navigation.

Verſe 333, *Nor nam'd* Phæacia's—The iſland of *Corfu*, now *Corſica*, where *Ulyſſes* was kindly received by King *Alcinous*.

By

By what misfortunes he his veſſel loſt;
What dire miſchance had brought him to her coaſt?
Alas! ſaid he, the ſtory of my fate
Too long, I fear, too tedious, to relate.
The more he aim'd that ſtory to defer,
The more th' impatient Goddeſs burn'd to hear.
Fruitleſs his toil, his artifice was vain;
When thus in moving accent he began.
When other heroes, to their country's joy,
Return'd triumphant from the ſiege of *Troy*;
I loos'd from *Ithaca*, with fond deſire,
To learn from them ſome tidings of my ſire:
Amazement ſeiz'd on all the abandon'd crew,
Which came the chaſte *Penelope* to woo;
For had they known, I ſaw what muſt befall,
And took my meaſures to deceive them all.
But neither *Neſtor*, *Pylian* ſage, could ſay
If yet *Ulyſſes* ſaw the realms of day;
Nor Great *Atrides*, *Sparta*'s gen'rous Lord,
Could ought but friendſhip to my hopes afford.
Tir'd with delays, and in affliction ſore,
I ſtraight reſolv'd for the *Sicilian* ſhore;
Where fame reported, by ſome adverſe blaſt,
My honour'd father had of late been caſt.
Here *Mentor*, whom you ſee, with force divine
Oppos'd his wiſdom to my raſh deſign;
Deſcrib'd the *Cyclop* race, a monſtrous brood,
Of horrid form, and gorg'd with human blood.
On th' other ſide preſented to my view
The brave *Æneas*, and his *Trojan* crew;

NOTES.

Verſe 368, *But neither* Neſtor—King of *Pylos*, and ſon of *Neleus* and *Chloris*. He was one of the confederate Princes at the ſiege of *Troy*, to which he came with a fleet of ninety ſail. His dominion lay in the *Morea*, and is now called *Navarino*: he was greatly celebrated for his wiſdom, his eloquence, and extreme age; having lived, according to *Homer*, three hundred years.

Verſe 370, *Nor great* Atrides—*Menelaus* the ſon of *Atreus* and *Æropa*, and huſband to the beauteous *Helen*. He was King of *Sparta*, now called *Miſiſtra*, the chief ſtate of the *Peloponneſus*.

With

With pow'rful fleet now traverſing thoſe ſeas:
The foes declar'd to all the name of *Greece*.
" *Ulyſſes'* ſon well pleas'd will they deſtroy,
" T' avenge on him the ruin of their *Troy*.
" Back then in haſte, by my advice, be gone;
" Regain your country, and your father's throne.
" Who knows but heav'n, propitious to the wiſe,
" May there reſtore him to your longing eyes?
" But if 'tis fix'd that you his loſs ſhall mourn,
" If he no more to *Ithaca* return,
" Revenge his wrongs: ſupply the ſov'reign's place,
" And ſave a wretched parent from diſgrace.
" Exert your prudence in your country's cauſe,
" And let all *Greece* reſound with your applauſe:
" Shew that a wiſdom, and a ſoul you bear
" Not leſs than his, whoſe diadem you wear."
Thus ſpake he well the prudence of his mind:
But I to prudence and advice was blind.
Slave to my paſſions I nought elſe could hear,
Which to my guide I ſhamefully prefer.
Yet ſuch his friendſhip, and ſo much he lov'd;
He follow'd me in what he diſapprov'd:
And Heav'n now ſuffer'd me to go aſtray,
To make me more diſcreet another day.
While thus he ſpoke, *Calypſo* with ſurprize
On *Mentor* fix'd her penetrating eyes.
Great her confuſion from this unknown gueſt
In whom ſhe ſaw Divinity confeſt:
Hard taſk her ſtrange diſtraction to conceal,
Yet much ſhe fear'd that trouble to reveal.
Proceed to ſatisfy my fears, ſhe ſaid:
The hero bow'd obſequious and obey'd.
With gentle breezes, and propitious gales,
We ſpread for *Sicily* the ſwelling ſails:
Full many a league we ſteer'd with high delight,
When Heav'n at once was baniſh'd from our ſight.
A dreadful tempeſt roſe from *Ocean's* bed,
And univerſal night the deep o'erſpread.

IMITATION.

Verſe 417, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Thick

Thick flaſh the lightnings, and around us preſs;
Whoſe trem'lous rays ſhew'd others in diſtreſs.
Nor long ere all our danger we deſcry'd,
The *Trojan* fleet cloſe lab'ring at our ſide.
Fear ſeiz'd on all: for oh! What now could ſave?
Alike to us the *Trojans* and the grave.
'Twas then, though late, that I perceiv'd in truth
The dreadful errors of unguarded youth.
Mean while, in all the terrors of the ſcene,
Mentor alone was fearleſs, and ſerene:
Unuſual mirth appear'd upon his face,
And gave each feature a peculiar grace.
This gave me hopes. I felt the riſing fire,
Which none but he was able to inſpire.
The coward pilot, by his fears betray'd,
Reſign'd the helm, and his commands obey'd.
" Ah *Mentor!* gentle friend," ſaid I, " excuſe
" That I perverſe your counſel ſhould refuſe:
" Wretch that I was! to think, like ev'ry fool,
" My own diſcretion was above all rule.
" None act indeed diſcreetly in their bloom:
" Strangers to all paſt, preſent, and to come.
" But oh! Should heaven yet indulgent prove,
" Diſpel this danger, and this ſtorm remove;
" No more thus unſupported will I go,
" But think ſelf-will my moſt deſtructive foe.
" On your ſuperior knowledge I'll depend;
" My faithful guide, companion, and my friend."
I ended here. He with a ſmile beheld,
And gen'rous thus his ſentiments reveal'd:
" Far be't from me, to mention to your ſhame
" The fault you ſpeak of; though it merits blame:
" Suffice it now your error to diſcern,
" From hence a glorious leſſon may you learn:
" Subdue your paſſions, profit by the paſt;
" And let this recent folly be the laſt.
" Yet much I fear when danger is no more
" Pride will aſpire to govern as before.
" 'Tis Valour now which muſt prevent our fall:
" Be ſtrong, be active; and obey her call.

IMITATION.

Verſe 458, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

" When

" When death or danger threaten from afar,
" Take prudent meaſures, and all proper care:
" But when they come; what profit to be wiſe?
" The way to conquer then—is to deſpiſe.
" Let valour then proclaim *Ulyſſes'* ſon,
" And prove him worthy of his father's throne.
" Convince the world that you a ſoul poſſeſs
" Above misfortune and above diſtreſs."
Such daring merit with ſuch ſweetneſs join'd,
Engag'd my wonder and engroſs'd my mind.
Yet more refin'd his policy appear'd,
Which once more freed us from the death we fear'd.
Soon as the glorious Sun, with golden ray,
Pierc'd the thick clouds, and ſeem'd to promiſe day;
Ere yet *Æneas*, and his fleet at hand,
A fairer proſpect of our ſhip command;
He ſpy'd a ſail deſerted, and behind;
Forc'd from her convoy by tempeſtuous wind.
Her ſhape, her burthen near reſembling our's,
And her gay ſtern was compaſs'd round with flow'rs.
Inſtant he haſted, and with chaplets crown'd
Our ſtern like their's; and with like bandage bound.
The rowers bade their bodies to incline
Cloſe to their ſeats, and cover the deſign.
Thus fitted, boldly we our dangers meet,
And paſs ſecurely through the *Trojan* fleet.
On ev'ry ſide they chear'd us: pleas'd that we
Their friends ſtill liv'd in ſuch a boiſt'rous ſea.
Yet ſtill the roaring waves ran mountain high,
And made us follow in their company:
But when for *Afric*, with impetuous gale,
Direct they ſteer'd, and crowded all their ſail;
We ſhorten'd our's: o'erjoy'd to leave our hoſts,
And tugg'd amain for the *Sicilian* coaſts.
We land. But oh! Th' Aſylum which we choſe,
Alike we found was fatal to repoſe:
More *Trojans* here in hoſtile ranks were ſpread
From captive *Ilium* by *Aceſtes* led.

Scarce

NOTE.

Verſe 497, *From captive* Ilium *by* Aceſtes *led*—*Aceſtes* was deſcended from *Criniſus* a river of *Sicily*, and

Scarce had we anchor'd, when in phalanx cloſe,
T' oppoſe our march th' inhabitants aroſe;
They view'd our progreſs with invidious eyes,
And thought us natives bent on a ſurprize,
Or deſperate ſtrangers that had croſs'd thoſe ſeas
T' uſurp their dwellings, and diſturb their peace.
The firſt attack compleated all our pain:
Our valiant friends lay breathleſs on the plain,
Our little bark aloft now blaz'd in air;
Mentor and I were all that they would ſpare.
That Great *Aceſtes*, our invet'rate foe,
From us our country, and deſigns might know;
Bound hand and foot, with ſlow and ſolemn pace,
The ſtately town we enter in diſgrace;
And nought preſerv'd us from our wretched graves
But to be ſhewn in triumph as their ſlaves:
(A cruel pleaſure which theſe people take,
Who now abhor'd the very name of *Greek*.)
Preſented thus, and ſhudd'ring with our fear,
Before his dread Tribunal we appear.
With golden ſceptre he diſpens'd his laws,
And ſat in judgment on ſome weighty cauſe:
Which buſ'neſs ended, and due ſentence giv'n,
He roſe to offer ſacrifice to Heav'n.
Sternly he aſk'd our country, and our name;
And on what errand to his realms we came?
Mentor return'd: We from *Heſperia* come,
Not far from thence our country, and our home.
And thus diſcreetly ſhunn'd he to relate
That we were ſubjects of a *Grecian* State.
No more the Monarch heard—but to prevent
(What he ſuſpects) our traiterous intent,

NOTE.

and *Egeſta* a *Trojan* virgin. He is the ſame that is mentioned in the fifth *Æneid*, to have received, and entertained *Anchiſes* and *Æneas*, in their voyage to *Italy*. As he reigned in *Sicily*, he is ſaid to have built a town there of his own name; which is now called *Egeſta*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 497, *Virg. Æn.* 5.

Gave

Gave inſtant charge that we no more deceive,
But in a deſart be condemn'd to live:
Ignobly there our wretched lives to ſpend
Vaſſals to wretches that his flocks attend.
Hard ſentence this, and ſhocking to mine ear:
Death to diſgrace I readily prefer.
" O King," I cried, " or better terms beſtow,
" Or ſtraight diſpatch us to the ſhades below.
" No common pris'ner ſtands before your throne;
" I drew my birth from great *Laertes'* ſon:
" The Lord of diſtant *Ithaca* my ſire,
" Whoſe prudence *Aſia* and the world admire.
" That ſire through all the wide extended main,
" With pious zeal do I purſue in vain:
" If Heav'n decrees I muſt his loſs deplore,
" And I muſt ſee my *Ithaca* no more;
" If nought but cruel ſlav'ry be my ſhare,
" O! take a wretched life not worth my care."
Scarce I theſe words had utter'd with my tongue,
Commotion ſtrange appear'd among the throng:
" Vengeance!" they cried: " the villain's ſon deſtroy!
" Whoſe ſubtle counſels were the fall of *Troy*."
" Alas! unhappy youth," *Aceſtes* ſaid:
" The lives your father took muſt be repaid.
" The ghoſts now hov'ring on *Cocytus'* flood,
" Call loud for juſtice; and demand your blood.
" Yourſelf, and friend, muſt ſhare one common fate;
" T' avenge the *Trojans* on the man they hate."
This ſaid; a rev'rend dotard from the croud
Stept freely forth, and thus propos'd aloud:
" Theſe men, O great *Aceſtes*, I preſume
" A nobler off'ring for *Anchiſes* tomb:
" Well pleas'd that aged hero ſhall perceive,
" Th' unuſual honours to his ſhade we give;
" *Æneas'* ſelf too will rejoice to hear
" How much we valu'd what he held ſo dear."

NOTE.

Verſe 561, *A noble off'ring for* Anchiſes' *tomb*— This tomb was upon Mount *Eryx*.

Charm'd

Charm'd with this thought great praiſes they beſtow'd,
And to confirm it with impatience glow'd.
In bright proceſſion to the tomb we paſs'd,
A beauteous pile, by two fair altars grac'd:
Cloſe at our ſide the ſacred fire we view'd,
The fatal knife lay thirſting for our blood;
Our temples bound with many a flow'ry wreath,
No friend to pity; or preſerve from death.
Such was our ſtate: when *Mentor*, wond'rous man,
An audience crav'd; and calmly thus began:
" If yet *Ulyſſes'* tender ſon can find
" No place for mercy in your royal mind,
" Who ne'er againſt you did his arms employ,
" Nor e'er was privy to the woes of *Troy*;
" At leaſt let darling intereſt prevail,
" Mind your own ſafety, and the public weal.
" By long experience taught far off I ſee,
" What Heav'n hath caſt in dark futurity:
" Ere thrice in bright career the radiant ſun
" His courſe diurnal through the heav'ns hath run,
" As pours the torrent from the mountain's brow,
" Shall barb'rous hoſts your kingdom overflow.
" Deſpair in this your capital ſhall reign,
" Rapine and horror ſhall o'erſpread the plain.
" Arm, arm your warriors; ſeize the precious
" hour,
" Prevent the growing ill while in your pow'r:
" Haſte, and in towns ſecure your bleating care;
" Preſerve your cattle from the rage of war.
" If falſe this warning, if no foe ſhall come,
" Freely we'll bleed at Great *Anchiſes'* tomb:
" If true, reflect how impious to deſtroy
" Who for your ſafety all their cares employ."
These words thus utter'd with ſo bold an air
Surpriz'd the King, were thunder to his ear.
" Ah! Stranger," he replied, " though Heav'n
" refuſe
" The gifts of fortune; it hath nobler views,
" Large compenſation hath it made, I find,
" For oh! What wealth like riches of the mind?"

He ſpake: the dire ſolemnity was ſtay'd,
And all his martial genius he diſplay'd;
In earneſt labour'd to prevent the foe,
And all which *Mentor* had foretold of woe.
A dreadful ſcene did now our ſight engage,
The ſtreets reſounded with the groans of Age;
With haſty ſteps the trembling matrons hied,
Their tender infants weeping at their ſide.
Forc'd from the fields the lowing herds in haſte,
And bleating flocks in ſad proceſſion paſt:
The ſpacious folds unable to contain
The wealth now pouring from the fertile plain.
Mean while diſtraction had poſſeſs'd the crowd,
And plaintive murmurs, and confuſion loud:
Each preſs'd by other ſtruggled for relief,
But none could tell th' occaſion of their grief;
Miſtook the ſtranger for the truſty friend,
Uncertain whither they their courſe ſhould bend.
And now the few to greater truſts preferr'd
(In ſelf-conceit ſuperior to the herd)
A ſhrewd conjecture on the ſubject raiſe:
'Twas *Mentor*'s fiction to prolong his days.
Thus anxious for th' event, the third day's ſun
Deſcended faſt from his meridian throne,
When clouds of duſt obſcur'd the mountains height,
The neareſt hills were baniſh'd from our ſight.
Scarce we diſcover through the murky air
The firm battalions, and the glitt'ring ſpear:
Th' *Himerians* fierce, with hoſts unnumber'd join'd
From lofty *Nebrodes* in league combin'd;
And *Agrigentines*, on whoſe dreary coaſt
No zephyrs breathe, but one eternal froſt.

NOTE.

Verſe 632, *Th'* Himerians—*Tully* mentions the city *Himera*, in his ſecond Oration againſt *Verres*, as one of the moſt conſiderable of any in *Sicily*. It was built by the inhabitants of *Zancle*, or *Meſſina*; flouriſhed about a hundred and forty years, and was then demoliſhed by the *Carthaginians*. The *Romans* rebuilt it, and from the hot baths which were near it, gave it the new name of *Thermæ Himeræ*. It was called *Himera*, from the river *Himera*, now *Fiume di Termini*; and gave birth to *Steſichorus* the famous Lyric Poet, who flouriſhed about the time of the forty-ſecond Olympiad.

Lo!

Lo! now the wretches, who, in wanton pride,
Mentor's preſages could ſo late deride;
At once beheld, but with affliction ſore,
Their ſlaves were captives; and their flocks no more.
" O ſtranger," ſaid the King, " th' impending
" war
" Hath made diſtinction little worth our care;
" That you're a *Greek* we readily excuſe;
" *Greek* or barbarian, 'tis alike to us:
" All gracious Heav'n in mercy did you ſend
" Our foe profeſt, to be our faithful friend.
" Nor truſt I leſs in your victorious arm,
" Than in your wiſdom which foretold th' alarm.
" Haſte, and protect us: ſave the *Trojan* race
" From inſtant death, from ruin, and diſgrace."
The warriors round contemplate with ſurprize
The riſing flame which flaſh'd from *Mentor*'s eyes.
He ſeiz'd the buckler with intrepid air,
The poliſh'd helmet, and the glitt'ring ſpear;
A falchion brandiſh'd in his warlike hand,
And rang'd the ſoldiers with a ſtern command.
Diſpos'd their ranks with excellent deſign,
Then led th' attack, the foremoſt of the line.
Brave though he was, borne down by many a year,
The good *Aceſtes* follow'd in the rear.
By *Mentor*'s ſide to fame I ſtrove to riſe:
Yet what my actions when compar'd with his?
His flaming mail did in the battle prove
Like the dire Ægis of immortal *Jove*.
Death ſaw the ſlaughter with complacence ſweet,
While ranks on ranks lay bleeding at his feet.
So when a lion, in *Numidia*'s waſte,
Hard preſs'd by famine, and unus'd to faſt;

NOTE.

Verſe 663, *Like the dire Ægis*—This Ægis was the ſhield of *Jupiter*; ſo called from a *Greek* word which ſignifies a Goat. Becauſe being brought up by the goat *Amalthea*, he afterwards covered his ſhield with her ſkin. This buckler was given by *Jupiter* to *Minerva*; who

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 663, *Virg. Æn.* 8, and *Hom. Il.* 5.
Verſe 666, *Virg. Æn.* 9. and *Hom. Il.* 5.

At diſtance views where tender lambkins feed,
Graze the rich ſoil and crop the flow'ry mead;
Sudden he ſeizes the defenceleſs brood,
He tears, he gorges, and he bathes in blood;
The trembling hinds precipitate their flight,
Deſert their charge and ſhun th' unequal fight.
The foe that late was bent upon ſurprize,
No longer now our weakneſs could deſpiſe:
Our troops by *Mentor*'s great example fir'd,
Diſplay'd a valour which themſelves admir'd:
Ev'n I was brave; and on my firſt advance
Their Monarch's ſon fell proſtrate by my lance.
Vaſt was his ſtature, though our age the ſame,
Of Giant-race and Cyclop blood he came:
With great contempt my perſon he ſurvey'd,
And as a puny ſtripling did upbraid.
But I regardleſs of his brutal air,
Unmov'd by threatnings, and untaught to fear,
At once his boaſting, and his life ſuppreſt,
And fix'd my jav'lin in his haughty breaſt.
A deluge follow'd from the gaping wound,
Headlong he fell; and gaſping bit the ground:
Well nigh o'erwhelm'd me with his monſtrous weight,
While echoing hills the craſh of arms repeat.
I ſeiz'd the ſhining ſpoils, in haſte to bring
The glorious preſent to the *Trojan* King.
Mean while, all ranks by *Mentor* were ſubdu'd,
And forc'd to ſhelter in the fartheſt wood.
A turn ſo ſtrange, ſo unexpected giv'n!
Mentor was look'd on as inſpir'd by Heav'n.
The good *Aceſtes* with a grateful heart
Our ſervice owns, and acts the friendly part;
Shew'd us our danger, and how much he fear'd
If brave *Æneas* on the coaſt appear'd.
Preſs'd our departure for our native land,
And pour'd his preſents with a lib'ral hand;

NOTE.

who added to it the head of the *Gorgon Meduſa*, whoſe very look was ſufficient to transform men into ſtone.

A goodly

A goodly veſſel for the purpoſe lent,
And bid us haſte misfortune to prevent.
Yet would he not one mariner employ,
Not ev'n a pilot of the race of *Troy;*
So much he fear'd his ſubjects to expoſe
Amidſt the *Grecians*, their invet'rate foes.
Our crew was *Tyrian*: whoſe extenſive trade
Their ſhips familiar to all nations made.
And theſe were charg'd the veſſel to reſtore,
Soon as we landed on th' *Ithacian* ſhore.
But Heav'n which mocks the prudence of mankind,
Us, for more dangers, and more toils deſign'd.

NOTE.

Verſe 710, *Our crew was* Tyrian—The *Tyrians*, or *Phœnicians*, were from the earlieſt antiquity one of the moſt renowned nations in the world. They were the Inventors of Letters, of Writing, and of Navigation.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *gives an account of his being taken in the* Tyrian *ſhip by the fleet of* Seſoſtris, *and carried priſoner into* Egypt. *Gives a deſcription of that beautiful country, and the wiſe government of its King. He adds, that* Mentor *was likewiſe ſent as a ſlave into* Æthiopia; *that he himſelf was reduced to the condition of an herdſman in the deſart of* Oaſis: *That* Termoſiris, *the prieſt of* Apollo, *gave him comfort and encouragement; adviſing him to imitate the example of that God, who had formerly held the ſame office under King* Admetus. *That* Seſoſtris *being informed of the wonderful things he had done among the ſhepherds there, and being convinced of his innocence, recalled him from that deſart, and promiſed to ſend him back in a fleet of his own to* Ithaca: *but that the death of* Seſoſtris *involved him in new misfortunes. That he was impriſoned in a tower on the ſea coaſt; from whence he ſaw the new King* Bocchoris *defeated and ſlain, in a battle againſt his revolted ſubjects, who were aſſiſted by the* Tyrians.

THE fierce demeanor, and the pride of *Tyre*,
Had rous'd *Seſoſtris*, and provok'd his ire:
(That great *Egyptian* thunderbolt of war,
Who had in conqueſt ſtretch'd his arms ſo far.)
Fluſh'd

NOTE.

Verſe 2, *Had rous'd* Seſoſtris—Concerning the perſon of this Prince, there is a great diverſity of opinions among men of learning; but all agree in repreſenting him as one of the greateſt Conquerors that ever lived. *Sir Iſaac Newton* believes him to be the *Oſiris* of the *Egyptians*, the *Bacchus* of the *Greeks*, and the *Seſac* or *Shiſhak* of the Holy Scriptures. But Archbiſhop *Uſher* is of opinion, that *Seſoſtris*, and his brother *Armais*, were

Fluſh'd with the wealth their commerce had inſur'd,
And by their town impregnable ſecur'd;
Whoſe walls for ages had unſhaken ſtood,
Superbly ſeated on the ſilver flood;
Fondly they ventur'd to deſpiſe their foes,
Nor paid the mulct that victor aim'd t' impoſe:
What time with terror of his arms increas'd
He came triumphant from the vanquiſh'd Eaſt.
Nor ſtopt they thus; but took an impious ſhare,
And help'd his brother in a rebel-war.
Wretch! That his Sov'reign had well nigh oppreſt
At ſocial hour, amidſt the genial feaſt.
Fir'd with theſe wrongs the ſtern *Seſoſtris* tried
T' obſtruct their traffic, and chaſtiſe their pride:
Chas'd them from coaſt to coaſt, from iſle to iſle,
The ſeas were cover'd with the barks of *Nile*.
Scarce had we hois'd our ſail prepar'd for flight,
Sicilia's mountains leſs'ning to our ſight,
Her haven ſtealing from our dazzled eyes
Till loſt, and mingled with the diſtant ſkies;
When

NOTES.

were the ſons of *Amenophis*; which *Amenophis* was the very *Pharaoh* that was drowned in the *Red Sea*. He ſubdued *Ethiopia*, over-ran *Aſia*, and part of *Europe*; but after an abſence of nine years, was obliged to return home, his brother having revolted, and uſurped the Government.

Verſe 6, *And by their town impregnable—Tyre*, the capital of *Phœnicia*, was ſeated on an iſland about half a mile from the ſhore; ſurrounded with a ſtrong wall, an hundred and fifty feet in height. So that *Alexander* himſelf was unable to maſter it, till he had joined it to the Continent, by building a prodigious mole two hundred feet broad.

Verſe 15, *Wretch! That his Sov'reign—Armai*, we are told, upon the arrival of his brother from his conqueſts, invited him with his Queen, and children, to a magnificent entertainment. In the midſt of which, he piled round them a great quantity of dry reeds; and to theſe he ſet fire, with a deſign to deſtroy, at once, the whole royal family. But *Seſoſtris*, though he had drank

IMITATION.

Verſe 23, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

When 'twas our chance unfortunate to meet
A pow'rful part of this tremendous fleet.
They ſeem, as gradual on our courſe they gain,
A ſtately town erected on the main.
Our crew perceiv'd, and nimbly ply'd the ſail;
But time was ſhort, and all our labours fail.
Their ſhips were better rigg'd, the wind their friend,
And hands unnumber'd did the chace attend.
Inſtant they board: our bark, our all was loſt;
And we ſent captives to th' *Egyptian* coaſt.
Vain was my taſk th' opinion to inſpire,
That we were ſtrangers, not allied to *Tyre*.
Scarce on their ſtubborn hearts could I prevail
To grant an audience to my moving tale.
They judg'd us ſlaves of *Tyrian* merchandize,
And hop'd good profit from ſo fair a prize.
Soon we perceiv'd the whiten'd Ocean ſmile,
Blending his billows with the waves of *Nile*.
The coaſt we ſaw nor craggy ſeem'd, nor ſteep,
But well nigh level with the glaſſy deep.
By *Pharos'* Iſle, and lofty tow'r, we go,
(A pile prodigious) near the walls of *No*;

NOTES.

drank very freely, ruſhed through the flames, and thereby ſaved his life. *Herodotus* indeed ſays, that by the advice of his Queen, he laid two of his ſons acroſs the fire, and trod over them.

Verſe 42, *Blending his billows with the waves of* Nile—The ſource of this remarkable River, to which *Egypt* owes its fertility, was utterly unknown to the ancients; and was looked upon by them as one of the great arcana of nature. It is now well known to ariſe in ſome part of *Ethiopia*, and the cauſe of its annual overflowing, is thought to be the prodigious rains in thoſe countries of the Torrid Zone, when the Sun returns into the Winter Signs.

Verſe 45, *By* Pharos' *Iſle*—This iſland was near *Alexandria*, and the famous Light-houſe was upon a rock at the eaſt end of it. Some pillars which are now to be ſeen in a calm ſea, are judged to be the remains of that noble ſtructure.

Verſe 46, *A pile prodigious near the walls of* No—This city is particularly mentioned by the Prophet *Nahum*, Chap. iii. 8.

Thence

Thence up the ſilver *Nile*, in bright array,
To Royal *Memphis* proſecute our way.
Could pleaſing proſpects entertain a mind
Like ours, in baſe captivity confin'd;
Such charms had *Egypt*, ſuch delightful ſeats,
It ſeem'd a perfect Paradiſe of ſweets.
A thouſand rills in cryſtal channels ran,
T' enrich and fertilize the flow'ry plain:
On either bank where *Nile* ſecurely flows,
Villas and towns in beauteous landſcape roſe;
And golden *Ceres*, with a lib'ral hand,
Pour'd forth her gifts to decorate the land.
No fallow years, no ſoil was ſown in vain;
But conſtant harveſts bleſs'd th' induſtrious ſwain:
Earth's various fruits in vaſt abundance flow'd,
The lab'ring ruſtic groan'd beneath his load.
The lowing herds in verdant vallies fed,
And rang'd luxuriant through th' extended mead;
The joyous pipe was heard the groves among,
And Echo liſten'd to the rural ſong.
" Obſerve," ſaid *Mentor*, " the delights which
" ſpring
" From laws well model'd and a patriot King!
" His people bleſs'd with plenty, and with eaſe,
" Juſtly admire the Author of their peace.
" The charms of Royalty well underſtood
" Are theſe—to govern for your people's good.
" Be this your fav'rite rule, and this alone,
" Should heav'n e'er raiſe you to your Father's
" throne.
" 'Twixt Prince and people there's a tender tye:
" Regard your ſubjects with a father's eye.

NOTE.

Verſe 48, *To* Royal Memphis—I have called this *Royal Memphis*, becauſe built by *Menes* the firſt King of *Egypt*; and for many ages the metropolis of the whole kingdom. Here was the Temple of the God *Apis*, whom they worſhipped under the form of an Ox; and maintained at the public expence. The ſituation of *Memphis* is a few leagues from *Grand Cairo*, near the Pyramids.

" In

" In earneſt, aim to have your acts approv'd,
" And taſte the godlike pleaſure to be lov'd.
" Thus conſcious of the bliſs their King imparts,
" You'll find your empire rooted in their hearts.
" The Tyrant wretch that aims but to be fear'd,
" Oppreſſing thoſe by whom he'd be rever'd,
" Has what he wants; is fear'd, though in diſgrace,
" Abhorr'd and curs'd, as ſcourge of human race.
" Nor has he leſs to fear from thoſe that hate;
" Who, when they pleaſe, are maſters of his fate."
" Alas!" cried I, " what means our preſent
" theme?
" Uſeleſs theſe rules when Monarchy's a dream.
" No more ſhall *Ithaca* now bleſs my view:
" My royal mother, and my friends, Adieu!
" No more that beſt of ſires ſhall I obey,
" By him inform'd the ſceptre how to ſway.
" When Great *Ulyſſes* ſhall in triumph come,
" With full-blown glories to his native home;
" Still freſh afflictions ſhall extoit a groan
" For loſs of poor *Telemachus* his ſon.
" All hopes are fled—Let's patient yield our breath,
" Since Heav'n deſerts us, and requires our death."
Revolving thus my melancholy fears,
Sighs choak'd my voice, and I was bath'd in tears.
But *Mentor*, though he fear'd approaching fate,
When preſent, ſcorn'd to ſink beneath its weight.
" O youth," ſaid he, " unworthy of that ſire
" Whoſe ſoul true wiſdom and true worth inſpire,
" What, not preſerve your conſtancy an hour,
" But yield ſo tamely to misfortune's pow'r?
" Yes, you again ſhall *Ithaca* behold;
" Again that mother in your arms infold.
" Shall ſee *Ulyſſes*, though as yet unknown,
" In all the glory his deſerts have won.
" That Great *Ulyſſes*, whoſe unconquer'd mind
" To no baſe fears inglorioufly inclin'd;
" In ruder toils, in dangers greater far,
" Above misfortune, and above deſpair.

IMITATION.

Verſe 111, *Hor. Epiſ.* 2. *lib.* 1. and *Tull. Offic.* 1.

" Think,

" Think, if report that patient hero finds,
" (Where now he roves the ſport of angry winds)
" That you fell victim to your coward fears:
" Think, how that news will thunder in his ears;
" Fix in his breaſt a wound can ne'er be cur'd,
" More grievous far than all he yet endur'd."
He ſaid—and once more pointing to the fields,
The peace, the plenty which fair *Egypt* yields;
Where endleſs beauties meet your raviſh'd eyes,
And more than twice ten thouſand towns ariſe;
He prais'd that wiſe, well regulated ſtate,
Whoſe poor were guarded from th' oppreſſive Great;
Their ſons accuſtom'd from their tend'reſt youth
T' obedience, toil, ſobriety, and truth:
Train'd up betimes to cultivate their hearts,
With uſeful knowledge, and the lib'ral Arts
Admir'd each parent's piety, and care
T' inſpire his children with Religious fear;
And teach, with pure diſintereſted view,
Their rank's reſpective duties to purſue;
Seek Virtue, and fair Fame, by various roads;
Be juſt to men, and reverence the Gods.
" Thrice happy realm!" inceſſantly he cries,
" Thus govern'd by a King diſcreet and wiſe!
" Yet greater pleaſure muſt that Monarch feel,
" Who bears his Empire for the Public Weal.
" On ſure foundations he his Glory builds;
" His Joys no other than his Virtue yields.
" Love holds all hearts—a bandage ſtronger far
" Than the baſe motives of ignoble fear.
" Gladly they bend, while he with eaſe controuls;
" Deep fix'd without a rival in their ſouls:
" And not a ſubject but would ſpend his blood,
" To ſave a Prince ſo exquiſitely good."
While thus, with proper def'rence, I attend
The wiſe reflections of my virtuous friend,
My thoughts grew calm ſo late by fear abus'd,
I felt freſh courage o'er my ſoul diffus'd,
And now to *Memphis* leiſurely we paſt,
Renown'd for wealth and elegance of taſte;
Whoſe pow'rful Viceroy inſtantly decreed
Our courſe to *Thebes*, the Capital, with ſpeed.

That

That of our ſtate *Seſoſtris* might enquire,
Sole Judge of Captures, and much piqu'd at *Tyre*.
Again we plough'd the *Nile*'s argenteous ſtream
To *Thebes*, illuſtrious in the rolls of fame:
Whoſe hundred Gates magnificently great
Had made *Seſoſtris* chuſe it for his Seat.
Of vaſt extent this capital we found,
No town of *Greece* did with ſuch tribes abound;
Its ſtreets diſpoſed with excellent deſign,
Its conduits finiſh'd with a ſkill divine.
Here, baths commodious healing pow'rs diſcloſe,
There, public ſchools and arſenals aroſe;
The ſtately Forum in the midſt was plac'd,
With cryſtal fountains, and with pillars grac'd.
Each marble Temple, and each hallow'd Fane,
Of work exact; majeſtically plain.
The Royal Dome itſelf a town appear'd,
Where thouſand beauteous obeliſks were rear'd.
Columns and pyramids of height unknown;
The ſtatues ſeem'd of animated ſtone:
And ev'ry utenſil our eyes behold,
Or wrought in ſilver or of maſſy gold.
And now the Monarch was inform'd by thoſe,
Who thus detain'd us as his hated foes,
How juſtly we our liberty had loſt:
Surpriz'd in *Tyrian* veſſel on his coaſt.
(For he each day ſome ſtated hours aſſign'd,
That all his ſubjects ſure redreſs might find:
Submit their hardſhips to their Sov'reign's eyes,
Or, as they pleas'd, for public good adviſe).

NOTE.

Verſe. 160, *To* Thebes—The Scriptures call this *No Ammon*, and the *Grecians Dioſpolis*, or the City of *Jupiter*. The length of it, we are told, before it was demoliſhed by *Cambyſes*, was four hundred and twenty ſtadia, or fifty two miles and a half. Its hundred Gates are mentioned by *Homer*: but it has been thought by ſome, that by theſe hundred Gates is really meant ſo many Temples. Since, according to modern obſervations on its ruins, the City never had any walls. Here was the famous ſtatue of *Memnon*, and the ſepulchres of the *Egyptian* Kings, ſome of which are ſtill in being, and the painting on them quite freſh.

No

No wretch ſo mean but for his aid might call:
Who held that Princes ſhould be kind to all.
Their ſuits he heard, and granted their deſire;
Their common Guardian, and their common Sire.
Well pleas'd when Strangers viſited his Court,
He entertain'd them in a Princely ſort:
Convinc'd, that foreign States and Laws well known,
Contribute daily to improve our own.
It was to feed this commendable flame,
That we, his Captives, to his preſence came:
We ſaw him now with all his glories on,
Sublimely ſeated on an Iv'ry throne;
A golden ſceptre in his hand he bears,
Majeſtic, mild, and charming ev'n in years.
His glorious cuſtom, each returning day,
In public Court his Juſtice to diſplay:
His condeſcenſion and his prudence ſuch,
As none could rev'rence, and admire too much.
When ſcarce each ev'ning by the ſetting Sun,
The various bus'neſs of the State was done;
What time remain'd was ſpent on nobleſt things,
On Lectures worthy of the ears of Kings:
Or Converſe ſweet with men of worth approv'd,
Whom well he choſe, and ſifted ere he lov'd.
Two faults alone his memory could ſtain,
In all the trials of ſo long a reign:
That, too ſevere to thoſe he had ſubdu'd,
Ev'n Kings when vanquiſh'd as his Slaves he view'd;
And that too great a confidence he plac'd
In one his own munificence had rais'd:
A faithleſs wretch, his Miniſter of State,
Whoſe num'rous failings I ſhall ſoon relate.

NOTE.

Verſe 214, *Ev'n Kings—Seſoſtris* is ſaid to have harneſſed the Kings his priſoners, and to have obliged them, like ſo many horſes, to draw his chariot; till obſerving one of them to fix his eyes very earneſtly upon the wheel, he ſtopped, and demanded to know the reaſon of it. The unhappy Monarch replied, I put him in mind of the Wheel of Fortune; where he, who was now at the top, might a moment after be at the bottom.

In pity to a youth (whoſe blooming grace
Not ev'n misfortune could as yet efface)
With accent mild, and words that charm'd our ear,
He aſk'd my country, and my name to hear.
" Dread Sir," ſaid I, " you know the Siege of
" *Troy*
" Which *Greece* in league united to deſtroy:
" Which ten long years impenetrable ſtood,
" Obtain'd at laſt with torrents of our blood.
" Among the leaders there of chief renown,
" *Ulyſſes*, my much honour'd ſire, was one:
" Who now an exile on the boundleſs main
" Purſues his realm, his *Ithaca* in vain.
" While him I ſearch, misfortunes like his own
" Have me a captive on your borders thrown:
" O ſave a wretched Prince! and back remand
" To his loſt Father, and his native land.
" So may th' Immortal Gods your love requite!
" And long preſerve your children to your ſight!
" Long may you live, and they your bounty ſhare;
" Supremely bleſt in your paternal care!"
My plaint thus utter'd touched his gen'rous mind,
Which ſtill to pity graciouſly inclin'd:
But doubtful of my faith, he order'd one
Who ſtood attendant on his princely throne,
T' examine well our captors, and enquire
If we were truly *Greeks*, or Slaves of *Tyre*?
" If from *Phœnicia*'s coaſt," ſaid he, " they came,
" They merit double puniſhment and blame;
" Who ventur'd thus, when our deteſted foes,
" Upon our Royal Judgment to impoſe.
" But if they fail'd from any realm of *Greece*,
" They are welcome here; and may depart in
" peace.
" Our royal navy ſhall their courſe attend;
" For *Greece* I value, and eſteem my friend.
" Nor want we for that friendſhip weighty cauſe,
" To us ſhe ſtands indebted for her laws.
" I know

NOTE.

Verſe 254, *To us She ſtands indebted for her laws*—*Solon* and *Lycurgus*, the two celebrated lawgivers of the *Athenians*

" I know the valour of *Alcmena*'s Son,
" Th' immortal glory which *Achilles* won;
" With admiration hear *Ulyſſes'* name,
" No ſtranger to his ſuff'rings, and his fame.
" It glads our princely heart to help th' oppreſs'd,
" And ſuccour injur'd Virtue when diſtreſs'd." 260
The perſon charg'd by this illuſtrious King,
A juſt account of our affairs to bring,
The meaner paths of villainy purſu'd,
Baſe, as his Sov'reign was ſincere and good:
His ſoul to Truth, Integrity, and Shame
A ſtranger quite; and *Metophis* his name.

NOTES.

Athenians and *Spartans*, both viſited *Egypt* for the ſake of improvement, and compiled chiefly from thence the body of their laws. *Solon* is ſaid to have been intimately acquainted with *Pſenophis* the *Heliopolitan*, and *Sonchis* the *Saite*, the moſt learned prieſt of that age and country.

Verſe 255, *I know the valour of* Alcmena's *Son—Varro* reckons forty-five heroes of the name of *Hercules*, the moſt ancient of which was the *Tyrian Hercules*: but the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, the wife of *Amphitryon* King of *Thebes*, is by far the moſt celebrated; inſomuch that the exploits of all the reſt have been attributed to him. His twelve labours are well known; and it may be obſerved, that the greateſt part of his merit was of the military kind, or ſuch as conſiſted in mere bodily ſtrength: but the fable of his relieving *Atlas*, by taking the heavens on his ſhoulders, does honour to his learning; it being evident that this took its riſe from his great ſkill in Aſtronomy, which he is ſaid to have firſt taught the *Greeks*, having himſelf received inſtructions from *Atlas* for that purpoſe. The reader will find an account of his death in the 15th book. After which, the poets tell us, he was tranſlated to heaven; and there married to *Hebe* the Cupbearer of *Jupiter*, who was the daughter of *Juno*, and Goddeſs of Youth.

Verſe 256, *Th' immortal glory which* Achilles *won*—To give a full account of this hero, would be to tranſcribe the whole *Iliad* of *Homer*. It may be ſufficient in this place to ſay, that he was the ſon of *Peleus*, by the Goddeſs *Thetis*, and King of *Phthia*, a province of *Theſſaly*.

By many a wily artifice he tries
T' enſnare our minds, and take us by ſurprize;
But finding *Mentor* cautious to reply,
And that he anſwer'd more diſcreet than I,
This worthy man he with averſion view'd:
To vicious minds ſo odious are the Good.
Henceforth our mutual converſe had an end,
Nor learn'd I after what befell my friend.
A thunder-ſtroke to me this parting prov'd,
To be thus ſever'd from the man I lov'd.
But plain the views of *Metophis* appear'd:
One might gainſay, what t'other had aver'd;
Or I, deluded by vain hopes, reveal
What *Mentor*'s better judgment could conceal.
In ſhort, the truth he wanted not to learn;
To cheat *Seſoſtris* was his great concern,
Make him believe we from *Phœnicia* came;
And to our freedom, as his prize, lay claim.
That prudent Monarch was, in fact, deceiv'd:
And we, though innocent, were not believ'd.
Alas! Beneath what ills do Monarchs groan!
What various baſeneſs circumvents their throne!
The wiſeſt of them all are dupes to thoſe
Who know no path but what their int'reſt ſhows.
The Good, averſe to flattery and lies,
Betimes withdrawn are hidden from their eyes:
For modeſt Merit waits her Sov'reign's call,
And Princes rarely find her, if at all.
But fawning Sycophants are near at hand,
Forward to pleaſe, and ready at command;
Expert in fraud, and baſe diſſembling arts,
And fond to proſtitute their venal hearts;
To barter honour for unworthy gains,
And ſoothe the follies of the Wretch that reigns.
O Greatneſs! Prey to thoſe it moſt ſhould hate!
O the dire chance of Royalty and State!
When Kings thus liſten to the Syren voice
Of impious flatt'ry, and make that their choice;
When honeſt truth is baniſh'd from the Throne,
Adieu to fame! Thoſe Monarchs are undone.
Such were the thoughts ſuggeſted by my grief,
I *Mentor*'s counſels call'd to my relief.

Meanwhile,

Meanwhile, by *Metophis'* ſuperb command,
Was I now ſentenc'd to a deſart land;
With other ſlaves his cattle to defend,
Where wilds of rocky *Oaſis* extend.
Calypſo here broke in upon his tale:
" O youth, what means could on your ſoul prevail;
" Who ſcorn'd in *Sicily* that thought to bear,
" And could ev'n Death to Servitude prefer?"
The force of grief, he cried, which daily grew
By far more preſſing than before I knew.
That wretched comfort I poſſeſs'd no more,
To chuſe 'twixt death and ſlav'ry as before;
Doom'd to the latter, and compell'd to ſup
The laſt foul dregs of Fortune's bitt'reſt cup.
No glimpſe of hope my ſervile chain to break,
Nor had I pow'r in my defence to ſpeak.
A like misfortune, and an equal fate,
In *Ethiopia* did on *Mentor* wait:
Who ſays, that barter'd like myſelf for gain,
He took the yoke, and follow'd in the train.
The *Lybian* deſarts fill'd my ſoul with dread,
Whoſe burning ſands o'er all the plain were ſpread.
Eternal froſt poſſeſs'd the mountain's brows,
Their tops were white with everlaſting ſnows:
All paſture here was to the herds denied,
Save what kind Nature from the rocks ſupplied;
The vale beneath theſe hills' amazing height
The Sun ſcarce reaches with his piercing light.
No face of man to cheer the dire abode,
But boors unpoliſh'd as the ground they trod.
The tedious nights in tears I paſs'd away,
In loathſome toil the melancholy day;
Purſu'd my herd through all the ſultry plain,
To ſhun the fury of a brutal ſwain,

NOTES.

Verſe 312, *Where wilds of rocky* Oaſis—A part of *Libya*, extremely barren, and ſurrounded on all ſides by a ſandy deſart.

Verſe 326, *In* Ethiopia—The *Ethiopians*, according to *Bochart*, were an ancient colony of the *Egyptians*.

A ſenior ſlave; whoſe pride was to abuſe,
And all his fellows to their Lord accuſe.
Butis his name; who with perfidious art
Thus ſtrove t'endear him to his Maſter's heart,
Officious ſeem'd his int'reſt to regard,
And hop'd his freedom as a ſure reward.
Such was my ſtate—when, hopeleſs of relief,
I ſcarce ſuſtain'd the burthen of my grief.
Once, as unmindful of my charge I ſtray'd,
And all extended on the earth was laid,
A gloomly cave wide op'ning at my head,
And prais'd the bleſt condition of the dead;
Deſiring here to end my wretched days,
No ſpirits left my drooping ſoul to raiſe;
A ſudden tremor ſeiz'd the mountains round,
The oaks, the pines, ſeem'd rooted from the ground.
Forth from the cavern, with unuſual noiſe
Like diſtant thunderings, was heard a voice.
Still as the grave was every breath of air,
When words like theſe ſurpriz'd my trembling ear.
" O Son of Great *Ulyſſes!* Be your aim,
" Like him, by patience to aſpire to fame;
" The Prince who no adverſity hath known,
" But ill deſerves his dignity and throne;
" His ſoul by ſoft luxurious paſſions ſway'd,
" And pride's intoxicating pow'r betray'd.
" Yield not to ſuff'rings, but diſpel your fears:
" A ſeries waits you of far happier years.
" The time will come when you no more ſhall
" mourn,
" But to your native *Ithaca* return:
" Your glorious actions ſhall triumphant riſe,
" As ſweeteſt incenſe to perfume the ſkies.
" When Lord of others, think upon this hour;
" That you were once thus wretched, and thus
" poor:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 350, *Hom. Odyſ.* 4.
Verſe 368, *Sen. in Oed.*

" Bleſs

" Bleſs all your ſubjects with a mild controul,
" Relieve th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the afflicted ſoul.
" Shun flattery, and learn—the way to fame
" Is this, your own unruly will to tame.
The heav'nly counſel which theſe words impart,
That inſtant took poſſeſſion of my heart:
A pleaſing gladneſs now my ſpirits chear'd,
Returning courage in my breaſt appear'd.
My hair no more, as erſt, erected ſtood,
No horrors felt I to congeal my blood:
(Thoſe agonizing pains which mortals feel
To whom high Heaven would its will reveal)
Serene I roſe, and with proſtration meet,
And hands uprais'd, the friendly pow'r I greet:
With adoration to *Minerva* bend,
Who to my hopes this comfort deign'd to ſend.
A diff'rent Creature from that hour I grew,
Reſolving Reaſon's dictates to purſue:
Freſh ſtrength perceiv'd to curb unmanly rage,
And check the raſhneſs of my tender age.
The neighb'ring ruſtics all admir'd, and lov'd;
Ev'n ſavage *Butis* this my change approv'd:
And, while my punctual labours I fulfill'd,
My winning grace oblig'd ev'n him to yield.
That Tyrant-ſlave, who ſhew'd too plain before,
His heart to mine no kind affections bore.
To ſoothe my troubles, and my mind unbend
From cares which ſad captivity attend;
I ſought from books ſome wholeſome kind relief,
Some med'cine for a ſoul now ſick with grief.
Happy, ſaid I, the few, whom better choice
Hath made ſuperior to all ſenſual joys!
Whoſe heart delights more rational can pleaſe,
In virtuous innocence, and learned eaſe!
Who well amus'd each leiſure-hour beſtow,
To gain that godlike attribute to know!
No change diſturbs them, and no frowns of fate:
They've that within can happineſs compleat:

IMITATION.

Verſe 411, *Tull. Orat. pro Arch. Poet. Id. de fin.* 5.

Thoſe

Thoſe gloomy thoughts are ſtrangers to their breaſt,
Which ſome in higheſt affluence moleſt:
Intent on ſtudy, which all joy ſupplies,
They taſte delights which Heav'n to me denies.
While muſing thus, unwarily I rove
Beneath the covert of a ſacred grove;
O' th' ſudden I perceiv'd before me ſtand
A rev'rend Sage with volume in his hand.
His head was bald, which ſhew'd him paſt his prime,
And ſomewhat wrinkled by the ſhocks of time.
His ſilver beard in wavy ringlets paſt,
Low as the girdle on his ſlender waiſt.
His height majeſtic, awful was his mien,
His viſage ruddy, healthful, and ſerene:
Unuſual fire ſtill ſparkled in his eyes,
His voice harmonious, and his converſe wiſe.
Ne'er ſaw I man ſo graceful, when in years,
As *Termoſiris*: for that name he bears.
Amidſt the horrors of this ſacred Wood,
On pillars rais'd a Marble Temple ſtood,
The work of *Egypt*'s Kings: Who to diſplay
Their zeal, had giv'n it to the God of Day.
This was His Prieſt: preſiding o'er th' abodes,
His book was Hymns in honour of the Gods.
Onward he came with looks compos'd, and kind;
Nor long, ere both in converſation join'd.
The facts of ages paſt ſo well he knew,
They ſeem'd as freſh, and preſent to my view:
Yet ſo conciſely told, ſo mov'd deſire,
They entertain'd me, but could never tire.
By long experience of the human mind,
He knew before what ev'ry man deſign'd:
And yet no conſcious pride did he betray,
His air was eaſy, affable, and gay.
Not ſmiling youth with half that grace appears
As *Termoſiris*, though advanc'd in years.
No foe to blooming vigour, could he find
It was to virtue, and fair truth inclin'd.

IMITATION.

Verſe 423, *Plin. Epiſt.* 1. 10.

I ſoon

I ſoon endear'd me to his tend'reſt love:
He gave me books my ſorrows to remove,
Call'd me his child; nor much behind I came,
Who often hail'd him with a father's name.
Heav'n ſtill, ſaid I, is kind: No more I rue.
It took my *Mentor*, but it gave me you.
And ſure if ever *Orpheus* was inſpir'd,
Or *Linus'* ſelf with rage poetic fir'd;
This man was equal object of their love,
As much the fav'rite of the Gods above.
Full oft my drooping fancy would he raiſe,
With repetition of his charming lays;
And give me various volumes to peruſe:
The fav'rite Bards of each harmonious Muſe.
Whene'er with decent majeſty he roſe,
In veſt unſullied as deſcending ſnows;
With iv'ry harp in hand prepar'd to ſing,
And touch'd with maſter-ſtroke the trembling ſtring;
The ſpotted tiger, and the brindled bear,
Forgot their rage, and eager ruſh'd to hear.
The lions, raviſh'd with a ſtrain ſo ſweet,
Fawn'd at his ſide, and cow'ring lick'd his feet.
The Satyrs left their groves, and at the ſound
Melodious, join'd in mimic dance around.
The very trees and rocks in pure delight,
Seem'd as deſcending from the mountain's height.

NOTES.

Verſe 459, *And ſure if ever* Orpheus—Son of *Apollo* by the Muſe *Calliope*, and born in *Thrace*; being a *Greek* poet more ancient than *Homer* himſelf. He was author of thirty-nine poems, which are all loſt, except a few hymns and fragments which are ſuppoſed to be not genuine.

Verſe 460, *Or* Linus's *ſelf*—Another ſon of *Apollo* by the Muſe *Terpſichore*. He was a native of *Chalcis*, and the author of Lyric poetry: he is thought to have firſt brought the letters of the *Phœnician* Alphabet into *Greece*, where he was preceptor to *Hercules*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 469, *Virg. Geor.* 4. *Ecl.* 6. and *Ov. Met.* 11.

No

No vulgar ſubject to his lyre was giv'n:
He ſang th' Immortals, and the pow'r of Heav'n;
Heroes and Demigods, who bravely dar'd
To ſpurn at pleaſure, and true fame preferr'd.
Oft would he tell me to ſurceaſe my moan;
Heav'n would ne'er leave *Ulyſſes*, nor his Son.
Bade me *Apollo*'s great example ſee,
Like him reſume my courage, and be free:
Like him reform a ſavage, brutal race,
And introduce them to the Muſes grace.
Enrag'd, ſaid he, the great *Apollo* view'd,
That mighty *Jove* his thunders ſhould obtrude;
With clouds and tempeſts ſhould obſcure his rays
T' eclipſe the glory of his brighteſt days:
He vow'd revenge on all his *Cyclop* foes,
Whoſe brawny arms thoſe thunders did compoſe;
Twang'd his dread bow, and aim'd his fatal darts,
And deep infix'd them in their ſavage hearts.
Then *Ætna* ceas'd with haughty creſt to aſpire,
In clouds of curling ſmoke and livid fire;
Th' alternate ſtroke of hammers then no more
Shook the deep caverns of the ſea and ſhore:
Th' unpoliſh'd ores of iron and of braſs
Grew ſoon a ruſty, and miſhapen maſs.
Up from his Forge, with indignation fir'd,
To high *Olympus*, *Mulciber* retir'd;
Full many a league with halting gait he paſt,
And reach'd the Aſſembly of the Gods in haſte:

His

NOTES.

Verſe 504, *To high* Olympus. Mulciber *retir'd*—*Olympus* was a mountain in *Theſſaly*, on whoſe top the Gods were ſuppoſed to have their reſidence—*Mulciber*, otherwiſe called *Vulcan*, from the reſemblance of which latter name he is thought to be the ſame with *Tubal Cain*, the firſt who invented working in Metals. The poets make him the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

Verſe 505, *Full many a league with halting gait*—*Vulcan* was repreſented lame, from an hurt which he received

IMITATION.

Verſe 495, *Virg. Æn.* 8.

His aged face with ſweat and duſt beſmear'd,
And bitter plaint 'gainſt *Phœbus* he preferr'd.
Who ſtraight was baniſh'd by Almighty *Jove*,
And headlong driven from the realms above.
Meanwhile his golden Chariot, though alone,
Yet roll'd ſpontaneous; and with luſtre ſhone:
Nor ever from its courſe diurnal ſwerv'd,
But all the Seaſons to mankind preſerv'd.
Apollo, ſtript of ev'ry glorious beam,
And ſunk at once to poverty extreme,
An herdſman's office from *Admetus* gains,
To feed his cattle on *Theſſalian* plains.
'Twas here that firſt with captivating ſong,
And heav'nly pipe,, he won upon the throng:
Th' admiring ſwains in crowds around him pour,
By each fair fountain, and each chequer'd bow'r.
Till then they liv'd with rude unpoliſh'd hearts
Strangers to Science, and the lib'ral Arts:
To milk their tender flocks, and ſhear their ſheep,
Preſs the rich curd, and toilſome vigils keep,
Was all their care. The fertile plains around
A deſart ſeem'd, inhoſpitable ground.
But he, by ſwift inſenſible degrees,
Shew'd them all Nature, and her pow'r to pleaſe.
Oft in the leafy covert would he ſing
The flow'rs, and odours of the breathing ſpring:
How Earth rejoic'd his various charms to meet,
And ſpread her verdant carpet for his feet.
He ſung how Summer, with a lib'ral hand,
With kindly breezes and with zephyrs bland
Refreſh'd our nights; and eaſe to men had giv'n:
The ſoil ſtill wat'ring with the dew of heav'n.
Luxuriant Autumn next employ'd his lays,
Its wavy proſpects, and its fruits to praiſe:

NOTES.

received in his fall upon the iſland of *Lemnos*: when *Jupiter*, enraged at his being ſo deformed, kicked him out of Heaven.

Verſe 517. *An herdſman's office from* Admetus—A King of *Theſſaly*, which country was in great repute for the excellence of its paſture.

When

When bent beneath his load th' induſtrious ſwain
Was amply recompenc'd for all his pain.
Not hoary Winter could eſcape his lyre,
With youthful frolic round the ſocial fire.
And next he painted, to their raviſh'd ſight,
Thoſe gloomy groves that veil'd the mountain's height;
And tufted vallies, where with humid train
Meand'ring rivers wanton'd in the plain:
Deſcrib'd the beauties of a life ſerene,
Where ſimple Nature decks the rural ſcene.
The clown thus lifted from his abject ſtate,
Soon roſe ſuperior to the rich and great:
His homely cottage, and his oaten reed
Did all the ſweets of royalty exceed;
Afforded pleaſure of that purer ſort
Which ſhuns the pomp and pageantry of Court.
Here Mirth diſporting with the Graces mild,
And tender artleſs loves their cares beguil'd;
Their eaſy labours ſtill to enjoy gave way,
And each returning Sun made holiday.
No ſound was heard, but what the gentle breeze
In ſportive meaſure whiſper'd through the trees;
Or feather'd ſongſters warbling out their love,
And murm'ring waters from the rocks above;
Or what the ruſtics had been taught to ſing
By each fair Muſe in honour of their King.
He taught them further, with indulgence kind,
In the fleet foot-race to outſtrip the wind:
The pointed jav'lin and the dart to throw
Swift to the boſom of the bounding roe.
The Gods, grown envious of theſe happy plains,
Deſir'd to change condition with the ſwains;
Whoſe lives by far more fortunate appear
Than what they held above the ſtarry ſphere.
Once more they vote *Apollo* to remove,
And reinſtate him in his throne above.

IMITATION.

Verſe 561, *Hor. Epod.* 2.

" Learn

" Learn hence, my ſon, the path which leads to
" fame:
" Your's and *Apollo*'s ſtations are the ſame.
" Refine, like him, theſe horrible retreats:
" And make this wild a wilderneſs of ſweets.
" Reduce each rude inhabitant to bounds,
" By pow'r of harmony, and magic ſounds:
" Subdue their ſtubborn ſouls, and gently lead;
" Teach them in Virtue's flow'ry paths to tread:
" Commend a life retir'd, and make them love
" Thoſe harmleſs joys, no trouble can remove.
" A day is coming, in the round of fate,
" When you exalted high in regal ſtate,
" Diſtract with care, the paſt'ral life ſhall praiſe
" And look with envy on their happier days."
He ended here: and riſing from his ſeat,
Gave me a flute ſo exquiſitely ſweet;
The mountain Echoes with amazement heard,
The ſwains in troops encircling me appear'd;
A melting ſoftneſs to my voice was giv'n,
I ſeem'd tranſported, and inſpir'd by Heav'n;
Oft as I labour'd, with celeſtial lays,
All Nature's wonders, and her gifts to praiſe.
Whole days we paſs'd with infinite delight,
Encroaching frequent on the ſhades of night.
No more the ſhepherds to their cots repair,
No more were mindful of their fleecy care;
The gaping crowds, like ſtatues, I perceive
Fix'd and attentive to th' advice I give.
No more the deſart wore that horrid face,
But ſweets unlook'd for, and ſurprizing grace;
So much could Virtue civilize the place.
Oft we aſſembled, and with glorious train
Devoutly paſs'd to Great *Apollo*'s Fane:
Our choiceſt victims at his altars bled,
His aged Prieſt the bright proceſſion led;
While ev'ry ſwain his hallow'd courts that trod
Wore laurel crowns in honour of the God.

IMITATION.

Verſe 584, *Soph. in Trach*

With flow'ry garlands ſee each maid advance
To join her fellows in the myſtic dance:
The ſacred baſkets on their heads they bore
With gifts and odours to invoke his pow'r.
Our vows accompliſh'd with religious care,
We haſte the rural banquet to prepare:
No dainties grac'd our hoſpitable board,
But what our goats and bleating flocks afford;
Their milk which ev'ry appetite could pleaſe,
And ripen'd fruits freſh gather'd from the trees:
As dates and figs, of ſweeteſt honied taſte;
And purple grapes to finiſh the repaſt.
Our ſeat the graſſy turf. The ſhady bow'rs
Thick ſpread above, and interwove with flow'rs;
Supplied a far more elegant retreat
Than gilded roofs and manſions of the great.
What moſt contributed t'exalt my fame,
And made thoſe regions to reſound my name
Was—that a lion I one day behold
By hunger prompted to o'erleap my fold.
A dreadful carnage quickly did appear,
Nor had I weapons for ſo fierce a war:
A ſhepherd's crook was all I had to ſhow,
With this I ventur'd to approach the foe.
His horrid mane like ſpears erected ſtood,
His teeth and claws with inward dread I view'd:
His bloody eyes ſhot forth a dreadful gleam,
Parch'd was his throat, and like devouring flame.
His monſtrous tail with terror I deſcried
Inceſſant riſe, to laſh his angry ſide.
Proſtrate the monſter at my feet I laid;
The ſlender mail with which I was array'd,
(The common garb *Egyptian* Paſtors wear)
Preſerv'd me harmleſs in ſo rude a war.
Three times he rais'd him with indignant bound,
As oft I ſtruck him gaſping to the ground:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 619, *Hom. Iliad* 1.
Verſe 620, *Virg. in Cul.*

The

The hot diſpute unwillingly he bore,
While the wide foreſt trembled at his roar;
At length both arms about his neck I place,
And hug him lifeleſs in a cloſe embrace.
The trembling hinds, who ſaw my glorious toils,
With ſhouts inveſt me with his ſhaggy ſpoils.
The fame of this incredible defeat,
The change too wrought in this obſcure retreat;
With admiration ſtrange all *Egypt* hears,
And ſoon it reach'd the Great *Seſoſtris'* ears:
That one made captive by his conqu'ring hoſt,
On board a veſſel from the *Tyrian* coaſt;
The Golden Age was able to reſtore,
In deſarts ſcarce acceſſible before.
He lov'd the Muſes, and his gen'rous heart
Admir'd whoe'er could ought of uſe impart;
Soon he recall'd me from this irkſome plain,
Impatient till he ſaw this happy ſwain;
Heard me with ſecret joy, and ſoon perceiv'd
His fav'rite ill deſerv'd to be believ'd:
That faithleſs wretch determin'd to remove,
Stripp'd of his wealth, and to a dungeon drove.
Ah! wretched fate, ſaid he, of thoſe that reign!
Surrounded by a falſe deſigning train!
Through them alone we ſee, whoſe flatt'ry ſmooth
Still from their Sov'reign will diſguiſe the truth:
All with ſome darling intereſt in view,
Pretending zeal, Ambition they purſue;
And when the face of loyalty they wear,
'Tis for our riches, not ourſelves, they care.
So ſmall a corner in their hearts we hold,
They'll baſely fawn, and cozen us for gold.
Henceforth *Seſoſtris*, with moſt kind regard
Of gen'rous friendſhip did my toils reward:
Decreed me troops, and veſſels to command,
And gave me hopes to ſee my native land:
To ſave my Royal Mother from deſpair,
And cruſh her ſuitors in a glorious war.

IMITATION.

Verſe 653, *Virg. Æn.* 2.

The fleet now furniſh'd to the Bay was brought,
The preſent voyage had engroſs'd my thought:
With wonder I beheld the turns of Chance,
Which can ſo ſoon the meaneſt ſlave advance.
Who knows, ſaid I, but (all his ſuff'rings o'er)
Ulyſſes yet ſhall bleſs his native ſhore?
And *Mentor* once more to my ſight be ſhown,
From *Ethiopia*, and a world unknown?
While thus to gain intelligence I ſtay,
And too imprudently prolong delay,
The aged Monarch yielded up his breath,
And Nature's debt repaid by ſudden death.
My blooming hopes were blaſted by that blow;
I ſunk again to miſery and woe.
Depriv'd at once of him they held ſo dear,
All *Egypt* dropt a tributary tear:
Each private family in him require
Its faithful friend, protector, and its ſire.
With hands uplifted to the pow'rs on high,
Decrepid age thus breath'd a tender ſigh:
" Ne'er held theſe realms ſo great a Prince before,
" Nor have the Gods another ſuch in ſtore.
" Better had Heav'n ne'er ſhewn ſo fair a light,
" Than once reveal'd to ſnatch it from our ſight.
" Why drag we on a miſerable ſtate,
" Nor rather chuſe t' accompany his fate?"
The youthful tribes alike, in melting vein,
Took up the ſad, the melancholy ſtrain:
" Fall'n is fair *Egypt*, and her hopes deſtroy'd,
" Her laurels wither'd, and her ſceptre void!
" Our happier ſires were born in fort'nate hour:
" Warm'd by his grace, protected by his pow'r.
" But wretched we thoſe joys could only taſte,
" To feel, with agony, they muſt not laſt!"
His ſad domeſtics all refus'd relief,
Whole days and nights were ſacrific'd to grief;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 688 *Hor.* l. 1. *Ode* 34.
Verſe 719, *Æn.* 6.

Full

Full forty ſuns alternate ſet and riſe,
In preparation for his obſequies:
When diſtant nations to his fun'ral came,
And pour'd in crouds to celebrate his fame.
To catch one glance with eager haſte they ſtrive,
That ſtill his image in their hearts may live;
While ſome, through love to their departed friend,
Ev'n in the tomb their Sov'reign would attend.
What rais'd their loſs, and made it paſt repair
Was, the ſmall hopes of *Bocchoris*, his heir;
Who foe to Science, and to Wiſdom blind,
Receiv'd the ſtranger with a look unkind.
No gen'rous thirſt for glory he poſſeſt,
No place had virtue in his haughty breaſt;
In ſhort, the ſplendour of the Father's throne
Had ſerv'd t'obſcure, and t'eclipſe the Son.
Brought up t'indulge his paſſions and his eaſe,
He look'd on others as but form'd to pleaſe:
A ſlaviſh herd, by him to be controul'd;
And fram'd by Nature of ſome diff'rent mould.
His ſole delight his people to oppreſs,
And ſhed the blood of wretches in diſtreſs:
To all his various vices give a looſe,
And ſquander treaſures with a hand profuſe;
His fire's exchequer, and thoſe funds to drain
Which he, more frugal, had amaſs'd in pain.
The ſervile flatt'rers which his throne ſurround,
His ears ſtill open to their counſels found;
While hoary heads, which Great *Seſoſtris* priz'd,
Gave place to boys—were exil'd, and deſpis'd.

NOTES.

Verſe 733. *Was the ſmall hopes of* Bocchoris *his heir*—Here is a ſmall anachroniſm obſervable, in making *Bocchoris* the ſon and immediate ſucceſſor of *Seſoſtris*: for it appears from *Herodotus* that *Pheron* was the next King.

Verſe 752, *While hoary heads*, &c.—This paſſage ſeems pretty exactly copied from the character of *Rehoboam*, in the Second Book of *Chronicles*.

He ſeem'd a monſter of moſt ſavage ſort,
Diſgrace to majeſty, and ſhame to court.
All *Egypt* groan'd: and though *Seſoſtris'* name
Reviv'd the thoughts of his immortal fame,
And made them bear awhile his tyrant ſon,
They ſaw him headlong to deſtruction run.
Nor could he poſſibly maintain his pow'r,
When thus unworthy of the crown he wore.
No more I hop'd mine *Ithaca* to gain;
Fond were that wiſh, that expectation vain.
By fair *Peluſium* ſtood an ancient tow'r,
Where the ſwoln billows laſh'd the ſounding ſhore:
(That port where late my navy ſtood prepar'd,
Had piteous Heav'n the good *Seſoſtris* ſpar'd.)
Here choſe I my abode—Meanwhile, with art
Th' abandon'd *Metophis* had play'd his part;
Crept from his dungeon, and reſum'd his place
In the new Monarch's countenance, and grace:
To fix me here his priſoner he came,
And breathing vengeance for his former ſhame.
Immerſt in grief, and ſtranger to delights,
I paſs'd my tedious days, and ſleepleſs nights:
Whate'er the cavern, with prophetic voice,
Or *Termoſiris* had foretold of joys,
Compar'd with theſe my preſent ſuff'rings ſeem
As vain illuſions, and an empty dream.
Sunk in th' abyſs of ſorrow and deſpair,
I ſaw the billows rolling from afar
With fierce aſſault, and aided by the wind,
To ſtorm the caſtle where I lay confin'd.
Oft I conſider'd, and without a pain,
The veſſels bounding o'er the boiſt'rous main;
In danger hourly on the rocks to meet
A dreadful ſhipwreck underneath my feet:

NOTE.

Verſe 764, *By fair* Peluſium—So called from the *Greek Pelos*, which ſignifies Mud, on account of its low ſituation in the marſhes. Or, as others ſay, from *Peleus*, the father of *Achilles*, who founded it. It is called by *Hirtius* the Key of *Egypt*; and the lentiles of *Peluſium* are commended both by *Virgil* and *Martial*.

Yet

Yet ſhed I not one friendly, pitying tear;
But envied all the hazards which they fear.
If wreck'd, ſaid I, no cares will then moleſt;
If ſafe, they gain the haven of their reſt:
Alas! more wretched far am I then theſe.
No way to die, no proſpect of releaſe!
While thus to ſad anxiety conſign'd,
With fruitleſs murmurs and complaints I pin'd;
A croud of maſts within my proſpect ſtood,
And ſeem'd a foreſt nodding o'er the flood.
The very ſea was hid: each ſwelling ſail
Expanded wide to catch the proſp'rous gale,
The foaming billows parted by their oars
Retir'd in anger to the diſtant ſhores.
And now confuſion ſtrange approach'd mine ear,
The ſhout of armies, and the din of war.
Far as the utmoſt bank I ſtretch'd my ſight,
And ſaw th' *Egyptians* arming for the fight:
Part as in panic ſeem'd, while others greet
With loud acclaim, and uſher in the fleet.
Soon I diſcover'd that this force combin'd
Was ſhips of *Cyprus* and *Phœnicia* join'd:
No ſtranger now to maritime affairs,
Taught by experience of my former cares.
Too plain I ſaw that amity was loſt,
And dire diſſention fill'd th' *Egyptian* hoſt;
Their Monarch's crimes, with eaſe I could divine,
Had forc'd his troops their duty to reſign:
And that oppreſſion carried on ſo far,
Had lighted up the flames of civil war.
From off the turret, where ſecure I ſtood,
I ſaw them combat in a field of blood.
The rebel ſquadrons who thus deſp'rate made
Had call'd this foreign army to their aid:

NOTE.

Verſe 809, *Was ſhips of* Cyprus—An iſland in the *Mediterranean*, which ſtill retains the ſame name; and was formerly ſuppoſed to be the peculiar reſidence of *Venus*, who is frequently ſtiled the *Cyprian* Queen.

Soon

Soon as to ſhore th' aſſociate bands they bring,
Attack'd th' *Egyptians* headed by their King.
I ſaw this Prince with warlike ardour fir'd,
Whoſe great example all his troops inſpir'd:
Like *Mars* himſelf, his flaming ſhield he bore,
While all around were floods of reeking gore.
His foaming wheels acquir'd a purple ſtain,
And roll'd with toil o'er mountains of the ſlain.
Of graceful ſhape the royal youth was ſeen,
Active and ſtrong, and of exalted mien;
But rage and fury in his eyes appear;
With all the tokens of a deep deſpair.
And (like a ſteed untam'd that with diſdain
Spurns at his rider, and rejects the rein)
Through ev'ry toil would he to fame aſpire,
Yet wanted prudence to direct his fire.
Alike unſkill'd his follies to repair,
Or give preciſe directions for the war;
He ſaw not dangers of moſt obvious ſort,
But ſquander'd lives which could alone ſupport.
Yet had he genius too his crown to ſave;
His wit was lively, as his heart was brave;
But ne'er inſtructed to diſtinguiſh things,
By adverſe fortune, fitteſt ſchool for Kings.
His very tutors had his thoughts confin'd,
By flatt'ry, bane of ev'ry honeſt mind.
Drunk with ſucceſs, and arbitrary ſway,
He look'd that all implicitly obey:
The leaſt reſiſtance would inflame his ire,
The leaſt obſtruction to his lewd deſire.
'Twas then diſcarded Reaſon left her throne,
And left him helpleſs, wretched and alone:
By Pride transform'd a brutal life he led,
And in a moment all his Virtues fled.
His faithful friends, and counſellors retir'd;
Who ſooth'd his follies, his eſteem acquir'd:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 824, *Hom. Il.* 13.
Verſe 832, *Ennius.*

Deſtructive

Deſtructive ſchemes and int'reſts he purſu'd,
Became the ſcorn, and terror of the good.
Yet ſtill his valour long ſuperior roſe
To all the daring multitude his foes:
At length by numbers cruelly oppreſt,
A *Tyrian* jav'lin enter'd at his breaſt.
Down from his hand now dropt the golden rein,
He tumbled headlong to the ſanguine plain;
The gilded chariot, where ſo late he rode,
The fiery courſers, trampling in his blood.
A *Cyprian* ſoldier next, with hoſtile blow,
Struck off the head of his illuſtrious foe;
And graſping by its hair, with impious boaſt,
In triumph ſhew'd it to the victor hoſt.
The ſhock I felt at this ſo foul diſgrace,
No time can ever from my mind efface.
The bleeding front did yet no fears betray,
His eyes no longer could admit the day;
Pale was his face, with many a dreadful ſtreak,
His mouth half open'd as in act to ſpeak:
As eager to expreſs, yet wanting breath;
Haughty his air, and threat'ning ev'n in death
Long as I live, and draw this vital air,
That dreadful ſcene will to my ſight appear.
And ſhould the Gods, in pity to my moan,
At length advance me to my father's throne;
That dire example will poſſeſs me whole,
And print this laſting truth upon my ſoul:
That he alone is worthy to preſide,
He only bleſt, whoſe reaſon is his guide.
For oh! how great the miſery to feel—
That one, exalted for the public weal,
Should only of mankind be rank'd the firſt;
To make them more emphatically curſt!

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *relates how he was ſet at liberty, together with all the reſt of the* Tyrian *priſoners, by the ſucceſſor of* Bocchoris: *and ſailed with them to* Tyre *on board the Admiral's ſhip, whoſe name was* Narbal. *That* Narbal *deſcribed to him their King* Pygmalion, *whoſe cruel avarice was to be dreaded: that* Narbal *afterwards inſtructed him in all the regulations relating to commerce at* Tyre. *That being juſt ready to embark on board a* Cyprian *veſſel, in order to return by the way of* Cyprus *to* Ithaca, Pygmalion *diſcovered him to be a ſtranger, and gave orders to have him apprehended. That by this means he was brought in imminent danger of his life, when* Aſtarbe, *the King's Miſtreſs, unexpectedly ſaved him; in order to have a young man, who ſlighted her, put to death in his place.*

CALYPSO heard with pleaſure and ſurprize
Th' account of conduct ſo diſcreet and wiſe.
What charm'd her moſt was that ingenuous zeal
For truth, which made him ev'n his faults reveal:
Oft as unguarded youth had raſhly err'd,
Or ſelf-conceit to *Mentor* was preferr'd
She prais'd the virtuous Prince whoſe gen'rous breaſt
A ſoul of ſo much dignity poſſeſt;
Who to himſelf ſevere, more mod'rate grew,
And ſtill more prudent, by the toils he knew.
"Proceed, my dear *Telemachus*, ſhe ſaid;
"I burn to know what unexpected aid
"Freed you from *Egypt*, and that friend reſtor'd,
"Whoſe fatal loſs ſo juſtly you deplor'd."
The Royal party, he reſum'd, (though good
And worthy all) no more unſhaken ſtood:

They

They ſaw their Monarch breathleſs on the field,
And preſt by numbers were conſtrain'd to yield:
Termutis' name through all the croud was heard,
Who to the vacant ſceptre was preferr'd.
The *Cyprian* hoſt, with their allies of *Tyre*,
Leagu'd with *Termutis*, inſtantly retire.
The *Tyrian* captives by that league were free,
A num'rous band, in which they counted me.
I left my tow'r embarking with the reſt,
A dawn of hope now riſing in my breaſt.
The ſails unfurl'd ſoon caught the kindly breeze,
A glorious navy cover'd all the ſeas:
Struck by our oars the foaming billows riſe,
And ſhouts triumphant rend the diſtant ſkies.
Back fled fair *Egypt*, and her fruitful coaſt,
Her tow'ring hills inſenſibly we loſt;
And ſcarce an object to our ſight was giv'n,
Save the wide ocean and cryſtalline heav'n.
From *Thetis'* lap now roſe the golden ſun,
With ſparkling beams his daily courſe to run;
The mountain-ſummits gilding from afar,
Which juſt above th' horizon ſeem'd t'appear.
Heav'ns blue expanſe did ev'ry ſweet diſplay,
And gave us omen of a proſp'rous way.
Releas'd as *Tyrian*, yet of all our crew
Not one my nation or my perſon knew.
Narbal, beneath whoſe dread command we ſteer,
Deſir'd my country and my name to hear.
" Since from *Phœnicia*," added he, " you came;
" Say, from what city there your birth you claim?"
" No *Tyrian*, Sir, do you behold," I ſaid;
But one a captive by th' *Egyptians* made.
" In *Tyrian* veſſel on this fatal coaſt,
" As one of *Tyre*, my liberty I loſt.
" Miſtaken thus, much labour I endur'd,
" And the ſame error my releaſe procur'd."

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 34, *Virg. Æn.* 3. and *Hom. Od.* 12.
Verſe 37, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

At

At this, I found him with impatience glow
My real country and my name to know.
" You ſee," ſaid I, " the great *Ulyſſes'* ſon
" Who fills in *Ithaca* a *Grecian* throne:
" Of all the Leaders that to *Ilium* came,
" None roſe ſuperior to my Sire in fame.
" But righteous Heav'n, with moſt ſevere decree,
" Forbids that Sire his *Ithaca* to ſee.
" In vain I've ſought the author of my birth,
" Thro' half the kingdoms of the peopled earth;
" While dire misfortunes on my footſteps wait,
" And ſtill purſue me with a father's fate.
" Behold a wretch! whoſe unambitious mind
" Aims but his Country and his Sire to find."
Surpriz'd he heard, and in my blooming face
Perceiv'd unuſual happineſs and grace;
Saw, as he thought, that Heav'n had gifts in ſtore,
Confirm'd by tokens which few mortals bore.
Mild was his nature, generous and free,
Nor unconcern'd could my affliction ſee;
And ſpake, as if inſpir'd by Heav'n's high will,
To ſave me inſtant from ſome threat'ning ill.
" Forbid it Heav'n!" ſaid he, " Thou noble
" Youth,
" That I ſhould doubt thy honeſty and truth;
" Your native ſweetneſs hath too well expreſt
" The various virtues which your heart poſſeſt.
" And well I ſee th' immortal Gods above
" Are all concern'd your fortunes to improve.
" Thoſe Gods, *Telemachus*, thoſe Gods require
" That I henceforth regard you as your ſire:
" Attend while I adviſe, a pleaſing taſk,
" For which I nought but ſecrecy ſhall aſk."
" Fear not," I anſwer'd; " for without a pain
" This faithful boſom can your thoughts contain;
" Young tho' I ſeem, in this at leaſt I'm Old,
" And always ſcorn'd my ſecret to unfold:
" Nor would a friend in confidence betray,
" To rule the world with univerſal ſway.
" O ſay," reply'd he, " in ſuch tender years
" What proofs can you produce to calm my fears?
" 'Twere high delight your conduct to review,
" And know from whence that excellence you drew.

'Tis

" 'Tis wiſdom's baſis, without which you'll find
" The greateſt talents empty as the wind.
" *Ulyſſes* ready," I return'd, " t'employ
" His arms victorious in the ſiege of *Troy*;
" Me on his knees, a tender infant plac'd,
" And fondly there (as I have learn'd) embrac'd.
" A thouſand kiſſes on my lips impreſs'd,
" And thus, in words I little knew, addreſs'd.
" My child, may Heav'n deprive me of thy ſight,
" Ne'er may I thus behold thee with delight!
" But may the Fatal Siſters cut thy thread,
" And thou, thus young, be number'd with the dead;
" (As the rough mower crops the budding roſe
" Ere half its blooming beauties it diſcloſe)
" Thy Father's foes to thy deſtruction join,
" And rob thy Mother of her bliſs and mine;
" If foul Diſhonour muſt diſtain thy ſoul,
" And make thee deaf to virtue's juſt controul!
" My friends, to your fidelity approv'd
" I truſt this infant, as my life belov'd:
" Guard well his tender age, and baniſh far
" The Syren-voice of flatt'ry from his ear.
" If e'er *Ulyſſes* could your love engage,
" Teach him to triumph o'er unmanly rage;
" And, like the tender vine, correction bear,
" Which bends with eaſe unto the dreſſer's care.
" Let nought be ſpar'd to make him juſt and good;
" True to his friend with hazard of his blood.
" Whoe'er with falſhood ſhall his mind debaſe,
" Is man no more; but ſhame of human race:
" And who intruſted ſecrets ſhall reveal,
" Unfit to govern for the public weal.
" This laſt advice 'tis proper you ſhould hear,
" Becauſe ſo oft repeated to mine ear;

NOTE.

Verſe 105, *But may the fatal Siſters*—The names of the three Parcæ, or Fates, were *Clotho*, *Lacheſis*, and *Atropos*. The firſt was to ſpin the thread of man's life, the ſecond to twiſt it, and the third to cut it.

" A ready paſſage to my ſoul it won,
" And oft I ponder'd on it when alone.
" The friends my father's prudence had procur'd,
" Betimes his ſon to ſecrecy inur'd;
" While yet a puny ſtripling, I had ſhare
" In all the ſad anxieties they bare:
" And much they ſuffer'd from that ſpendthrift crew
" Who ſtill with love *Penelope* purſue.
" Thus in a child they fearleſs could confide,
" As one whoſe Reaſon would the teſt abide:
" No cloſe deſign, no ſubject of debate,
" Was found for my fidelity too great;
" They ſhew'd me all the ſchemes their thoughts employ,
" How beſt thoſe lawleſs miſcreants to deſtroy.
" Well pleas'd I ſaw the credit I had gain'd,
" And thought by this to Manhood I attain'd;
" Nor were their hopes deceiv'd: Reſerv'd and cloſe
" I dropt no word their counſels to expoſe.
" Oft would the ſuitors ſpread the wily ſnare,
" And artful preſs me, ſomewhat to declare:
" In hopes a child, that ſtill ſo young appear'd,
" Would quickly publiſh all he ſaw or heard.
" I ſcorn'd a lye; yet artful in my turn,
" Gave back an anſwer whence they nought could learn."

Here *Narbal* interpos'd—" You ſee, my friend,
" What great ſucceſs the *Tyrians* doth attend:
" They're grown the terror of the nations round,
" So vaſt their navy and their ſtrength is found.

NOTE.

Verſe 157, *Far as* Alcides' *Pillars*—Near the Straights of *Gibraltar* are two mountains, *Calpe*, and *Abila*; which to mariners at a diſtance had the appearance of two pillars; who accordingly gave them the name of *Hercules*'s Pillars. Becauſe this was the extremity of that hero's conqueſts to the Weſtward.

Far

" Far as *Alcides'* pillars do they trade,
" By wealth ſuperior to all others made.
" The Great *Seſoſtris*, though of pow'r poſſeſt,
" T'extend his conqueſts o'er the fartheſt Eaſt,
" In vain had ſtrove our navy to withſtand,
" And 'twas with labour he o'ercame by land.
" 'Tis true, a tribute on our ſoil was laid,
" Of which no payment has for years been made.
" *Phœnicians* mov'd in much too high a ſphere,
" With patient neck his ſervile yoke to bear.
" We ſoon reſum'd our liberties; and Fate
" Permitted not his triumph to compleat.
" Yet ſuch his wiſdom, and his tow'ring thought,
" We fear'd it more than all the pow'rs he brought:
" But when his frantic Son the ſceptre bore,
" Our fears were flown, and danger was no more.
" No more t' *Egyptian* hoſts with dreaded arms
" Now fill'd our country, and with dire alarms;
" But ſtraight implor'd us all our aid to bring,
" And ſave their nation from its tyrant King.
" We did. A glorious epocha for *Tyre!*
" To raiſe her freedom, and her fortune higher.
" But oh!—Th' aſſertors of th' *Egyptian* cauſe
" Are ſlaves themſelves beneath a tyrant's laws.
" Beware, *Telemachus*, from this ſame hour
" You come not raſhly in *Pygmalion*'s pow'r!
" His hands ſtill reeking with *Sicheus'* blood,
" His ſiſter's huſband, whom his rage purſu'd!
" With num'rous fleet from *Tyre* Great *Dido* fled,
" And breathing vengeance for the blood he ſhed:
" Attended

NOTE.

Verſe 185, *Great* Dido—*Dido*, *Pygmalion* and *Barca*, (which laſt gave name to the noble family of the *Barcæ* in *Africa*) were the children of *Mettinus*, King of *Tyre* and *Sidon*. *Pygmalion* ſucceeded to the throne at the age of ſixteen, and in the ſeventh year of his reign was

IMITATION.

Verſe 183, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" Attended on her way by clouds of thoſe
" That honeſt Virtue and fair Freedom choſe.
" A glorious city on the *Lybian* coaſts
" She rear'd; and *Carthage* is the name it boaſts.
" *Pygmalion*'s endleſs thirſt t'increaſe his hoard,
" Makes him each day more wretched and abhorr'd;
" 'Tis treaſon grown againſt the *Tyrian* State,
" Whoe'er has riches eminently great.
" By av'rice, cruel and diſtruſtful made,
" The rich he views with hate, the poor with
" dread.
" True Merit now no longer underſtood,
" No crime ſo great, as to be Juſt and Good.
" The Good, he thinks, unanimous declare
" Againſt his rapines, and the wrongs they bear:
" Virtue condemns, and wounds his guilty breaſt;
" And he in turns her enemy profeſt.
" No quiet finds he, by his fears betray'd,
" Starts at himſelf, and trembles at his ſhade:
" Strangers to eaſe, and to refreſhing ſleep,
" His unclos'd eyes eternal vigils keep;
" While Heav'n, to curſe him more, his fancy cloys
" With endleſs Treaſure which he ne'er enjoys.
" Whate'er he hopes will happineſs compleat,
" Still proves the means that proſpect to defeat;
" He's rack'd for profit, and with pain beſtows;
" In hourly dread thoſe golden heaps to loſe;
" Is rarely ſeen, but quits his regal throne;
" And flies to corners wretched and alone.
" His foul ſuſpicions baniſh ev'ry friend,
" Who dread his preſence, fearful to offend.

NOTE.

Guilty of this murder of *Sicheus*; being tempted thereto by his great riches; notwithſtanding he was both his uncle, and married to his ſiſter. But *Dido*, who was a woman of great addreſs, diſappointed him; and, being aſſiſted by her brother *Barca*, made her eſcape into *Africa*; where ſhe laid the foundation of *Carthage*, which, in proceſs of time, proved a powerful rival to *Rome* itſelf.

IMITATION.

Verſe 193, *Petron.*

" With

" With ſwords unſheath'd around his Palace-gate,
" And pikes uprais'd, the dreadful ſquadrons wait:
" In thirty rooms thus loneſome and diſtreſt,
" With each a paſſage leading to the reſt;
" With iron door, and maſſive bars ſecur'd
" (Strong barricadoe) doth he lie immur'd.
" No mortal e'er of his domeſtics knows
" In which of theſe he chuſes to repoſe:
" The fear of ruffians ſo diſtracts his frame,
" 'Tis never two ſucceeding nights the ſame.
" Stranger to ev'ry ſweet the Gods beſtow,
" And friendſhip, deareſt of delight below.
" In vain would friends officious zeal employ,
" To ſoothe his breaſt, and give him taſte of joy:
" Alas! no ſeeds of chearfulneſs are there,
" Nor e'er can pleaſure mingle with deſpair.
" His flaming eyes ſhoot forth a dreadful gleam,
" And ever watchful as for danger ſeem:
" At ſlighteſt noiſe unuſual panics ſeize,
" And all the Monarch ſhudders at a breeze.
" Languid and pale his wrinkled cheeks appear,
" The ſeat of ſad ſolicitude and care,
" In ſilence breathing from his inmoſt ſoul
" Thoſe ſighs, he now no longer can controul;
" While raging guilt, and infinite remorſe,
" Prey on his vitals with reſiſtleſs force.
" The ſumptuous banquet is prepar'd in vain,
" His very children he beholds with pain:
" Thoſe promis'd comforts of declining age
" Made foes invet'rate by his brutal rage.
" Not all the labours of his life inſure
" One eaſy moment, or one hour ſecure;
" Nor could he longer draw this vital air,
" But murd'ring thoſe who moſt excite his fear.
" Unthinking wretch! who ſees not that the rage
" He ſo much truſts his ruin doth preſage!
" For not a ſlave but would exult with joy
" From off the earth this monſter to deſtroy.
" For me, obedient to the Will of Heav'n,
" I'll faithful ſerve the Monarch it has giv'n:

" Whate'er befall, preſerve th' allegiance due,
" Nor in his blood my rebel hands imbrue.
" Yea, let him ſlay me on ſome foul pretence,
" Ere I be wanting in his juſt defence.
" But you, *Telemachus*, conceal with care
" The high deſcent of Great *Ulyſſes'* heir:
" A weighty ranſom will he hope t'enjoy
" When e'er *Ulyſſes* ſhall return from *Troy*.
" Meanwhile, his wretched captive you'll remain,
" And in ſome dungeon fruitleſsly complain."
Soon as the ſtately tow'rs of *Tyre* we view'd,
His faithful counſel I with care purſu'd:
And ſoon abundant evidence appear'd,
That all was truth which *Narbal* had declar'd.
With wonder I beheld, and ſcarce conceiv'd
That one ſo wretched as *Pygmalion* liv'd:
A ſight ſo ſhocking, and withal ſo new,
Had ne'er before preſented to my view.
Behold, ſaid I, the miſerable man
Whoſe only view was happineſs to gain!
Who thought his Riches could that bliſs beſtow,
And pow'r deſpotic o'er the ſlaves below!
Poſſeſs'd of all his greedy ſoul deſir'd,
The wealth, the power he ſo much admir'd,
He ſees that Riches are amaſs'd in vain,
And Pow'r is but pre-eminence in pain.
Had he, like me, in humble cottage dwelt,
And all the charms of ſweet Contentment felt;
Like me he'd praiſe that undiſturb'd retreat,
And have ſome taſte of Happineſs compleat;
Partake of rural joys without a groan,
Thoſe joys conferr'd by Innocence alone;
Careſſing others be by all careſt,
Nor ſwords, nor poiſons, terrify his breaſt.
No longer plagu'd with wealth he dares not reach,
(Uſeleſs to him as ſand upon the beach)
He'd taſte the fruits which Nature's hand prepares,
Stranger to ſad anxiety and cares.

IMITATION.

Verſe 292, *Hor.* lib. 1. *Sat* 5.

'Tis

'Tis true, he ſeems as all were at his will:
But 'tis himſelf that is his torment ſtill.
Slave to fierce paſſions which his boſom tear,
Diſtruſt, and av'rice, and unmanly fear.
This Lord of others with unbounded ſway,
Great as he ſeems, is to himſelf a prey:
His ſoul deſires ſo many tyrants grown
Which in his ſavage breaſt erect their throne.
Such were the thoughts *Pygmalion*'s ſtate inſpir'd,
So cenſur'd I a Sov'reign ſo retir'd;
For none e'er ſee him. In thoſe lofty tow'rs
Dreadful to fight, and compaſs'd by his pow'rs,
(Who night and day are his attendants ſure)
Cloſe pent he lives; his treaſure to ſecure.
Here in my mind a parallel I drew,
Between this Monarch whom no eye could view,
And good *Seſoſtris*; who but liv'd to bleſs:
Courteous, and kind, and eaſy of acceſs.
Who look'd on ſtrangers with a curious eye,
Heard ev'ry grief, and ev'ry plaintive ſigh;
Aim'd from the heart thoſe honeſt truths to drain,
Which Kings too oft ſolicit for in vain.
That glorious Prince, ſaid I, had nought to fear,
No ſecret dread could in his thoughts appear:
All eyes beheld him, and all eyes approv'd;
Seen by his ſubjects, as his ſons, belov'd.
But terrors juſtly on this Monſter wait,
And ev'ry hour ſeems pregnant with his fate.
In vain are doors of adamant prepar'd,
The tyrant's mortal, compaſs'd with his guard;
While Great *Seſoſtris* liv'd to nobler ends,
Was ſafe in crouds; his people were his friends.
As tender fathers with their blooming boys
Can taſte in ſafety of domeſtic joys.
The *Cyprian* hoſt which, by th' alliance made
Between the States, ſo late had furniſh'd aid,
Were now by virtue of the King's command
Diſmiſs'd with honour to their native land.

IMITATION.

Verſe 328, *Plin. in Panegyr.*

With

With joy did *Narbal* this occaſion ſee
So kind, ſo opportune, to ſet me free:
By his inſtructions in that army plac'd
As one of *Cyprus* in review I paſs'd.
For high *Pygmalion*'s jealouſy was wrought,
And meaneſt trifles diſcompos'd his thought.
The fault of Princes to their eaſe reſign'd
Is, truſting fav'rites with affection blind:
Pygmalion's error was of diff'rent dye,
He ſaw none good on whom he could rely.
Unable to diſcern, with judging eyes,
The virtuous few that act without diſguiſe;
He thought none honeſt among human race:
For none that were, his friendſhip would embrace.
His Court had from the firſt been throng'd with knaves,
Diſſembling villains, ſycophants, and ſlaves:
Pretending virtue, virtue all betray'd;
He look'd on all men as in maſquerade.
He deem'd Sincerity was flown from earth,
And thought all mortals were of equal worth;
Deceiv'd by one, he look'd not for another:
'Twas labour loſt—each villain had a brother.
The Good appear'd ſtill blackeſt to his eye,
As joining vices with hypocriſy.
But to return—Mix'd with theſe *Cyprian* bands
I mock'd his vigilance, and 'ſcap'd his hands.
The virtuous *Narbal* dreaded a ſurprize:
For both our lives had fall'n the ſacrifice.
Wiſh'd us to ſail with vehement deſire,
But adverſe winds detain'd us long at *Tyre*.
Good uſe I made of this delay unkind,
To learn their manners, and improve my mind:
T'obſerve a State was now ſo famous grown,
Wherever Arts and Sciences were known.
And firſt, I mark'd with infinite delight
Amidſt an Iſle its advantageous ſite:
Behold the neighb'ring coaſt with plenty ſmile,
Rich were its fruits, and fertile was its ſoil.
Unnumber'd towns and villages were ſeen;
The climate temp'rate, healthful, and ſerene;

From

From ſultry South by ſhades of mountains free,
Northward, refreſh'd by breezes from the ſea.
This Iſle at foot of *Libanus* appears,
Whoſe cloud topt ſummit reaches to the ſtars.
His front is cloath'd with everlaſting ſnow,
Which pours in torrents o'er the rocks below:
Beneath, a ſpacious foreſt you behold
Of cedars ancient as their parent mould.
Each limb luxuriant ſeem'd itſelf a wood,
In height extending to the fartheſt cloud.
Below this foreſt, on the ſteepy ſide,
Delightful meads, and paſtures I deſcried;
Where lowing herds, a num'rous tribe, I view'd
Wand'ring ſecure to crop their flow'ry food:
Around, the bleating flocks and tender lambs
Friſk'd o'er the lawn, attended by their dams.
A thouſand diff'rent rivulets from hence,
To ev'ry part their limpid ſtreams diſpenſe;
And underneath appear'd the mountain's baſe
Which, as a garden, all conſpir'd to grace.
There dancing hand in hand the friendly pow'rs
Of Spring, and Autumn, join'd both fruits and flow'rs:
No Southern gales e'er parch'd the painted ground,
The North was huſh; nor breath'd an iron ſound.
Such was the coaſt near which, with wide domain,
Stood ancient *Tyre* uplifted from the main.
This ſtately town, as if on float, I view'd
Nodding ſupreme, the Empreſs of the flood.
All traders here, excited by her worth,
Came from all quarters of the peopled earth;

NOTES.

Verſe 375, *This iſle at foot of* Libanus—So called from the *Phœnician* and *Hebrew* word *Laban*, which ſignifies *white*—the tops of this mountain being white with ſnow the greateſt part of the year.

Verſe 380, *Of Cedars ancient as their parent*, &c.—The cedars of *Libanus* have been famous in all ages. *David* ſeems to allude to the great antiquity of them, when he aſcribes the plantation of them to God himſelf in thoſe remarkable words; *Even the cedars of Libanus which Thou haſt planted.*

And

And all her ſons, with love of gain inſpir'd,
Form'd ſuch a Commerce as the world admir'd.
Who looks on *Tyre*, will find abundant cauſe
To think it govern'd by no private laws:
No private city e'er appear'd like this,
Which ſeems, in truth, the world's Metropolis;
By ſituation, and by Nature made
The Grand Exchange, and Centre of their Trade.
Two ſpacious moles the harbour's entrance grace,
And, as with arms, the azure waves embrace;
Which form a port of moſt ſurprizing ſtrength,
To winds impervious; infinite in length.
The maſts afford a kind of ſylvan ſcene,
So thick, the ſea is ſcarce diſcern'd between.
Each citizen with views commercial fir'd,
Sees wealth increaſing; and is never tir'd.
Egyptian linens exquiſitely fine,
And *Tyrian* purples in all quarters ſhine:
Which doubly ting'd acquire unuſual grace,
Beauty which time itſelf can ne'er efface.
For theſe they traffic with advantage ſuil,
Theſe colours fix they on the choiceſt wool;
Which after they enrich with pureſt gold,
And work with ſilver, curious to behold.
Nor is their trade too narrowly confin'd,
They viſit all as wafted by the wind:
The Weſtern *Gades* are their only bounds,
And the vaſt ocean which the globe ſurrounds.

Oft

NOTES.

Verſe 420, *And* Tyrian *purples*—One of the moſt conſiderable branches of *Phœnician* trade aroſe from the fiſhery upon their own coaſts. For the fiſh which they here caught produced that celebrated purple, which was looked upon as the moſt beautiful dye in the world. This is now entirely loſt: but the authors of the Univerſal Hiſtory inform us, that the *Indians* on the coaſt a little to the Weſtward of *Panama*, have a kind of fiſh reſembling it, with which they dye their yarn of a red purple.

Verſe 429, *The Weſtern* Gades—*Gades*, or *Gadir*, which is ſaid to be the true *Phœnician* name, was one

of

Oft have they paſs'd the *Erythrean* wave,
And touch'd at iſles which unknown waters lave;
Whence Gold, and precious Odours they import;
And Creatures rare of moſt peculiar ſort.
This glorious State ſo fill'd me with delight,
I ſcarce indeed could ſatisfy my ſight.
Active were all; unlike the towns of *Greece*,
Curious and idle; lovers of their eaſe.
Where ev'ry ſluggard his own ſcheme purſues;
To gaze at ſtrangers, or enquire for news.
At *Tyre*, no mortal but had full employ,
T'unload his cargo with tranſporting joy;
Or fit out more to croſs the dang'rous ſeas,
Or ſell, and reap the fruits of his ſucceſs:
Diſpoſe his magazines, and ſee th' amount
Of foreign debts; and balance the account.
Their very wives were buſy at the wheel,
Or plied their needles for the public weal;
On curious robes the gay embroid'ry laid,
Fancied the ſtuff; and wove the rich brocade.
Whence is it, queſtion'd I my friendly hoſt,
The *Tyrians* thus all commerce have engroſs'd?
How roll they thus in opulence and worth,
'Bove all the nations of the peopled earth?
"Obvious and plain the reaſon," *Narbal* ſaid:
"By ſituation they were form'd for trade.

NOTES.

of the moſt ancient colonies of the *Tyrians*; and is now called *Cadiz*: being a ſmall iſland of *Hiſpania Bætica*. Some authors are however of opinion, that they ſailed much further Weſtward; and that ſeveral parts of *America* were not unknown to them.

Verſe 431, Erythræan *wave*—The *Perſian Gulph* took the name of *Erythræan* or *Red Sea* from a Prince, as ſome ſay, called *Erythrus*, which ſignifies *red*, or, as is more probable, from the reflection of the Sun's rays, which in ſo warm a climate may give the water a reddiſh hue.

Verſe 440, *To gaze at ſtrangers*—This idle cuſtom which prevailed among the *Grecians*, and particularly the *Athenians*, is taken notice of in the *Acts*, and is ſeverely cenſured by *Demoſthenus* in his firſt *Philippic*.

"To

" To this peculiar honour they aſpire;
" That Navigation owes its riſe to *Tyre*.
" Far as remote antiquity you trace,
" The *Tyrian* ſailors hold the foremoſt place;
" Ere *Tiphis* firſt aſſay'd the Golden Fleece,
" With all the boaſted Argonauts of *Greece*.

" They

NOTES.

Verſe 459, *Far as remote antiquity*—*Pliny* ſays, the firſt contriver of a merchant ſhip was one *Hippus*, a *Tyrian*.

Verſe 461, *Ere* Tiphis *firſt aſſay'd the Golden Fleece*—The Argonautic expedition being one of the earlieſt in profane hiſtory, and greatly obſcured by fable, at which the *Greeks* were ſo ingenious, it is no wonder if at this diſtance it ſeems altogether unintelligible. The ſtory is, that *Jaſon* was ſent (as upon an errand which appeared impracticable) by his uncle *Pelias* King of *Theſſaly*, to fetch this Golden fleece, which was in the poſſeſſion of *Æetes* King of *Colchis*, a country lying between the *Euxine Sea* and *Iberia*, and now called *Mengrelia*. This part of *Aſia* was then famous for ſome golden mines. The number of adventurers was fifty-two; of which *Hercules*, *Hylas*, *Theſeus*, *Pirithous*, *Orpheus*, *Peleus*, and *Telamon*, were the chief. They were called *Argonauts*, from the ſhip *Argo* in which they ſailed; and which was built by *Argus*, with the aſſiſtance of *Minerva*, of the pine trees in *Dodona*'s grove. And the *Tiphis* here mentioned officiated as pilot. Some ſay, theſe *Argonauts* ſailed into *Scythia*, and that the Golden Fleece was nothing elſe but the Great riches of that country, where the inhabitants got large quantities of gold in the rivers near Mount *Caucaſus*. And becauſe they made uſe of ſheep ſkins with the wool on, to take up the gold duſt, it gave occaſion to call them Golden Fleeces. But what is meant by the Dragon that guarded them, and never ſlept, is hard at this time to decypher: unleſs it were a conſtant guard ſet over this trade by the King of *Colchis*.

Verſe 468, *An art* Chaldæa—*Chaldæa*, or *Babylonia*, had for its metropolis *Babylon* upon the river *Euphrates*; built by *Belus*, or *Nimrod*, and as far as appears from Scripture

IMITATION.

Verſe 461, *Virg. Ecl.* 4.

" They firſt adventur'd other lands to find,
" All at the mercy of the waves and wind;
" Fathom'd the deep, and mark'd with juſt ſurvey
" The diſtant ſtars, and planetary way:
" To knowledge thus of fartheſt nations brought,
" An Art *Chaldea* and fair *Egypt* taught.
" The men of *Tyre* are frugal, ſober, juſt,
" Patient of toil; and faithful to their truſt:
" Are govern'd well, their harmony entire,
" None more ſincere, or leſs indulge deſire.
" Virtue has none more ſteady in her cauſe,
" Or more obſerving hoſpitable laws.
" There needs no other reaſon that they live
" To ſee their Empire and their Commerce thrive:
" If e'er diſſention interrupt their peace,
" Or idle luxury, and effem'nate eaſe;
" If e'er their chiefs ſhall grow averſe to pain,
" Remiſs in toil, leſs frugal, and leſs plain;
" If Art and Science be no more rever'd,
" And public faith no longer be preferr'd;

NOTES.

Scripture, the firſt City after the flood. As this ſtood in a very open country, viz. the Plains of *Shinaar*, its inhabitants were early famous for their ſkill in Aſtronomy; for the improvement of which, they erected an Obſervatory on the top of the Temple of *Belus*, or the *Babel* of the Holy Scriptures. And ſo extravagantly vain were they of their knowledge in theſe matters, that they pretended to have regiſtered the Tranſactions of 150,000 according to ſome, or 473,000 years, according to others, reckoning down to *Alexander*, from the firſt time they began to obſerve the ſtars.

Verſe 472, *None more ſincere*—In *Virgil*, and *Lucan*, we find a very different account of the *Tyrian* ſincerity. But theſe are both to be underſtood of the *Carthaginians* only, whoſe treachery became remarkable even to a proverb. And *Carthage* being nothing more than a colony from *Tyre*, this reproach did not affect the mother-country.

IMITATION.

Verſe 463, *Hor.* lib 1. *Od.* 2.

" If trade and commerce be no longer free,
" And manufactures in contempt ſhall be;
" Nay, ſhould they ceaſe to bend, as now, their
" mind
" To make each branch moſt perfect in its kind;
" You'll ſee that Splendour you ſo much admire
" Drop into Nothing, with the fall of *Tyre*."
But oh! inſtruct me in the means, ſaid I,
To make with *Tyre* mine *Ithaca* to vie.
" Learn that from hence," return'd he, " learn it
" here:
" Receive the ſtrangers with a courteous air.
" Be all your ports convenient, open, free;
" Secure their goods, and perſons let them ſee.
" Uſe no diſſembling, avaricious art;
" Nor leave to Pride one corner of your heart.
" The way to wealth is not at once to ſeize,
" But gain by ſoft inſenſible degrees:
" Know ev'n to loſe, in proper time and place;
" And make all foreigners your love embrace.
" Injurious treatment you ſometimes muſt bear,
" Be meek; nor rouſe their jealouſy and fear.
" Plain rules of Trade religiouſly obſerve,
" Nor ſuffer any from thoſe rules to ſwerve:
" Chaſtiſing Pride, and tricks wherever play'd,
" The peſt of traders, and the bane of trade.
" This counſel above all, be ſure, purſue—
" Engage in nothing with a Selfiſh view.
" 'Tis beſt a Prince be wholly unconcern'd,
" And leave his ſubjects what ſo dear they've
" earn'd;
" He'll draw ſufficient from the common ſtore,
" But if diſcourag'd they embark no more.
" Trade in one path, like certain ſtreams, will go;
" Once change their channel, and they ceaſe to
" flow.
" When foreign merchants leave their native home,
" 'Tis for their Eaſe, and Profit too, they come:
" Once make their profit and convenience leſs;
" To other ports inſenſibly they preſs.

" Some

" Some neighbour nation will attract their ſails,
" And take th' advantage where your prudence
" fails.
" But here 'tis fit *Telemachus* be told,
" How fall'n is *Tyre* from all her fame of old:
" Oh! had you ſeen us ere *Pygmalion* roſe;
" Far greater ſplendour could we then diſcloſe:
" You now behold the ruins of the paſt,
" Faint relics of a State that muſt not laſt.
" Unhappy *Tyre!* from what an height thou'rt
" hurl'd,
" Who once couldſt claim the tribute of the world!
" *Pygmalion*'s life is ſacrific'd to Care,
" Strangers, and ſubjects both excite his fear:
" His ports, by cuſtom immemorial, free
" To fartheſt nations that ſhould tempt the ſea;
" Are ſo no more: while with unjuſt pretence
" He aſks their number, lading, and from whence?
" Each owner regiſters, their ſtay, their wares;
" And what the price which ev'ry ſpecies bears.
" To make him ſtill more hated and deſpis'd,
" With treach'rous view theſe merchants are ſur-
" priz'd:
" Each wealthy dealer's fair deſigns are croſt,
" And all his goods by confiſcation loſt.
" New Duties are impos'd, new Taxes laid;
" The King himſelf will have his ſhare in trade;
" Though all mankind his partnerſhip abhor:
" And thus is Commerce languid grown, and poor.
" The road to *Tyre* now unfrequented grows,
" Strangers forget the port, which once they choſe;
" And ſhould our Maſter to his purpoſe ſtand,
" Our wealth, our fame, muſt grace ſome happier
" land."

NOTE.

Verſe 525, *You now behold the ruins*—This decay of trade was much more viſible under the *Roman* Emperors; when, *Pliny* ſays, the *Tyrians* retained no part of their commerce, but that for purple.

Deſirous to obtain all proper light,
And the true art of Governing aright;
I next demanded what peculiar aid
The *Tyrian* navy thus ſuperior made?
" Behold," ſaid *Narbal*, how thoſe woods are ſtor'd;
" What ſtately groves doth *Libanus* afford!
" There grows the timber for this noble uſe,
" Which none to other purpoſe may abuſe.
" To build our veſſels we have artiſts rare;
" None may with *Tyrians* in the world compare.
" And if you aſk me, how obtain'd we theſe?
" Form'd on the ſpot, I anſwer, by degrees.
" Where men of genius meet their juſt reward,
" You're ſure to have them worthy your regard;
" And ev'ry work is to perfection brought
" By thoſe of ſhining faculties and thought:
" Who gladly ſacrifice their time and eaſe;
" For int'reſt calls, and all aſpire to pleaſe.
" 'Tis Navigation that we moſt admire,
" And all that help it are rever'd in *Tyre*.
" Whoe'er is ſkill'd in Geometric Arts,
" Or proves himſelf Aſtronomer of parts;
" Or Pilot good, and excellent to ſteer;
" Is ſure to meet his Compenſation here:
" And ev'ry good mechanic highly priz'd,
" Well paid, well treated, and is ne'er deſpis'd.
" The meaneſt ſlave that's ready at his oar,
" However friendleſs, deſtitute and poor,
" Has food, and pay, proportion'd to his ſkill,
" Is not neglected when or lame or ill.
" And when for foreign ſervice they prepare,
" Their wives and children are the public care.
" Nay, ſhould they periſh by tempeſtuous wind,
" The State provides for all they leave behind.
" One ſtated time does all their labour laſt:
" Diſmiſs'd, and free, when once that time is paſt.
" Thus have we forces in our native land
" Large as we pleaſe, and ready at command.

IMITATION.

Verſe 561, *Tull. Tuſc. Qu.* 1. *Plin.*

" The

" The ſire induſtrious can behold with joy
" The promis'd good, and educate his boy;
" Teach from his cradle what himſelf purſu'd,
" To row, to ſail, and brave the threat'ning
" flood.
" 'Tis thus our ſubjects are with eaſe controul'd,
" No force, but order, and the view of gold:
" For ſtern commands alone are little worth,
" Nor flows obedience from inferior birth;
" The ſureſt method is to gain their love,
" And make their duty their advantage prove."
He ended here; and now to diff'rent ſcenes
Pointed my view, their ſtores, their magazines:
Sent me to viſit ev'ry dock and yard,
And mark whate'er their ſhipping might regard.
So curious, ſo inquiſitive was I,
No trifle 'ſcap'd my penetrating eye:
I noted all which I had there diſcern'd,
Nor truſted mem'ry for one thing I learn'd.
Meanwhile the friend, to whoſe obliging care
So much I ow'd, did ſome diſcov'ry fear:
He knew his Sov'reign ſaw with jealous eyes,
Inform'd of all things by his truſty ſpies;
Who night and day were ready to remark,
And with impatience wiſh'd me to embark.
Alas! we waited for a proſp'rous gale,
And adverſe winds permitted not to ſail.
While thus the port we curiouſly ſurvey'd,
Propoſing queſtions to the ſons of trade;
Sudden we ſee (and tremble for our doom)
A Royal Officer to *Narbal* come.
" The King," he cried, " is given to underſtand,
" (By one who late had in the fleet command,
" And now from *Egypt* in your ſquadron came)
" You've brought ſome ſtranger, and conceal'd his
" name,
" Who as a *Cyprian* paſſes in diſguiſe:
" My orders are this ſtranger to ſurprize.

IMITATION.

Verſe 593, *Phædr.* 3, 15.

" That from himſelf his country he may hear:
" Your head muſt anſwer ſhould you not declare."
(That inſtant I was parted from his ſide,
At diſtance wand'ring, and without my guide;
The juſt proportions of a bark to view,
Which on the ſtocks juſt finiſh'd ſtood, and new.
And ſo exact its parts of ev'ry ſort;
A better ſailer never grac'd their port.
Much of the maſter-builder I enquir'd,
Whoſe ſkill produc'd a work ſo much admir'd.)
" I'll ſeek him now," ſaid *Narbal*, in ſurprize:
" He's truly *Cyprian*, and in no diſguiſe."
Yet when this meſſenger had diſappear'd,
He ran to tell, that for my life he fear'd.
" Too juſt, my dear *Telemachus*, hath been
" My dire preſage, and all I have foreſeen:
" Loſt are we both—The King, whoſe tortur'd
" breaſt
" Nor night nor day can e'er compoſe to reſt;
" No more a *Cyprian* will believe my friend:
" Warrants are iſſu'd now to apprehend.
" Good Heav'n! aſſiſt us his deſigns to fly!
" I muſt reſign you, or prepare to die.
" This inſtant muſt we to the Palace-gate:
" Be ſure to own ſubjection to that State.
" Firmly maintain—that *Amathus* your town,
" Your ſire a ſculptor of no ſmall renown;
" Who ſtill for *Venus* frames the coſtly ſhrine:
" No other means can ſave your life and mine.
" I'll feign to've known him, and as firmly ſpeak;
" Perhaps he'll free you, and no farther ſeek."

NOTE.

Verſe 647, *Firmly maintain that* Amathus—So named from *Amathus* the ſon of *Aerias* who founded it; or, as *Bochart* ſays, from *Amath* the ſon of *Canaan*. There was in *Cyprus* a Temple dedicated to *Venus Amathuſia*: the inhabitants of *Amathus* likewiſe worſhipped *Adonis*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 647, *Ov. Met.* 10.

" O *Narbal*"

" O *Narbal*," I reply'd, " permit to fate
" A wretch, whom nought but dire misfortunes
" wait.
" Death frights not me: and, ah! too much I owe
" Thy love, to make thee partner of my woe.
" I cannot feign—my ſoul diſdains a lye:
" Ne'er ſaw I *Cyprus*, and no *Cyprian* I.
" The Gods, whoſe will I ſteadily perform,
" With eaſe can reſcue, and diſpel the ſtorm.
" In them I truſt: who, when they pleaſe, can ſave:
" But falſhood ne'er ſhall keep me from the grave."
" Ah! gen'rous youth," ſaid he, " this falſe
" pretence
" Is well conſiſtent with our innocence:
" The Gods themſelves can never be diſpleas'd,
" For none are hurt; two guiltleſs are releas'd.
" And is the King deceiv'd ſome little time?
" 'Tis to preſerve him from a flagrant crime.
" Too far the love of virtue you purſue,
" And that reſpect is to Religion due."
" Falſhood, my friend," I cried, " is falſhood ſtill:
" Sufficient this to conſtitute it ill.
" Unworthy of that faith to man was giv'n,
" Who's bound to truth, and ſpeaks in face of
" Heav'n.
" Who riſks a lye, againſt that Heav'n offends:
" And wounding conſcience, wounds the beſt of
" friends.
" Ceaſe then at once an advocate to be
" For things unworthy both of you and me.
" Should the juſt Gods commiſerate our caſe,
" They know the means to ſave us from diſgrace:
" But ſhould their pleaſure be to cloſe theſe eyes,
" We fall to truth a glorious ſacrifice.
" Our great example all mankind ſhall raiſe;
" Preferring innocence to length of days.
" Too long already doth my life appear,
" One endleſs ſource of miſery and care;
" For you, my *Narbal* you alone I grieve;
" My ſoul is ſhock'd ſo dear a friend to leave.
" Gods! that a love ſo tender, and ſo kind
" For a poor ſtranger, ſuch return ſhould find!"

Much

Much time in this our friendly conteſt paſt,
When, lo! a courier breathleſs, and in haſte!
This prov'd another ſervant of the King,
Who from *Aſtarbe* did freſh orders bring.
This woman had a form divinely fair,
Such as might ev'n with Goddeſſes compare:
To all the charms of perſon had ſhe join'd
A flow of wit, and elegance of mind.
Flatt'ring and falſe, and practic'd to deceive;
No eye but lov'd, no ear that could believe.
Deck'd like a Syren with fallacious charms,
Her heart, like theirs, artificer of harms.
But well ſhe knew her malice to conceal,
And make *Pygmalion* all her power to feel:
Her ſparkling wit, and beauty rais'd deſire,
Her voice harmonious, and her breathing lyre.
The wretched Monarch, blinded by his love,
Did Royal *Topha* from his grace remove:
To pleaſe th' ambitious fair was all his aim,
This, bad as av'rice, had obſcur'd his fame.
But yet the charmer he ſo highly priz'd,
Within abhorr'd him, and his flame deſpis'd:
Yet hid her thoughts, tho' long diſguſted grown,
And artful feign'd to live for him alone.
It chanc'd, to *Tyre* a beauteous *Cretan* came
Of angel form, and *Malachon* his name:
Soft his addreſs, and delicate his air;
For love and pleaſure were his only care.

NOTES.

Verſe 701, *Deck'd like a* Syren—The *Syrens* are deſcribed as having wings, half women and half fiſh. They were the daughters of the River *Achelous*, and the Muſe *Calliope*. Their habitation was near *Pelorum*, a promontory of *Sicily*; and their name they ſay is derived from *Sir*, a *Phœnician* word which ſignifies a *Song*. The poets feigned that, by the harmony of their voices, they enchanted the ſailors; by which means they were ſhipwrecked, and loſt upon the rocks.

Verſe 716, Malachon *his name*—Derived from the *Greek* μαλαχος, *effeminate*. This *Malachon* was of *Lyctus*, a town in *Crete*, which is mentioned by *Virgil* as the birth place of *Idomeneus*.

His

His thoughts on dear complexion were beſtow'd;
To comb thoſe locks which o'er his ſhoulders flow'd,
Perfume his perſon, and his robes behold;
That ev'ry part preſerv'd a graceful fold:
With voice melodious urge his am'rous ſuit,
And notes harmonious of the melting lute.
Aſtarbe ſaw, and to diſtraction lov'd;
But he as much her paſſion diſapprov'd:
Pygmalion's cruel jealouſy he fear'd,
And to another had his vows preferr'd.
Thus ſlighted and deſpis'd, the furious dame
Straight to the deſp'rate reſolution came:
To make this *Malachon* for me be fought,
The ſtranger *Narbal* had from *Egypt* brought:
With eaſe ſhe taught *Pygmalion* to believe,
And ſtopp'd the mouths of thoſe could undeceive.
For hating all who act to virtuous ends,
And quite unable to diſcern his friends,
The King was compaſs'd round with artful bands
Prepar'd to execute his worſt commands.
Courtiers like theſe, with ſo corrupt a ſoul,
Aſtarbe's power could with eaſe controul;
So great the fear of her diſpleaſure grew,
Whoſe haughty air, and intereſt they knew,
All follow'd paſſive as ſhe led the way,
And join'd their force their Sov'reign to betray.
Thus was th' unhappy *Malachon* diſgrac'd,
For *Narbal*'s friend thus impudently paſs'd;
And cloſe confin'd—tho' ev'ry tongue could tell
He came from *Crete*, and innocently fell.
Aſtarbe fearing *Narbal* ſhould diſcloſe
The fatal ſecret, and her fraud expoſe,
Had ſent in haſte this meſſenger away,
And bid to *Narbal* this diſpatch convey—
" *Aſtarbe* charges, on your life forbear
" Before the King your ſtranger to declare!

IMITATION.

Verſe 725, *Virg. Ecl.* 8.

" Be

" Be ſilent only, and aſſur'd of this,
" The King in ſafety ſhall you ſoon diſmiſs.
" Meanwhile, with thoſe of *Cyprus*, quick as thought
" Embark the youth whom you from *Egypt* brought.
" Let him with care avoid this hoſtile ſhore,
" And in this city be he ſeen no more."
Narbal tranſported with this pow'r to ſave
Himſelf and me juſt ſinking to the grave,
Obedience promis'd; which obtain'd, in haſte
The joyful courier to *Aſtarbe* paſt.
Narbal, and I, with reverential fear
Ador'd the Gods, whoſe providence and care
Our faith rewarded; and theſe ſigns had giv'n,
That friends to Virtue were the wards of Heav'n.
The guilty Prince with horror we ſurvey'd,
By av'rice thus, and lawleſs love betray'd;
And both agreed his puniſhment was juſt:
Rightly he ſuffer'd for his foul diſtruſt.
A common caſe, and fit it now appear'd,
That one who had for villainy declar'd;
Slighted the worthy and the good refus'd;
Should live in ign'rance, and be much abus'd.
Behold *Pygmalion*, to his endleſs ſhame,
Dupe to an harlot proſtitute his fame!
Meanwhile all gracious Heav'n th' advantage draws,
And makes ev'n falſhood ſerve in Virtue's cauſe;
Makes Vice a tool the worthy to preſerve,
Who gladly die, ere from the truth they'll ſwerve.
That moment we perceiv'd a proſp'rous gale
Had ſwell'd the canvas of each *Cyprian* ſail.
" The Gods," cried *Narbal*, " ev'ry pow'r divine,
" My deareſt youth, to your deliv'rance join:
" Away, *Telemachus*, delay no more,
" But fly this curs'd inhoſpitable ſhore.
" Thrice happy he! that bleſt with ſuch a friend
" Through unknown climates ſhall your ſteps attend:

IMITATION.

Verſe 778, *Cic. in Verr.* 5.

" Your

" Your firm companion, in whatever ſtate,
" In life, in death; partaker of your fate!
" A diff'rent lot my fortune had diſpos'd,
" In this ſad country muſt mine eyes be clos'd;
" With her muſt I expect ſome wretched death,
" And haply in her fall reſign my breath.
" But what of that? So Truth poſſeſs me whole
" And godlike Juſtice ſtill inſpire my ſoul.
" For you, *Telemachus*, my conſtant pray'r
" Is this—that Heav'n its choiceſt gifts prepare!
" In Virtue's path direct you to the end,
" In all your wants its pow'rful arm extend!
" Live, Royal Youth, to bleſs your native ſhore!
" Avenge your Mother of the wrongs ſhe bore.
" May yet *Ulyſſes* valorous, and wiſe,
" Fill your embrace, and bleſs your longing eyes!
" Your prudent conduct may that ſire approve,
" And find a ſon well worthy of his love!
" But, when exalted to this glorious ſtate,
" Remember *Narbal*, and his wretched fate:
" 'Midſt all the joys the bounteous Gods can give,
" Ne'er ceaſe to love me, till you ceaſe to live."
He ended here: when lo! a tender ſigh
Choak'd up my voice, and hinder'd my reply.
With floods of tears his boſom I bedew'd,
And thus in ſilent extaſy we ſtood.
Far as my bark he came with friendly care,
There fix'd remain'd, and with dejected air:
And when I ſail'd, did ſtill with ſigns purſue,
Till he, and land, were parted from my view.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Calypso *interrupts* Telemachus *to make him take some repose.* Mentor *blames him in private for undertaking the story of his Adventures, but since he has begun, advises him to go on with the narration. He relates, that in the voyage from* Tyre *to the Island of* Cyprus, *he fell into a dream; and saw* Venus *and* Cupid, *from whom* Minerva *protected him. That* Mentor, *as he thought, appeared afterwards to him, who exhorted him to fly from the Isle of* Cyprus. *That upon his awaking from this dream, he had narrowly escaped being wrecked by a tempest; that in order to prevent it, he was obliged himself to take the helm; the* Cyprians *being all drunk and incapable of service. That on his arrival at* Cyprus, *he saw with indignation the most pernicious examples; but that* Hazael *the* Syrian, *to whom* Mentor *was a slave, finding him in this place, restored to him his prudent guide; and put them both on board his own ship in order to carry them to* Crete. *That in their passage they were entertained with a glorious sight of the Goddess* Amphitrite, *drawn in her Chariot by Seahorses.*

THUS far *Calypso*, with extreme delight,
Had heard the youth his wondrous tale recite:
Now, with a smile, to interrupt him rose,
And press his instant parting to repose.
" 'Tis time," she said, " (the toils and dangers
" past)
" That you the sweets of balmy sleep should taste.
" All here are friends: in safety shall you lie,
" Dispel your fears, and give a loose to joy.
" Seize ev'ry gift the bounteous Gods bestow;
" The peace, the pleasures which around you flow.

" When

" When roſy-finger'd Morn, with rays increas'd,
" Unlocks the golden portals of the Eaſt;
" When Great *Apollo*'s ſteeds the ocean leave,
" And all in flames his glorious car upheave,
" To chace the ſtars preſiding o'er the gloom;
" The pleaſing thread with tranſport we'll reſume.
" Ne'er did *Ulyſſes*, though ſo brave, ſo wiſe,
" To this exalted pitch of virtue riſe:
" Nor *Peleus*'s ſon by whom Great *Hector* bled,
" Nor *Theſeus* borne in triumph from the dead.
" *Alcides'* ſelf, that monſters could ſubdue,
" And purge th' infected earth; muſt yield to you.
" May reſt profound now baniſh ev'ry care,
" And ſhort, and pleaſant may your night appear!
" Alas! to me full tedious will it prove,
" So long ſecluded from the man I love:

NOTE.

Verſe 20, *Nor* Theſeus *borne in triumph*, &c.—*Theſeus* was the ſon of *Ægeus* King of *Athens*, and *Æthra* daughter of *Pittheus* King of *Troezen*. He is ſuppoſed to be the author of the *Iſthmian Games*. After killing the *Cretan Minotaur*, and many other great atchievements, he engaged with his friend *Pirithous* in a deſign upon the famous *Helen*, at that time only nine years old, but the greateſt beauty in the world. Having ſucceeded in their attempt, they caſt lots who ſhould have her; and he that obtained her was to aſſiſt his friend in the ſtealing of ſome other beauty. As *Helen* fell to *Theſeus*, they agreed to go in queſt of *Proſerpine*, the daughter of *Aidoneus* King of the *Moloſſi* in *Epirus*. This lady was guarded by the dog *Cerberus*, or rather perhaps by ſome officer about the Court of that name. The king being informed of their deſign, threw *Pirithous* to *Cerberus* to be torn in pieces by him, and ſhut up *Theſeus* in priſon; from which he was afterwards ſet at liberty at the requeſt of *Hercules*. As there is ſome reſemblance between the *Greek* word Ἅιδης, hell, and the name of *Proſerpine*'s father, it is probable that the fable of *Theſeus*'s going into hell, might take its riſe from hence.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 11, *Virg. Æn.* 12. *Ov. Met.* 2.
Verſe 25, *Virg. Ecl.* 7.

" So long debarr'd your converſation ſweet,
" Deſirous ſtill that you each part repeat ;
" Burning to hear, impatient to explore
" Both what remains, and what has gone before.
" Go, dear *Telemachus*, and with the friend
" The gracious Gods to your aſſiſtance ſend ;
" Go, and repoſe in this imbower'd ſhade,
" Where all is fit for your reception made.
" May heav'nly *Morpheus*, with a lib'ral hand,
" Show'r down his bleſſings, and his vapours bland ;
" Refreſh your wearied limbs, your eye-lids cloſe,
" And lock each member in a ſweet repoſe !
" While pleaſing dreams, and viſions light as air,
" Flit round your couch, and all your ſenſes chear.
" May ev'ry ruder breath be far away,
" And nought diſturb you till the dawn of day !"
By her conducted to a grot he paſs'd
Neat as her own, at little diſtance plac'd.
Hard by, a rill, with dulcet murm'ring ſound,
Roll'd o'er the pebbles, and th' embroider'd ground ;
Inviting gentle ſlumbers. While with care
The Nymphs two beds of yielding moſs prepare.
O'er each a glorious covering they caſt,
A ſhaggy bear the couch of *Mentor* grac'd ;
And for *Telemachus* the nobler ſpoils
Of a young lion taken in the toils.
Ere yet they clos'd their willing eyes to reſt,
Mentor his pupil briefly thus addreſs'd :
" The pleaſing joy your hiſtory affords,
" Too far engag'd you in a flow of words.
" Charm'd is *Calypſo* while you thus recount
" The various toils your courage could ſurmount.
" And what is this, but to augment your pain ;
" And for yourſelf to forge the ſervile chain ?

NOTE.

Verſe 35, *May heav'nly* Morpheus—The ſon or ſervant of *Somnus* the God of Sleep.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 35, *Ov. Met.* 11.
Verſe 45, *Ovid. Met.* 11.

" How

" How hope you thus to 'ſcape the wily ſnare,
" Or fly the borders of th' enchanting fair?
" Vain-glorious boaſts, extravagant, and wild,
" *Ulyſſes'* ſon, of prudence have beguil'd.
" She ſtood engag'd to tell you in her turn
" Your Father's fortunes, which you long to learn:
" But 'twas amuſement all, and idle prate;
" And nought of moment would ſhe deign relate:
" Meanwhile (ſuch pow'r have females to controul)
" She ſearch'd the deep receſſes of your ſoul.
" Say, deareſt youth, O ſay, when ſhall theſe eyes
" Behold *Telemachus* diſcreet and wiſe?
" When ſee him ev'ry vainer thought reject,
" Speak, or be mute, as Wiſdom ſhall direct?
" Let others leſs ſincere with wonder gaze,
" Admire your prudence, and extol your praiſe:
" I grant, diſcretion ſeldom dwells with youth;
" But 'tis my province to adviſe with truth.
" 'Tis I beſt know you, and your friend will prove;
" And much muſt blame you, as I much muſt
" love.
" Alas! how great th' improvement I require
" To make you equal to your godlike ſire!"
" And could I then refuſe," the Prince replied,
" Could I from her my ſtrange misfortunes hide?"
" Tell her you might," ſaid he, " but with an air
" That ſhould have forc'd a ſympathizing tear;
" You might have told her ev'ry wrong you bore
" On the *Trinacrian* and *Egyptian* ſhore:
" This much alone might her compaſſion claim,
" The reſt was adding fuel to the flame.
" Deep is the wound you gave, and hard t'endure;
" Grant Heav'n! your innocence be now ſecure."
" He anſwer'd modeſt—" Teach me, teach me
" you
" What courſe I now diſcreetly ſhall purſue?"
" 'Tis all too late," ſaid *Mentor*, to " conceal
" You muſt unfold the utmoſt of your tale.

IMITATION.

Verſe 91, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

" Enough ſhe knows from what ſhe learn'd before,
" The leaſt reſerve will but provoke her more.
" When next we meet, ſubmit unto her thought
" What wonders Heav'n for your aſſiſtance
" wrought.
" But learn henceforth, no vain applauſe to raiſe;
" Nor drop one hint that may attract your praiſe."
Telemachus receiv'd with open breaſt
Th' advice; and both compos'd themſelves to reſt.
Scarce had the Sun ſhot forth an early ray,
And the gilt earth proclaim'd approaching day,
Calypſo's voice amidſt the grove was heard,
Who in th' aſſembly of her Nymphs appear'd.
Mentor perceiv'd it, and the Prince awoke:
" 'Tis time," he cried, " our ſlumbers ſhould be
" broke.
" Away, the Goddeſs you this hour muſt meet:
" Guard well your heart againſt her ſmooth deceit.
" Beware your ſecret purpoſe to impart,
" When moſt ſhe praiſes, moſt ſuſpect her art:
" Laſt night ſhe ventur'd to exalt your name,
" Above *Achilles* in the rolls of fame;
" Your prudence too ſo fondly ſeem'd t'admire
" She gave you ev'n precedence of your ſire:
" Would *Theſeus*' ſelf to you inferior prove,
" *Alcides* too th' immortal ſon of *Jove*.
" Can praiſe like this a virtuous mind controul?
" Think you ſhe ſpeaks the language of her ſoul?
" Truſt me, ſhe's wiſer: but believes you vain,
" That groſſeſt flatt'ries may admiſſion gain."
This converſe ended, inſtant they repair
To the cloſe ſhade to meet th' expecting fair.
Smiling ſhe roſe, and with diſſembled joy
Conceal'd the troubles which her breaſt annoy.
Convinc'd, the youth thus led to high renown,
Ere long would be like Great *Ulyſſes* flown.
" Proceed, my dear *Telemachus*," ſhe ſaid,
" To cure that pleaſing wound yourſelf have made.

IMITATION.

Verſe 105, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

" In

" In dreams and viſions all this tedious night
" Your beauteous image play'd before my ſight;
" I ſaw you parting from *Phœnicia*'s ſhore,
" In *Cyprus* Iſle new fortunes to explore.
" Mark out this voyage then, deſcribe the way,
" Nor loſe one moment of this precious day:
" On vi'let beds we'll paſs the jocund hours,
" Shaded with woodbinds, and o'er-arch'd with
" flow'rs."
The Goddeſs labour'd, but alas! in vain
From am'rous looks and glances to refrain:
Saw, and with ſecret indignation griev'd,
Her leaſt advance by *Mentor* was perceiv'd.
Meanwhile, the Nymphs had form'd the circle round
In ſolemn ſilence, and in peace profound.
Intent were all; each o'er her ſiſter hung,
To ſee and catch the muſic of his tongue.
With downcaſt look, and graceful bluſh he roſe,
And thus proceeds the ſequel to diſcloſe.
Our ſwelling canvas fill'd with breezes bland
Convey'd us quickly from *Phœnicia*'s ſtrand.
Stranger to all the *Cyprian* crew on board,
Their laws of life which could ſome light afford;
I choſe the circumſpect, the prudent part;
To mark their ways, and win upon their heart.
Unactive thus, my ſenſes by ſurprize
At once were ſeiz'd; and o'er my yielding eyes
With dewy vapour gentle ſlumbers paſt,
My ſoul ſeem'd joys unſpeakable to taſte.
That inſtant, ſeated in her car above
Methought I ſaw the beauteous Queen of Love;

NOTE.

Verſe 162, *Methought I ſaw the beauteous Queen of Love—Venus* was daughter of *Jupiter* and *Dione*, or as others ſay, ſprung from the froth of the ſea. She was Goddeſs of Love and Beauty, was married to *Vulcan*, and is ſaid to have been the mother of *Hymeneus*, and *Cupid*, *Æneas*, and the Graces.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 147, *Virg. Æn.* 2.
Verſe 150, *Plato in Charm.*
Verſe 151, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

Two ſilver doves drew on the glorious load,
The clouds diſparted to prepare her road.
Amazing beauty in her face appear'd,
And grace, and youth, as when at firſt ſhe rear'd
Her wondrous form from forth the azure wave,
And dazzled *Jove* became himſelf her ſlave.
Sudden ſhe dropt from this aërial height,
And ſtood preſented to my nearer ſight.
To tap my ſhoulder with a ſmile ſhe came,
And thus addreſs'd me by my proper name:
" Young *Greek*, you're bound for *Cyprus* my domain,
" And ſafe arrival at that Iſle ſhall gain;
" Where mirth and youthful ſports eternal play,
" And thouſand pleaſures as I lead the way.
" There ſhall your incenſe on mine altars blaze,
" Immers'd in joy there ſhall you ſing my praiſe;
" On pleaſing hopes be ev'ry thought intent,
" And ſee you force not *Venus* to repent!
" *Venus*, the greateſt of the Pow'rs above,
" Who wooes you thus to happineſs and love."
That moment I perceiv'd her darling child
Etherial Cupid, with an aſpect mild,
In airy circles round his mother play,
And ſpread his plumage in the face of day.
Soft were his features, but his eye ſevere:
I know not wherefore, but it rais'd my fear.
He look'd upon me with contemptuous ſmile,
Which cutting ſeem'd; and infamous and vile.
Forth from his golden quiver firſt he drew
The ſharpeſt pointed arrow that he knew.
Then bent his bow, and took a deadly aim;
When lo! *Minerva* to my reſcue came.
Her flaming Ægis o'er my limbs ſhe plac'd,
Her lovely form with modeſt charms was grac'd;
Majeſtic, brave, and noble was her mien,
Unlike the ſoftneſs of the *Cyprian* Queen.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 163, *Propert*, lib. 3. *Eleg.* 2.
Verſe 189, *Anacr.* 3.

With

With eaſe that buckler could its force repel,
At once to earth the guiltleſs arrow fell.
The God enrag'd with ſecret anguiſh mourn'd,
Aſham'd the fortune of the day was turn'd.
" Away," ſaid *Pallas*, " idiot boy, away!
" None but the vicious ever fall your prey:
" Who barter wiſdom, innocence, and fame,
" For empty pleaſure, infamy, and ſhame."
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when with indignant flight
He upward ſoar'd, and eas'd my troubled ſight.
Fair *Venus* next to high *Olympus* flew,
Yet long her glorious chariot could I view;
Till in an azure cloud with gold emboſs'd,
The doves, the chariot, and the fair were loſt.
And when to earth I turn'd me as before,
Confus'd I found *Minerva* was no more.
Tranſported now to fragrant vales I ſeem'd,
Like what the poets have Elyſium deem'd:
There *Mentor* met me, and with look auſtere
Fly, fly, he cried, this peſtilential air;
This ſink of vice. Where barely to reſpire
Is to inhale inordinate deſire.
The firmeſt mind may tremble at this ſeat;
Since flight alone averts impending fate.
Soon as I view'd my much lov'd *Mentor*'s face,
I ſtrove to claſp him in a cloſe embrace:
But all too weak my trembling knees I found,
My feet ſeem'd fix'd, and rooted to the ground.
In vain my hands around his neck were laid,
My deareſt *Mentor* was an empty ſhade.
I wak'd, convinc'd the myſtic dream would prove
Some friendly warning from the Gods above:

NOTE.

Verſe 216, *Like what the poet's have Elyſium deem'd* —The Elyſian fields, ſuppoſed to be the ſeat of pious and happy ſouls after death, were placed by the ancients among the fortunate iſlands now called the *Canaries*, a little ſouth of *Madeira*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 227, *Ov. Met.* 10.

Found

Found it with ſtrength already ſeem'd t'endue,
'Gainſt all that *Cyprus*, or that pride could do.
What moſt a terror round my ſoul had ſpread
Was, that my friend was number'd with the dead:
And paſſing Styx, was now to bliſs conſign'd
Fit habitation for ſo pure a mind.
O'erwhelm'd with tears, deſpairing of relief,
The ſailors all enquiring of my grief;
I anſwer'd: it befits a wretch to mourn,
Exil'd from home, and hopeleſs of return.
And now the crew gave all a looſe to joy,
No more the rowers would their ſtrength employ;
But nodding o'er their ſeats ſecurely lay,
The very pilot indolent and gay:
With half exhauſted pitcher was he found,
His head with wreaths and flow'ry garlands crown'd.
He left the helm, and mixing with the reſt
(As if with rage of bacchanals poſſeſt)
To *Venus* and her ſon they hymns prefer
In phraſe too ſhocking for a virtuous ear.
As thus reclin'd imprudent at their eaſe,
They brav'd the dangers of th' inconſtant ſeas;
A ſudden tempeſt blacken'd all the ſky,
Th' horizon darken'd, and the waves ran high.
The raging winds commiſſion'd to prevail
Bellow'd aloud, and ſwell'd in ev'ry ſail.
The veſſel groan'd, while big with angry pride
The ruffled billows laſh'd her ſounding ſide.
Now tow'ring high the ſwelling ſurges riſe,
And on their backs exalt us to the ſkies;
And now retiring ſink us in a trice
A thouſand fathom in the vaſt abyſs.
Hard by, the rocks with front terrific ſtood,
Daſh'd by the billows and the roaring flood.
Then firſt I ſaw, what *Mentor* oft declar'd,
How ſoon the vicious are by danger ſcar'd:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 255, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 257, *Ov. Met.* 11.

Our

Our coward crew, like ſimple girls diſmay'd
In ev'ry corner wept, and ſigh'd, and pray'd;
Bewail'd the dear delights they now muſt leave,
And fondly to the Gods their eye-lids heave,
With victims aim'd to bribe Heav'n's awful Court,
To bring them ſafe unto their wiſh'd for port;
Not one had courage, in this dreadful plight,
To hand the ſails, or order them aright.
In this diſtreſs, one certain truth appears;
My life depended on preſerving theirs.
I ſeiz'd the helm which, overcome with wine,
The frantic ſot was ready to reſign:
Chear'd all the crew, and o'er their fears prevail
To act like men, and lower ev'ry ſail.
They tugg'd amain, we croſs'd the foaming flood;
While death at hand in all his terrors ſtood.
A very viſion this adventure ſhow'd
To all who thus their preſervation ow'd;
On me, their kind deliv'rer, with ſurprize
They fix'd as thunder-ſtruck their wond'ring eyes.
We came to *Cyprus*, when the vernal gale
Calls forth the buds, and ſports in ev'ry vale:
(A month to *Venus* ſacred, as they ſay,
Who then delights her beauties to diſplay;
All Nature chears, brings on the genial hours,
And raiſes pleaſures, as ſhe raiſes flow'rs.)
The dulcet air which now around us hung,
Unbrac'd our fibres, and our nerves unſtrung:
Inducing by inſenſible degrees
Frolic, and mirth, and indolence, and eaſe.
The ſoil by nature fertile ſeem'd, and fair;
But uſeleſs, wild, no culture ſhew'd or care.
On ev'ry ſide in gaudy dreſs appear'd
The wanton females with their youthful herd;
Who all in praiſes of the Goddeſs join,
And march'd as proſtitutes to *Venus'* ſhrine.

NOTE.

Verſe 287. *We came to* Cyprus *when the vernal gale* —This was the month of April, which was conſecrated to *Venus*. *Vid. Ov. Faſt.* lib. 4.

Grace

Grace was in all their ſteps, in ev'ry eye
Was beauty ſeen, and jollity, and joy:
But affectation reign'd in ev'ry face,
No Meekneſs here, or Modeſty had place;
That noble Virtue which, devoid of art,
Alone can charm and captivate the heart.
Their ſoft addreſs, ſet looks ſo much deſign'd,
Vain garb, and trip ſo languiſhingly kind;
The wanton glances which around they threw,
To catch men's eyes, and to attract their view;
Thoſe jealous feuds with which they ſeem'd on fire,
And ſtrove who moſt ſhould raiſe the lewd deſire.
Their ev'ry geſture I at once diſprais'd,
Their ev'ry look my indignation rais'd.
Straight to the Temple of the *Cyprian* Queen
They led; and numbers in this iſle are ſeen:
Theſe *Paphos*, and *Idalia* both afford:
And at *Cythera* is her pow'r ador'd.
The laſt I viſited: a glorious pile
Of marble all a perfect Periſtyle.
In ſtately rows the beauteous pillars riſe,
Of height immenſe, and of amazing ſize:
On ev'ry front a pediment was rear'd,
Which o'er the frize and architrave appear'd;
Of all her love adventures here the chief
Were finely figur'd in a bas-relief.
In crowds for ever at the Temple-gate,
The madding people with their off'rings wait:
Within th' incloſure of this ſacred wall
No fat is ever burnt, no victims fall;

NOTES.

Verſe 319, *Theſe* Paphos—In the Iſland of *Cyprus* were two cities of the name of *Paphos*; the new, and the old. In the latter *Venus* is ſaid to have made her firſt appearance immediately after ſhe was formed from the froth of the ſea. This city was therefore in a more peculiar manner ſacred to her. The young women here uſed to proſtitute themſelves to all ſtrangers that came aſhore, in order to raiſe money for their portions. *Idalia* was the name of both a city and a grove in this iſland.

Verſe 320, *And at* Cythera—*Venus* was worſhipped here by the name of *Urania*.

No

No blood of heifers or of bulls is ſhed,
But all in triumph to her altars led:
There white as ſnow their youthful necks exalt
Without a blemiſh, or without a fault.
Their gilded horns with fragrant garlands crown'd,
Their limbs with gold and purple fillets bound.
Preſented thus, at diſtance are they ſlain,
To feaſt the Pontiffs, and their wanton train.
Here, in libations to the Queen of Love,
(Sweet as the nectar of immortal *Jove*)
The coſtly wine inceſſantly was pour'd;
And all perfumes that Eaſtern climes afford.
The Prieſts in habit glorious to behold
Of white, with girdle, and with fringe of gold.
Both night and day, upon her altars riſe
Whole clouds of incenſe, to perfume the ſkies:
While ev'ry column round her temple plac'd,
With choice feſtoons, and ornaments is grac'd.
With golden knives are all her victims ſlain,
And myrtle groves inclos'd the hallow'd Fane.
None here but nymphs, and youths divinely fair,
Before the Prieſts may venture to appear:
None elſe preſume to light the ſacred fire,
Or lead the victim deſtin'd to expire.
Yet vile immodeſty, and lewd diſgrace
Deform the honours of this glorious place.
At firſt, with horror I beheld the ſight;
But growing cuſtom reconcil'd me quite.
No more could vice affright my tender mind,
I grew like them to luxury inclin'd;
To cruel jeſts my innocence gave birth,
And my reſerve was ſubject for their mirth:
All arts they practis'd paſſion to inſpire,
And give me reliſh of ſome lewd deſire.

NOTE.

Verſe 357, *Yet vile immodeſty—Strabo* mentions more than twelve hundred courteſans in one Temple of *Venus*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 344, *Virg. Æn.* I.

Each

Each day I found my fortitude to fail,
My education was of ſmall avail;
My good reſolves all vaniſh'd in a trice,
Nor had I pow'r to ſtem that ſtream of vice:
Beheld ev'n Virtue with a ſecret ſhame,
As if to have it were to merit blame.
As one who ventures in the rapid flood
Beyond his depth, and high in youthful blood,
The daſhing wave at firſt repels with force,
Riſes ſuperior, and purſues his courſe;
If chance the bank with craggy ſide appear,
No ſhore to make to, no refreſhment near;
He finds his ſtrength retiring by degrees,
And dreadful numbneſs on his members ſeize;
Then all fatigu'd the fruitleſs toil neglects,
And floats at random as the ſtream directs;
So did ſuffuſion dim o'ercaſt mine eyes,
My courage fail'd thus taken by ſurprize.
No more I ſummon'd reaſon to my aid,
No more thoſe virtues which my ſire diſplay'd.
That dream which had deſcrib'd my *Mentor* dead,
And in Elyſium, ſtill increas'd my dread:
A ſecret languor had poſſeſs'd me whole,
And ſweet inaction charm'd my inmoſt ſoul.
I lov'd the poiſon now ſo pleaſing grown,
Which pierc'd each vein, and crept thro' ev'ry bone.
Yet ſtill in ſighs ſome ſmall regret I ſhew'd,
My face with tears was frequently bedew'd;
And, like a lion taken in the toil,
I roar'd aloud impatient of the ſpoil.
Unhappy youth! I cried, O why hath Heav'n
In cruel ſport this ſtate to mortals giv'n?
And wherefore paſs we through this dang'rous age,
Where folly governs, and where fevers rage?
Why ſpring not forth thoſe venerable hairs,
Which grace *Laertes* in decline of years;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 373, *Virg. Georg.* 1.
Verſe 392, *Catull.*

Why

Why bend I not, like him, with knees infirm
In haſte t'accompliſh my appointed term?
Far better were it to reſign my breath:
A life of weakneſs is ev'n worſe than death.
Scarce had I ſpoke, when all my griefs ſubſide,
My heart corrupt reſum'd its wonted pride;
Shook off all ſhame, and fell from bad to worſe,
To which ſucceeded infinite remorſe.
Thus troubled and perplex'd, I madly rove
Through ev'ry quarter of the ſacred grove.
As when a ſportſman with envenom'd dart
Hath in the chace transfix'd the bounding hart;
Inſtant ſhe flies, the foreſt ſhades to gain,
And eaſe in ſolitude th' afflictive pain:
But all in vain ſhe ſhifts th' uneaſy ground,
Still ſticks the weapon, and ſtill bleeds the wound.
The murd'ring ſhaft no flight can e'er remove,
It haunts her ſtill amidſt the cover't grove;
So would I fly myſelf, and eaſe a breaſt
Which nought could ſoften or compoſe to reſt.
That moment ſaw I in the diſtant ſhade,
By rows of myrtle thick embow'ring made,
The form of *Mentor*; but with look ſevere,
Pale was his face, dejected was his air;
And all ſo alter'd to my wond'ring eye,
As ſtopp'd at once the current of my joy.
" And is it you, my deareſt *Mentor*, ſay;
" Or does illuſion fond my ſenſe betray?
" Is it that friend on whom my hopes are ſtaid,
" Or com'ſt thou here a diſembodied ſhade;
" Whoſe pious ſoul ſtill anxious for my good
" Extends its care beyond the Stygian flood?
" Have you not lately to thoſe regions paſt,
" Where righteous ſouls the fruits of Virtue taſte;
" And know, by favour of th' all-bounteous Gods,
" Eternal peace among the bleſt abodes?
" O ſpeak, if yet a mortal ſtate you hold;
" If yet theſe arms my *Mentor* ſhall infold?"

IMITATION.

Verſe 413, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

Thus having ſaid, with extaſy I fly
Breathleſs to graſp the object of my joy.
O gracious Heav'n! you only can reveal
How great the tranſport; I in vain would tell:
While he with cooleſt expectation ſtaid,
And round his neck my circling arms I laid.
" No viſion this," I cried, " no fancied face":
" 'Tis he, 'tis *Mentor* whom I thus embrace!"
I drown'd him with my tears, there fix'd remain'd,
And now no more the pow'r of ſpeech retain'd.
Sighing he view'd me: in his ſtreaming eyes
I ſaw a melting tenderneſs ariſe.
I thus reſum'd—" What means; O what procur'd
" My beſt of friends? O what have I endur'd
" So long depriv'd of his prudential care;
" Alone, unſkill'd, a proper courſe to ſteer!"
He wav'd my queſtions, and, with haughty tone,
" Fly, fly," he cried, " this inſtant haſte, be gone:
" For peſtilential is the air you breathe,
" The land's infected; and her fruits are death.
" Here barely to converſe, to danger leads;
" From man to man, the dire contagion ſpreads.
" Pleaſure, the chief of all thoſe ills that flow'd
" When curs'd *Pandora* her dread gifts beſtow'd,
" Corrupts all hearts; nips virtue in the bud:
" No mortal here, or gen'rous is, or good.
" Haſte, haſte away, nor caſt one look behind;
" But baniſh all remembrance from your mind."

NOTE.

Verſe 464, *When curs'd* Pandora—The fable of *Pandora* is to be found at length in *Heſiod*; who ſays that *Jupiter*, enraged at *Prometheus* for ſtealing fire from heaven, ordered *Vulcan* to form this extraordinary perſon. That *Venus* gave her beauty, *Pallas* wiſdom, *Mercury* eloquence, &c. He then ſent her to *Epimetheus*, the brother of *Prometheus*, with a fatal box; which box he no ſooner opened, than all ſorts of evil flew out of it, only Hope remained in the bottom.

IMITATION.

Verſe 464, *Heſiod Hor.* l. 1. *Ode* 3.

He

He ended here. I found, with vaſt delight,
As 'twere a cloud diſperſe before my ſight:
A purer ray my raviſh'd eyes poſſeſt,
Freſh joy, freſh courage roſe within my breaſt.
A joy far diff'rent from that paſſion foul
Which fool'd my ſenſe, and poiſon'd all my ſoul.
The one, the child of wantonneſs and care;
Check'd by remorſe, by trouble, and deſpair:
The other, offspring of fair reaſon's light
Where Heav'n and happineſs at once unite:
Unmix'd, and equal, never knows decay;
But as enjoy'd will further charms diſplay.
No cares approach a pleaſure ſo refin'd,
Engroſſing all the powers of the mind.
From joy like this did now my tears proceed,
Source of delights which nought but this could breed.
" Thrice happy thoſe," I cried, " who thus with me
" In all her native charms can Virtue ſee!
" For who that views thoſe charms can chuſe but
" love,
" Or who be wretched that ſhall her approve?"
" No longer now," ſaid *Mentor*, " muſt I ſtay:
" Adieu! this moment muſt I haſte away."
" Not ſtay!" exclaim'd I, " whither do you
" tend?
" Is any land too wretched for your friend?
" O think not thus my riſing hopes to cheat:
" I'll die a thouſand deaths firſt at your feet."
This ſaid, I held him in a cloſe embrace:
" But vain," he anſwer'd, " are the hopes you raiſe.
" Me brutal *Metophis* long ſince for gold,
" To *Ethiopians* and *Arabians* ſold:
" Who trading after to the *Syrian* ſhore,
" Brought me to *Damas*, deſtitute and poor.
" Here

NOTE.

Verſe 500, *Brought me to* Damas—*Damas* or *Damaſcus* was once the metropolis of *Syria*, founded, it is ſaid,

IMITATION.

Verſe 487, *Tull. Off.* 1.

" Here hop'd to make advantage of their ſlave,
" And great reward from *Hazael* to have;
" Who diligently ſought a ſlave of *Greece*,
" To learn our morals, and our arts of peace.
" This *Haz'el* bought me at a noble price:
" Fir'd with th' account I gave, by my advice
" He ſails for *Crete*; with curious eye to read
" Thoſe wholeſome laws which *Minos* hath decreed.
" But adverſe winds to *Cyprus* forc'd our ſail,
" And while we're waiting for a proſp'rous gale,
" He takes occaſion now at *Venus'* ſhrine
" To make his off'ring to her pow'r divine.
" Lo! where he comes. The wind's again our
" friend,
" And the ſwoln canvas calls us to attend.
" Adieu! dear youth. A ſlave that thinks on
" Heav'n,
" Muſt faithful ſerve the maſter it hath giv'n.
" No more the Gods, permit me to enjoy
" My former ſtate, or mind my own employ:
" Were this my caſe; to them I now appeal!
" They my attachment to yourſelf can tell.
" Adieu! remember what *Ulyſſes* bore,
" Your Mother's tears, and Heav'n's eternal pow'r.
" Ye righteous Gods that innocence defend,
" In what a region muſt I leave my friend!
" My deareſt *Mentor*," I with tears rejoin'd,
" You will not, muſt not leave me thus unkind:

NOTES.

by *Uz*, the eldeſt ſon of *Aram*, and famous as early as the days of *Abraham*. According to *Maundrell*'s account, it was full thirty miles round It ſtands in a ſpacious plain at the foot of *Mount Libanus*. From its gardens were firſt tranſplanted the plumb called the Damaſcene and the Damaſk roſe. Silk Damaſks are likewiſe ſaid to have been there invented.

Verſe 508, *The wholeſome laws which* Minos—The ſon of *Jupiter* and *Europa* daughter of *Agenor* king of *Phœnicia*. He reigned in *Crete* about eleven hundred and ten years after the deluge, and had ſo great a reputation for his juſtice, that the poets took occaſion from hence to feign, he was made choice of by *Pluto* for one of the infernal judges.

" Rather

" Rather than ſo, I'll on your footſteps wait
" Though ev'ry hour be pregnant with my fate.
" This *Syrian* Lord will he no pity ſhow,
" And is he all inſenſible to woe?
" Suck'd he a tigreſs in ſome deſart land,
" And will he tear you hence with ſavage hand?
" Let him at once the mortal wound then give:
" I ſtill muſt follow, or muſt ceaſe to live.
" You bid me fly—and can you then refuſe
" To let me go in company I chuſe?
" I'll ſpeak to *Hazael*—Theſe trickling tears
" May move compaſſion for my tender years:
" It cannot be that one of ſavage breed
" In ſearch of wiſdom ſhould ſo far proceed.
" An humble ſuppliant at his feet I'll fall,
" Embrace his knees, and loud for mercy call:
" Nor let him paſs till pity he extend,
" And give conſent I follow with my friend.
" With you will I become his truſty ſlave,
" Without a price my ſervice ſhall he have;
" Undone, and loſt, if he reject my pray'r;
" This hand ſhall free me from the griefs I bear."
That moment *Hazael* the ſignal gave,
To be attended by his faithful ſlave.
Proſtrate I fell, and humbly claſp'd his knees;
Surpriz'd he ſaw a ſtranger in diſtreſs,
Enquir'd my buſ'neſs? I replied, " To live:
" A boon which you, and you alone can give.
" No longer will I draw this vital air,
" Unleſs with *Mentor* ev'ry lot to ſhare.
" In me you view the Great *Ulyſſes'* ſon:
" A wiſer King ne'er fill'd a *Grecian* throne.
" Chief of all thoſe aſſembled to deſtroy
" The pride of *Aſia*, and to ruin *Troy*.
" I ſpeak not this my high deſcent to boaſt,
" But raiſe your pity for a wretch that's loſt.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 531, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 532, *Virg. Æn.* 5.

" Through all the quarters of th' extended main,
" The Great *Ulyſſes* have I ſought in vain;
" While this my friend, this object of my love,
" In ev'ry danger did a father prove.
" But dire misfortune, and mine envious fate,
" To make my woes, and wretchedneſs compleat;
" Remov'd ev'n him, and made him ſlave to you:
" O! heal my ſuff'rings, and receive me too!
" If true, what late with pleaſure I have heard,
" That Juſtice is by *Hazael* preferr'd;
" That ev'n to *Crete* this inſtant you are bound,
" To ſtudy *Minos*, and his laws profound;
" O then relent! receive my ſuppliant pray'rs,
" Aſſuage my ſighs, and ſtop theſe flowing tears!
" You ſee a Prince by ſad misfortune driv'n,
" To beg for ſlav'ry as a gift from heav'n:
" There was a time, when on *Sicilia*'s ſhore,
" Ev'n death appear'd a miſery leſs ſore.
" Light then my ſuff'rings—Fortune did but frown,
" Not overwhelm with ills I ſince have known.
" I'm now reduc'd the ſervile chain to chuſe,
" And die with fear leſt you that boon refuſe.
" O Gods! relief to my afflictions bring:
" O *Hazael!* regard that *Cretan* King,
" For whoſe dread laws ſo great eſteem you ſhow;
" And who ſhall judge us in the realms below."
With kind compaſſion, and with viſage bland,
He ſaw my tears, and rais'd me with his hand.
" I know," ſaid he, " *Ulyſſes*' deathleſs name,
" His worth, his wiſdom, and immortal fame:
" Oft has my *Mentor* all his acts explain'd,
" And told what honours he in *Greece* obtain'd,
" While ſwift report thoſe honours hath increas'd,
" And ſpread through all the quarters of the Eaſt.
" Come, Royal Youth, and (till that ſire appear
" Who gave you birth) behold a Father here:
" For ſhould *Ulyſſes*' fame too feeble prove,
" With all his toils, and yours, to raiſe my love;

IMITATION.

Verſe 588, *Virg. Æn. 6. Hom. Od.* 11.

" Yet

" Yet would the friendſhip I to *Mentor* owe
" Engage my pity to relieve your woe.
" 'Tis true, a ſlave he does my ſteps attend:
" But I regard him as my faithful friend.
" The price he coſt, unequal to his worth,
" Gain'd me in him the greateſt wealth on earth.
" I've found him wiſe: and to his virtuous mind
" Owe that to Virtue I'm ſo well inclin'd.
" This hour I free you both—diſcharge your parts,
" And in return oblige me with your hearts." 610
Thus, in one moment, from a deſp'rate ſtate
I paſs'd at once to happineſs compleat:
Saw with complacence danger was no more,
That hourly I approach'd my native ſhore;
Had found a perſon could aſſiſtance lend,
Whom the pure love of Virtue made my friend.
In brief, my *Mentor* I again poſſeſs'd,
A bliſs which abſence ſhould no more moleſt.
Straight to the ſhore did *Hazael* proceed,
Whoſe ſteps we follow'd, and embark'd with ſpeed. 620
Now all in motion out to ſea we ſtood,
With equal oars we cut the ſilver flood;
The ſhrouds extended caught the riſing gale,
Which gently fill'd, and wanton'd in each ſail.
Smoothly we paſs'd, with infinite delight,
And ſoon did *Cyprus* vaniſh from our ſight.
With great impatience *Haz'el* ſeem'd to glow,
My ſenſe of *Cyprus* and its rites to know:
Without diſguiſe I open'd all the truth,
What ſnares were laid for my unguarded youth; 630
And found his gen'rous ſoul with pity melt,
When told the ſecret anguiſh I had felt.
" O *Venus*," he exclaim'd, " all honours due
" I gladly give to *Cupid*, and to you;
" Upon your altars hath mine incenſe blaz'd:
" Yet pardon if I ſay how much amaz'd
" I there beheld the lewd licentious crowd
" Which thus profanely in your preſence bow'd!"
Now converſe ſweet 'twixt him and *Mentor* roſe
Of that Firſt cauſe which all things could compoſe; 640
That

That Great, immutable, primæval Light,
Which ſpread the earth, and fram'd the ſtarry height.
That Sov'reign Truth within no limits pent,
Which lives thro' all, extends thro' all extent;
The world of ſpirits chearing with its ray,
As matter's nouriſh'd by the God of Day.
" Oh! blind," he cried, " as one depriv'd of ſight,
" The wretch who looks not on this glorious light!
" Darkneſs and clouds invelop all his ſoul,
" (Like thoſe who grope beneath the frozen Pole;
" To whom but ſeldom in the circling year
" Will golden *Phœbus* condeſcend t'appear.)
" Pretend he may to wiſdom, and to ſenſe;
" But all is folly, and impertinence.
" Nought reads he right in Nature's wond'rous page,
" Falſe lights, falſe colours, all his thoughts engage;
" An idiot dies deceiv'd by empty toys,
" And graſps at ſhadows for ſubſtantial joys.
" Such is the ſtate of ev'ry ſenſual mind,
" To lawleſs love and luxury inclin'd;
" None elſe are men, none merit our reſpects,
" Who act not alway as that light directs:
" 'Tis that alone can prudent thoughts inſpire,
" And can correct inordinate deſire.
" From that eternal Wiſdom we derive
" Both that we reaſon well, and that we live.
" Our ſouls like rivers from that ſea deſcend,
" Here take their riſe, and hither ſhould they tend."
Though all too high this excellent diſcourſe,
I ſeem'd no ſtranger to its wond'rous force.
My heart was raviſh'd, in deſpight of youth,
And reliſh'd ſomething of its heav'nly truth.
They next aſcended to the bleſs'd abodes,
To trace the ſeries of th' Immortal Gods:
Heroes and Poets fir'd with holy rage,
Deucalion's deluge, and the Golden Age.
Deduc'd all hiſt'ry from the earlieſt times,
And talk'd of penal fire for impious crimes,

IMITATION.

Verſe 688, *Ovid. Met.* 1.

Oblivious

Oblivious *Lethe*, black *Cocytus'* flood,
Elyſian fields and manſions of the good;
Who taſte eternal joys, and endleſs peace,
Without a fear that happineſs ſhould ceaſe.
They reaſon'd thus; when wond'ring we behold,
With glorious ſcales of azure mix'd with gold,
Diſporting dolphins riſe on ev'ry ſide,
While *Ocean* foam'd, and roll'd a larger tide.
Next roſe the *Tritons* from their beds profound,
With trumpet-ſhells that breath'd a ſilver ſound;
And all in bright array encircling ſtood
Fair *Amphitrite* Empreſs of the flood.
Sea horſes whiter than deſcending ſnow
Drew on the ſplendid chariot; while below
The briny flood ſeem'd broken, and diſjoin'd;
And ſhew'd their track for many a league behind.
Their eyes ſhot flame, and from their noſtrils broke,
And mouths expanded, clouds of curling ſmoke.
The chariot ſeem'd of ſome ſurpriſing ſhell
Of form which all deſcription would excel:
No iv'ry upon earth was half ſo white,
The wheels of gold, and dazzling to the ſight.
Light o'er the ſurface of the level deep
With rapid fi'ry courſe it ſeem'd to ſweep,
Follow'd by Nymphs with flow'ry wreaths behind,
Their locks diſhevel'd waving with the wind.

NOTES.

Verſe 679, *Oblivious* Lethe—One of the rivers of hell, the waters of which whoever taſted immediately forgot the tranſaction of his paſt life. *Cocytus* was another of thoſe rivers of hell, on whoſe ſtream the wicked were to be tormented after death.

Verſe 687, *Next roſe the* Tritons—The chief of theſe was the ſon of *Neptune*. *Virgil* ſays that the buſineſs of *Triton* was to releaſe veſſels that ran aground and to heave them off the rocks. He was painted half man, and half fiſh.

Verſe 690, *Fair* Amphitrite—Called likewiſe *Tethys*, daughter of Heaven and Earth, but, according to *Ovid*, of the Sun. She was ſiſter and wife of *Oceanus*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 701, *Virg. Æn.* 1. and *Æn.* 5.

A golden

A golden ſceptre grac'd the Goddeſs' hand
To awe the floods, and ſhew her dread command:
With t'other, ſhe the God *Palemon* preſt
Her infant ſon, then ſucking at the breaſt.
Her look majeſtic full of peace and love,
Did ev'ry furious wind and ſtorm remove:
And while her courſers ſkim the wat'ry main,
The *Tritons* guide, and hold the golden rein.
Above the chariot ſhone a purple veil,
By gentle gales expanded as a ſail:
Within its folds a thouſand zephyrs play'd,
And ſtrove its motion with their breath to aid.
Aloft behold ſtern *Æolus* appear,
With aſpect wrinkled, and with front ſevere!
Fierce and impatient he his taſk performs,
The whirlwind bridles, and repels the ſtorms.
His eyes dart fire, with threats he rules the gloom;
And makes each tempeſt ſilent as the tomb.
Meanwhile the monſters of the hoary deep,
In conſtant ebb and flow, the waters keep:
Each leaves the cavern where ſo late he lay,
And ſpouts his waters in the face of day.
Exulting all ſome glimpſe at leaſt to gain
Of this their Queen, and Miſtreſs of the main.

NOTE.

Verſe 717, *Aloft behold ſtern* Æolus *appear*—Son of *Jupiter* and *Aceſte*, the daughter of *Hippotas* the *Trojan*. From his ſkill in foretelling the winds, he was feigned to be the God of them.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 717, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 723, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *relates that, upon his arrival at* Crete, *he was informed that* Idomeneus, *the King of that Iſland, had ſacrificed his only Son in diſcharge of a vow which he had raſhly made. That the* Cretans, *eager to revenge the blood of the ſon, had obliged the father to abandon their country: that, after long indeterminate conſultations, they were actually aſſembled to elect another King.* Telemachus *adds, that he was admitted into that aſſembly; that in various Games he bore away the Prize, explained the Queries left by* Minos *in his Book of Laws; that the venerable Sages who were Judges, and all the people, convinced of his ſuperior underſtanding, were unanimous in their deſire to advance him to the Throne.*

WE gaz'd a while with exquiſite delight
When hills of *Crete* preſented to our ſight.
Yet ſtill at diſtance we thoſe mountains view'd,
And ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the ſky and flood.
But *Ida*, ſacred grove, ſoon ſtood confeſt
With airy ſummit riſing o'er the reſt.
As when a branching ſtag o'erlooks the lawn
In height ſuperior to each bleating fawn.
Soon to the coaſt our raviſh'd eyes we rear'd,
Which like an amphitheatre appear'd:
Unlike to that of *Cyprus* was the ſhore,
(A ſoil neglected, deſtitute, and poor;)
For this by diff'rent huſbandmen was till'd,
And Nature's gifts did in abundance yield.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 2, *Virg. Æn.* 3, l. 105 and 206.
Verſe 7, *Virg. Eclog.* 7. l. 30.

On

On ev'ry ſide the beauteous proſpect ſhows
Villas and towns that elegantly roſe;
Huge cities finiſh'd with uncommon care,
And boroughs which might ev'n with theſe compare.
No land appear'd thro' all th' extended plain
But ſhew'd the toil of ſome induſtrious ſwain.
In ev'ry part the plough-ſhare's wounds you meet,
For thorns and briars are unknown at *Crete*.
The grazing flocks with pleaſure on the brow
Of ſteepy hills we view'd; the dales below,
Where lowing heifers cropt delicious food;
And rang'd luxuriant by the ſilver flood.
In ev'ry proſpect roſe the yellow grain,
Great *Ceres'* gift, through all the rich champain.
The cluſt'ring vines which cloath'd each mountain ſide,
Already ſeem'd to glow with purple pride:
And promis'd plenty to the dreſſer's ſhare
Of genial *Bacchus* antidote of care.
Here *Mentor* told us that ſome years before
He made a viſit to the *Cretan* ſhore;
And kindly deign'd to open to our view
Each pleaſing fact and circumſtance he knew.
This Iſle, ſaid he, by ſtrangers ſo admir'd,
Whoſe hundred cities have ſuch fame acquired,
Maintains

NOTES.

Verſe 28, *Great* Ceres' *gift*—*Ceres* was the daughter of *Saturn* and *Rhea*, and mother of *Proſerpine*. She firſt civilized the *Athenians* and taught the uſe of corn. The whole body of her laws was comprized in one line —Honour your parents, worſhip the Gods, hurt not animals. The *Sicilians* worſhipped alternately her and her daughter *Proſerpine*, the former in the time of ſowing, and the latter in the time of harveſt.

Verſe 38, *Whoſe hundred cities*—The Iſland of *Crete*, now *Candia*, in the *Mediterranean*, was famous for the purity of its air, and the fertility of its ſoil. Hence the ancients

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 28, *Virg. Georg.* 1. l. 147. *Ov. Met.* 5.
Verſe 32, *Hor.* l. 4. *Ode* 12. v. 20.
Verſe 38, *Virg. Æn.* 3. *Horat. Epod* 9

Maintains with eaſe its multitude of hands,
A tribe in number equal to the ſands.
The reaſon obvious—for the fertile ſoil
Is never backward to reward our toil.
Her fruitful boſom ſtranger to decay
Will to the worthy ev'ry ſweet diſplay:
Numbers are nothing, where they active live,
All climes ſupport them, and in all they thrive.
No jealous fears need e'er diſturb their mind,
For parent earth beneficent and kind,
To bleſs her duteous ſons will never ceaſe;
But ſtill augment her ſtores as theſe increaſe.
'Tis vile ambition, and the love of gain,
Is ſource of all calamity to man.
We graſp at more than nature's wants require,
And grow unhappy by that fond deſire.
Would all content them with their proper ſhare,
Joy, plenty, peace would riſe to baniſh care.
So *Minos* thought, the wiſeſt, beſt of Kings.
Hence fram'd his laws, and hence this beauty ſprings.
That education which his rules preſcribe
In health and vigour breeds the youthful tribe.
Inur'd to labour from their tend'reſt years.
A frugal plainneſs in all ranks appears.
He wiſely judg'd that Vice of ev'ry kind
The body weakens, and enſlaves the mind:
And all the pleaſure he would have purſu'd
Is Fame, which ſprings from lives ſincerely good.
Not only that true courage he defin'd
Which looks on danger with an equal mind,
Or dares encounter in ſome glorious war
Ev'n death itſelf with an intrepid air;

NOTE.

ancients gave it the name of *Maceris*, or the Fortunate Iſland. It had ninety cities before the *Trojan* war, and ten more built by the *Dorians*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 55, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* 33.

He call'd that Courage too, which with diſdain
Could trample pleaſures, and all ſordid gain.
'Tis here alone (thoſe three notorious crimes
Which find no puniſhment in other climes)
Ungrateful Baſeneſs, Av'rice, and Deceit
A due correction from the Sov'reign meet.
For Pride and Lux'ry, is no mulct prepar'd:
A fault like this in *Crete* was never heard;
All toil alike, none e'er aſpire to wealth,
Sufficient gain they by a life of health;
Where under due reſtrictions they may know
Whatever Peace and Plenty can beſtow.
All ſplendid furniture is baniſh'd hence,
In dreſs they're ſtrangers to magnificence.
No curious dainties may their feaſts compoſe,
No gilded roofs their palaces diſcloſe.
Of choiceſt wool well colour'd is their dreſs,
And unadorn'd entirely of a piece:
Their meals are mod'rate, bread the chief repaſt,
And little wine will ſatisfy their taſte:
Content with milk which ev'ry herd ſupplies,
And fruits which from the earth ſpontaneous riſe.
On feſtal days, if haply they exceed,
On fleſh with little dreſſing do they feed.
In ev'ry herd the faireſt cattle found
Are ſet apart for tillage of the ground.
Their dwellings all commodious, neat, and fair,
But plain, and void of ornaments appear.
Not that good Architecture's here unknown;
But this reſerve they for the Gods alone.
And hold it impious that to men be giv'n
Like habitations with the Pow'rs of Heav'n.
The *Cretans* bleſt with joys of ev'ry kind,
Health, ſtrength, and fortitude, and peace of mind;
All love as brethren, what they want poſſeſs;
Are free alike, and ſtrangers to exceſs.
Averſe to ſloth, all ſtrive in Virtue's cauſe,
Adore the Gods, and reverence the laws.
I next enquir'd what rulers there preſide,
In what their pow'r? When *Mentor* thus replied:
The King all ſubjects may with juſtice awe,
But is himſelf accountable to law.

To

To do them good his will is uncontroul'd,
But rules of ſtate from tyranny withhold.
His ſceptre holds he as a ſacred truſt
On this condition—he be good, and juſt.
That he by wiſdom ſhould a Father prove,
Promote their welfare, and deſerve their love.
Not think ſo many born for him alone;
Dupes to his pride, and vaſſals to his throne.
For Kings in truth can no pretenſions frame
To greater freedom than all others claim,
Save ſuch delights as may their minds unbend
From cares, and troubles, which their poſt attend:
Or may ſubmiſſion to their perſons draw
The grand ſupports, and centres of the law
A King in merit ſhould ſurpaſs the crowd;
Be leſs effem'nate, arrogant, and proud.
Not wealth or pleaſure ſhould await his name,
But wiſdom, virtue, and an honeſt fame:
Abroad the Guardian of his people's right,
To lead their armies, and their battles fight;
At home to judge whene'er complaints ariſe,
And make them happy, innocent, and wiſe.
For gracious Heav'n this dignity beſtow'd,
Not for his own, but for his people's good;
Theirs is his time, their ſervant ſhould he prove:
They all his cares demand, and all his love.
Who private views to public good prefers,
But ill deſerves the diadem he wears.
On theſe conditions *Minos* hath decreed,
And theſe alone, his children ſhould ſucceed.
He lov'd his offspring, but his people more:
And wiſely fix'd their happineſs and pow'r.
By mod'rate counſels, ſuch as theſe, appear
Eclips'd the glory of thoſe ſons of war,
Who for their fame would all mankind ſubdue,
In truth, with nought but Vanity in view.
Thus Sov'reign Judge preſides he o'er the dead,
By ſacred Juſtice to thoſe honours led.

IMITATION.

Verſe 112, *Dion. Halic.* 5.

Diſcourſing thus we now approach'd the land,
And ſaw the Lab'rinth, which with curious hand
The ſubtle *Dædalus* had rais'd on ſhore:
Model of that which *Egypt* ſhew'd before.
This wondrous pile as we admiring ſtood,
Prodigious tribes came pouring to the flood,
No pow'r of numbers their amount could reach;
So thick they preſt, and cover'd all the beach.
The cauſe ſurprizing which their cities drain'd,
Nauſicrates a *Cretan*, thus explain'd:
" *Idomeneus*," ſaid he, " *Deucalion*'s ſon,
" Grandchild to *Minos* on the *Cretan* throne;
" With other Sov'reigns of the *Grecian* State
" Embark'd for *Troy*, her ruin to compleat.
" That conqueſt o'er, for *Crete* he took his way;
" When lo! a furious tempeſt on him lay:
" His very pilot, and experienc'd crew,
" Had inſtant ſhipwreck preſent to their view.

NOTES.

Verſe 152, *And ſaw the Lab'rinth*—This Labyrinth at *Crete* is ſaid to be but the hundredth part of that at *Egypt*. The latter being in the opinion of *Herodotus* a ſtructure more amazing than the Pyramids, and above the art of man. It is ſuppoſed to have been built for a Pantheon or Univerſal Temple of all the Deities the *Egyptians* worſhipped.

Verſe 153, *The ſubtle* Dædalus—A celebrated artiſt, the ſon of *Micion* and father of *Icarus*, who gave name to the *Icarian* Sea. He quitted *Athens* and went into the ſervice of *Minos*, by whoſe order he built this Labyrinth with ſo many turnings that it was ſcarce poſſible to find the way out of it. Being afterwards in diſgrace and impriſoned by *Minos*, he attempted his eſcape by wings which he contrived for himſelf and his ſon. But the heat of the Sun melting the wax which joined them, *Icarus* fell into the ſea and was drowned. It is probable theſe wings were nothing more than ſails, of which he is ſaid to have been the inventor.

Verſe 161, Idomeneus, *ſaid he*, Deucalion's *ſon*—This *Deucalion* is different from him who gave name to the famous *Deluge*, and who was King of *Phthia*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 152, *Virg. Æn.* 5.

" Before

" Before their eyes ſtood death in dreadful ſhape,
" Devouring floods; no proſpect of eſcape.
" While each bewail'd his miſerable ſtate,
" Depriv'd thus ſadly by his wayward fate
" Of that repoſe, which parting ſouls may take
" Which, after burial, croſs the *Stygian* Lake;
" High on the deck *Idomeneus* appear'd,
" With hands and eyes to Heav'n and *Neptune* rear'd.
" Great God of Ocean, pow'rful King," he cried,
" That o'er the floods extend'ſt thine empire wide,
" In pity hear me, and attend my pray'r;
" O ſave a wretch abandon'd to deſpair!
" If through the rage of this tempeſtuous wind,
" Again my *Crete* in ſafety I ſhall find,
" The firſt dear form I ſee ſhall to your ſhrine
" Be led, as victim to your pow'r divine.
" Meanwhile the ſon with great impatience burn'd
" To catch th' embraces of his ſire return'd.
" Unhappy youth! that here his courſe could bend,
" Nor knew that ruin would his ſteps attend!
" The King, no longer now of ſtorms the ſport,
" Arriv'd in ſafety at the wiſh'd-for port.
" To *Neptune* firſt with knee devout he bows,
" Who heard his plaint, and had receiv'd his vows:
" But ſoon perceiv'd how fatal was the pray'r,
" With dire remorſe o'erwhelm'd, and cutting care.

NOTES.

Verſe 174, *Which after burial*, &c.—The River *Styx* took its riſe from the Lake *Pheneus* in *Arcadia*. Its waters were ſo cold as to occaſion death to thoſe who drank them, and ſo corroſive as to eat through iron and braſs. Hence the poets feigned it to be the river of hell, and that the ghoſts of thoſe who had not received burial were obliged to wander an hundred years on the banks of it before they could paſs over.

Verſe 183, *The firſt dear form*, &c.—*Jeptha*'s vow, in the Old Teſtament, ſeems plainly copied in this ſtory.

IMITATION.

Verſe 175, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

" Fear'd to ſet foot upon his native ſhore,
" Or view that object he moſt lov'd before.
" But cruel *Nemeſis*, that pow'r ſevere
" (Which deaf to pity no diſtreſs will hear,
" Which ſtill to mortals ſome affliction brings,
" And moſt delights to humble haughty Kings;)
" With hand inviſible now urg'd him on;
" He lands, he looks; the object is his ſon.
" Back he recoil'd with ſad dejected air,
" And ſought ſome other ſacrifice leſs dear.
" Low at his knees the blooming youth appears,
" Struck with his coolneſs, and his burſting tears.
" My much lov'd Father," cried he, in ſurpriſe,
" O! ſay from whence theſe killing griefs ariſe?
" Can you, whoſe abſence all your ſubjects mourn'd,
" When thus in ſafety to your realm return'd,
" Behold with pain a Son that humbly kneels,
" And grudge him joys he in your preſence feels?
" O! ſay wherein my duty I forſook,
" And wherefore you refuſe one gracious look.
" Surcharg'd with grief, long ſilent he remain'd:
" At length with bitt'reſt ſighs the whole explain'd.
" Ah! *Neptune*, what have I profanely vow'd,
" How great the price which ſav'd me from the
" flood?
" Reſtore, reſtore me to the boiſt'rous main,
" Give me my dangers, and my rocks again:
" There let them daſh, and ſink me in the deep;
" And cloſe my wretched eyes in endleſs ſleep.
" But ſpare my child, O cruel, cruel God!
" And reſt contented with the Father's blood.
" Here ſtopp'd the wretched King, and at the word
" To pierce his heart drew forth the glitt'ring
" ſword.

NOTE.

Verſe 197, *But cruel* Nemeſis—Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Fate*, or according to *Heſiod*, of the *Night*. She had a celebrated temple at *Rhamnus* in *Attica*, and was ſuppoſed to preſide over the puniſhment of the wicked.

" The

" The crowd of Courtiers that around him ſtand
" Swift interpos'd, and eager ſeiz'd his hand.
" The ſage *Sophronimus*, to whom was giv'n
" To know the ſecret purpoſes of Heav'n,
" Affirm'd the God would grant him a releaſe,
" And other victims *Neptune* might appeaſe.
" Raſh and imprudent was the thing you vow'd:
" Gods ſeek not honour from the guilt of blood.
" Beware to this no further crime you join;
" Oppoſing Nature, and the laws divine.
" Of whiteſt bulls an hecatomb beſtow,
" And let their blood around his altar flow:
" Adorn his ſhrine with ev'ry fragrant flow'r,
" And offer incenſe to invoke his pow'r.
" Averſe the Monarch heard, and inward mourn'd
" With head reclin'd; but anſwer none return'd.
" A dreadful rage now ſparkled in his eyes,
" Convulſive tremours in his limbs ariſe:
" His features pale diſtorted all appear,
" And diff'rent colours ev'ry moment wear.
" Behold, exclaim'd the Prince, behold, my ſire,
" Your duteous ſon now ready to expire
" Prepar'd to ſacrifice his deareſt blood,
" To pleaſe that God who rules the raging flood.
" Draw not his anger on your ſacred head,
" Content will I be number'd with the dead.
" Strike then, nor fear I ſhould the blow decline;
" Or dreading death diſgrace your Royal line.
" Here fierce *Idomeneus* (as though his breaſt
" Infernal furies had at once poſſeſt)
" Broke from his keepers with a ſudden ſtart,
" And plung'd his poniard in the Prince's heart.
" Then drew it reeking back with gore diſtain'd,
" To end his days; but was again reſtrain'd.

NOTE.

Verſe 256, *Infernal furies*—There were three ſiſters. *Tiſiphone*, *Alecto* and *Megæra*, the daughters of *Acheron* and the Night; whoſe employment was to torture bad men in this world and the next.

" In

" In ſeas of blood, the youth reſigns his breath;
" His eyes, though darken'd with the ſhades of
" death,
" Appear'd ſtill eager to purſue the light,
" Now all too pow'rful for their feeble ſight.
" As when a lily, pride of all the plain,
" Cropt from the root by ſome laborious ſwain;
" That inſtant feels the ploughſhare's deadly wound,
" No more ſupported by its parent ground;
" Yet ſtill a while preſerves its ſilver white,
" And all thoſe beauties which attract the ſight;
" Then languid falls, and drops its ſickly head;
" Its charms all vaniſh'd, and its honours ſhed;
" So fell this lovely boy: as falls a flow'r
" Too rudely gather'd in untimely hour.
" The ſire delirious through exceſs of grief,
" Uncertain where he is, and paſt relief,
" Directs his progreſs to the adjacent town,
" And ſtill enquiring for his darling Son.
" Meanwhile the Commons grieving for the Child,
" In juſt abhorrence of an act ſo wild,
" Diſown the Father as caſt off by Heav'n;
" A frantic madman to the furies giv'n.
" Fell diſcord now ſpread wide contagious fire,
" And ſtones, and cudgels, manifeſt their ire.
" The greateſt Stateſmen on the *Cretan* ſhore,
" Forgot that prudence they admir'd before:
" Renounc'd th' allegiance, vacated the throne,
" Where *Minos'* grandchild had ſo lately ſhone.
" The royal party found no ſafety here;
" Back to the ſhips the wretched King they
" bear,
" With him embarking leave the realm unkind,
" All at the mercy of the waves, and wind.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 263, *Virg. Æn.* 4, l. 692.
Verſe 266, *Virg. Æn.* 9, 435, and *Æn.* 11, 70.
Verſe 284, *Virg. Æn.* 1, 154.

" The

" The King, returning to a better ſenſe,
" Was pleas'd with thoſe who had convey'd him
" hence:
" Where he no more could dwell when thus defil'd,
" And ſtain'd with blood of his beloved child.
" Driv'n by the winds upon *Salentine* ground,
" *Heſperia*'s happy coaſt, new realms he found.
" The throne thus void, the *Cretans* all agreed
" That none ſhould e'er to Royalty ſucceed,
" But who to *Minos*' laws paid rev'rence due,
" And mark the method which they now purſue.
" The Chiefs aſſembled here from ev'ry town,
" Twice fifty ſev'ral diſtricts of renown:
" Already have begun in pray'r to join,
" And offer'd victims to the Pow'rs divine.
" Here too are ſummon'd all the Sages near,
" To try whate'er competitors appear:
" And public ſports ordain'd, whence may be known
" The worth of all pretenders to the throne.
" The prize a Crown to him that ſhall excel
" In ſtrength of body, and in judging well.
" They ſeek a King that's comely, ſtrong, and brave;
" Of ſoul diſcreet, and of deportment grave.
" Such is the Prince with whom they would be
" bleſt,
" And free is ev'ry ſtranger to conteſt."
'Twas thus *Nauſicrates* the fact declar'd,
Which full of wonder to our minds appear'd.
" Then haſte to our aſſembly, haſte," he cries,
" And ſtrive with others for ſo fair a prize:
" If Heav'n decree that you the palm ſhall gain,
" Yours is the Sceptre of this wide domain."
We follow'd, led by no ambitious view,
But all impatience for a fight ſo new.

NOTE.

Verſe 297, *Driv'n by the winds upon* Salentine *ground* —The *Salentines* were an ancient people of *Italy*, to the ſouth of *Otranto*, on the *Ionian* Sea.

IMITATION.

Verſe 297, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

The

The place we came to like a circus ſtood,
Of vaſt extent; ſurrounded with a wood:
Its ſpacious area was of ſand; prepar'd
For thoſe who enter'd for this high reward.
Of graſſy turf upon its border rear'd
A noble amphitheatre appear'd.
Around unnumber'd multitudes were ſeen
In rank, and order, ſeated on the green.
Uncommon honours to us all were giv'n:
For *Crete* of all the nations under heav'n,
Is moſt polite, and ſcrupulouſly kind,
And moſt to Hoſpitality inclin'd.
They gave us place, and preſt us to engage;
When *Mentor* urg'd th' infirmities of age,
And *Haz'el* ſickneſs. I in bloom of life
Had no excuſe to ſhun the glorious ſtrife.
Yet ſtill on *Mentor* caſt one tranſient glance,
To learn if he would favour my advance.
His looks benign complacence ſweet betray'd,
And I embrac'd the offer they had made.
I ſtraight undreſt, while floods of fragrant oil
Flow'd o'er my limbs, to fit me for the toil.
Then join'd the crowd. When rumours round ariſe
Ulyſſes' Son was enter'd for the prize.
And divers *Cretans* ſtill my form retain'd
Who young beheld me in my native land.
We wreſtled firſt. A *Rhodian* fierce appears
(His age not more than five-and-thirty years)
Still in the prime of youth; robuſt and ſtrong,
Whoſe nervous arms had triumph'd o'er the throng.

NOTE.

Verſe 351, *A* Rhodian *fierce appears—Rhodes*, an iſland in the *Mediterranean*, took its name from the *Greek* ῥόδον, a roſe, with which flower they ſay it abounds more than any other country. Several *Rhodian* coins are ſtill extant, which repreſent the *Sun* on one ſide, and on the reverſe a roſe.

IMITATION.

Verſe 325, *Virg. Æn.* 5, 287.

Whene'er

Whene'er he mov'd the ſwelling muſcles roſe;
Vigour and force alike his frame compoſe.
He look'd with pity on a beardleſs boy,
As all too mean his efforts to employ.
And ſeem'd as victor willing to retire,
When I preſented, and the fight require.
With horrid gripe now each his rival croſt,
Cloſe lock'd together, till our breath was loſt.
Shoulder to ſhoulder, and his foot to mine,
Stretch'd were our nerves, our arms as ſerpents twine.
Each ſtriving from the ground to lift his foe
And hurl him gaſping on the ſand below.
On right and left by turns did he aſſail,
And hop'd by ſtrength ſuperior to prevail.
Thus urg'd I puſh'd him in a furious ſort;
That ſhock no longer could his reins ſupport;
Headlong he fell, his infamy compleat,
And dragg'd me over-balanc'd with his weight.
Vain was th' attempt his limbs o'er mine to throw,
I held him fix'd, and motionleſs below.
Then all confus'd uprais'd him from the ground,
While ſhouts of triumph fill'd the circle round.
Our next encounter was more hardy far:
To wage with Ceſtus a tremendous war.

NOTES.

Verſe 378, *To wage with Ceſtus*—In fighting with Ceſtus, which was a ſevere kind of boxing, the combatants had their hands and wriſts bound about with thongs of leather, within which were ſewed, according to *Virgil*'s deſcription in the fifth *Æneid*, pieces of iron and lead. But this ſeems to be unuſual: for Mr. *Addiſon*, who inſpected ſeveral ancient ſtatues of this ſort in *Italy*, could obſerve nothing but the leathern thongs.

Verſe 379, *From* Samos--An iſland in the *Ionian* Sea, conſecrated to *Juno*. *Bochart* ſays, it took its name from the *Arabic* word *ſama*, which ſignifies lofty, on account of the high mountains with which it abounds.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 361, *Hom. Il.* 23.
Verſe 363, *Virg. Æn.* 10. *Ov. Met* 9.

A wealthy

A wealthy townſman's ſon from *Samos* came,
Whoſe ſkill had rais'd him to the height of fame.
To him each candidate would gladly yield,
And none but I would dare diſpute the field.
Thick on my head and ſtomach, he beſtow'd
His deadly blows, forth ruſh'd the ſanguine flood.
Beneath the pow'rful ſtroke I blindly reel,
And dreadful miſts before my eyes I feel.
Still preſt he on, till breath was now no more,
When *Mentor*'s voice could all my ſtrength reſtore.
" O Son of Great *Ulyſſes*, is it fit
" You thus inglorious to your foe ſubmit ?"
Rous'd by theſe words to height of rage I paſt,
Declin'd thoſe blows which elſe had prov'd my laſt;
And when the *Samian* with extended arm,
Had aim'd a ſtroke which guiltleſs fell of harm;
As tott'ring thus, and pendulous he ſtood,
I ſeiz'd th' occaſion, and with joy purſu'd.
At this he ſhrunk, and when aloft in air
My brandiſh'd ceſtus threaten'd to o'erbear;
He dodg'd aſide, but lo! the balance loſt,
Expos'd he ſtood to what he dreaded moſt.
Scarce had I laid him proſtrate on the ſand,
When to reſtore him I extend my hand:
He ſcorn'd the proffer'd aid, and from the ſhore
Uproſe with duſt beſmear'd, and clotted gore.
Beheld his ſore diſgrace in evil plight,
Yet wanted courage to renew the fight.
Now all were ſummon'd to the rapid Race,
To drive the Chariot through the level ſpace.
Each had by lot his equipage decreed;
Nor wheels, nor horſes, fitted mine for ſpeed.
The ſignal giv'n, we ſtarted for the goal:
While clouds of duſt invelop'd all the pole.
At firſt with gentle courſe, and quite at eaſe,
I ſuffer all to paſs me as they pleaſe.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 381, *Virg. Æn.* 5.
Verſe 412, *Hom. Il.* 23.

A *Spartan*

A *Spartan* youth, that eager ſeem'd for fame,
Sprung foremoſt forth, and *Crantor* was his name.
Next *Policletus* of the iſle of *Crete*,
And next *Hippomachus*, who hop'd to meet
Once more the Crown, and home thoſe honours bring,
Becauſe related to the baniſh'd King.
His fi'ry ſteeds he aim'd not to reſtrain,
They pant, they ſweat, yet ſtill he gives the rein:
Bends o'er their flowing manes, the rolling car
Seem'd void of motion when diſcern'd from far:
As when an eagle cuts the ambient air
With ſteady wings, which ſtill at reſt appear.
My courſers by degrees recover'd heart,
Were well in breath, and could ſuſtain their part.
I almoſt diſtanc'd thoſe who at the firſt
With ſo much ardour from the goal had burſt.
Hippomachus, by blood ſo near a throne,
So preſs'd each horſe to fix it for his own;
The beſt was tir'd, and falling prov'd how vain
His maſters' hopes when he aſpir'd to reign.
Bent o'er their arched necks to force their ſpeed,
Fierce *Policletus* animates each ſteed:
A dang'rous attitude, which ill could bear
The ſudden jolting of his rapid car.
Down from the top he tumbled to the plain,
And from his hand let fall the ſilken rein.
Happy indeed (though vanquiſh'd in the ſtrife)
That he was able to eſcape with life.
Crantor perceiv'd, with indignation fir'd,
How cloſe I preſt, the rank I had acquir'd:
Doubled his efforts, to his courſers ſpoke;
And aim'd each pow'r with coſtly vows t'invoke.
My paſſage was the chance he dreaded moſt,
Betwixt his whirling chariot and the poſt.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 422, *Virg. Georg.* 3.
Verſe 435, *Virg. Æn.* 5.
Verſe 445, *Hom. Il.* 23.

My cattle more obedient to the rein
Already ſtruggled hard, the lead to gain:
Nought then remain'd but to obſtruct that paſs,
And he with eaſe might yet obtain the race.
To gain this point might hazard all; but zeal
Still drove him forward, till he broke his wheel.
At once to turn, was all remain'd to do,
Leſt his misfortune might affect me too.
That moment he beheld me touch the goal,
While ſhouts of triumph once more rent the pole:
Long live *Ulyſſes'* Son, the Lord of all;
Whom all the Gods to this dominion call!
The Sages now and all the Peers of *Crete*,
Led us directly to a ſacred ſeat:
An ancient grove, remov'd from eyes profane,
Where hoary heads, as *Minos* pleas'd t'ordain,
Preſide as Guardians of his righteous laws,
And give their judgment on each weighty cauſe.
To this retreat could none admittance gain
But we, who ſtrove the Sceptre to obtain.
Expos'd to view now lay thoſe fair records,
The laws of *Minos* in his proper words.
At firſt approach, when I theſe elders ſaw,
Their preſence rais'd a reverential awe.
All ſeated round with moſt becoming grace,
Maintain'd their proper dignity, and place.
All equal ſeem'd, and all alike diſplay'd
The ſnowy rings, and honours of their head.
Their age commanded infinite reſpect;
Lively their parts, and ſtrangers to defect.
On ev'ry countenance ſerene, and mild,
Prudence enthron'd majeſtically ſmil'd.
None here were vain, or fond of idle prate,
But ſpoke their thoughts, and gave them proper weight.
And oft as diff'rent ſentiments aroſe,
Such ſenſe, ſuch candour, all their heat compoſe;
With ſo much temper each his cauſe defends,
All ſeem'd unanimous, and all were friends.
By long experience, which diſcretion brings,
A juſt idea they could form of things.

Yet

Yet ſtill what rais'd their reaſon to the height,
Was inward calmneſs, and that pure delight
Thoſe ſouls enjoy which ſtill incline to truth,
Free from the folly and caprice of youth.
Wiſdom was all with them, the noble fruit,
They reap'd from Virtue in a long purſuit,
Was, free from Vice to taſte her pureſt joys,
And hear, delighted, Reaſon's glorious voice.
Much I admir'd them, yet with ſecret pain
I wiſh'd my life that period could attain.
For youth I found was raſh and indiſcreet,
And far remov'd from virtue ſo compleat.

The Chief of all this venerable board
Now op'd the book, and *Minos'* laws explor'd.
Vaſt was the volume which with care they fold
Within a box of frankincenſe and gold.
All paid obeiſance and profoundly bow'd:
For (next the Gods who give us all that's good)
They ſay that nought ſo much deſerves applauſe
As what ſhall mend mankind—as virtuous laws.
And Legiſlators who thoſe laws diſpenſe
Should, taught by them, be free from all offence.
For 'tis the law, not man, ſhould bear the ſway;
Man was by nature deſtin'd to obey.
Diſcourſing thus, the Chief three queſtions took
To be diſcuſs'd according to the book.

The firſt—"Of human race ſay who is he
"That merits moſt to be accounted free?"
Some anſwer'd brief, It was a King that knew
Deſpotic rule, and could his foes ſubdue.
The next maintain'd, 'Twas he whoſe coffers grant
Supplies to purchaſe all that he can want.
Some held him happy in th' unmarried ſtate,
Who only liv'd his travels to compleat:

NOTE.

Verſe 504, *Within a box of frankincenſe and gold*—*Pliny* ſays, that the ſame reſpect was paid by *Alexander* to the Works of *Homer*; who ſet apart the richeſt cheſt he found among the ſpoils of *Darius*'s camp, adorned with pearls and precious ſtones, and the choiceſt perfumes, as a proper receptacle for what he eſteemed the moſt valuable production of the human mind.

To whom all quarters of the globe were known,
Lord of himſelf, accountable to none.
Some the barbarian fierce that rang'd the wood,
And unreſtrain'd by laws the chace purſu'd;
Whoſe tranquil mind no anxious cares moleſt,
Of nature's ſtores abundantly poſſeſt.
Some judg'd the new-emancipated ſlave
The ſweeteſt taſte of liberty to have:
As juſt emerging from a diff'rent ſtate,
Thoſe pangs of ſervitude, which all muſt hate.
The laſt ſuppos'd the man in pangs of death,
And now juſt ready to reſign his breath:
Since death from ev'ry ill would ſet him clear,
The world's united force no more to fear.
My turn approaching, eaſy it appear'd
To ſpeak what *Mentor* had ſo oft declar'd.
He moſt, ſaid I, can liberty enjoy,
Whoſe freedom ſlav'ry's ſelf can ne'er deſtroy.
Whatever lot he's deſtin'd to embrace,
Whate'er his country, or whate'er his place;
Still lives he free who fears the Gods alone,
And other maſter will acknowledge none.
In ſhort, his freedom juſtly we admire
That diſengag'd from ev'ry vain deſire;
Yet bends to Heav'n, and to no pow'r beſide,
And takes the light of reaſon for its guide.
The Sages ſmil'd to find me thus ſucceed
That I, and *Minos*, were ſo well agreed.
The ſecond queſtion next in order roſe,
Which in explicit terms they thus propoſe.
"Of all the various orders of mankind,
"Which moſt doth mis'ry, and misfortunes find?"
Here all their diff'rent ſentiments expreſt,
As diff'rent thoughts aroſe within their breaſt.
The firſt affirm'd, That man who wanted health,
The blaze of honour, and the ſweets of wealth.
Another band with eager warmth contend
For ſome deſerted wretch, without a friend.
Some thought the ſire whoſe children were his ſhame;
Ungrateful, baſe, unworthy of his name.
From *Leſbos* Iſle a venerable man
Attempted thus the queſtion to explain:

Of

Of all that mis'ry and misfortunes know,
He ſuffers moſt, that moſt perceives his woe.
For let unhappineſs be ne'er ſo great,
Yet ſad Impatience will increaſe its weight.
At this th' aſſembly thunder'd with applauſe,
All judg'd, in this at leaſt, he Victor was.
Still my opinion eagerly they ſought,
I gave them anſwer as my friend had taught.
Far moſt unhappy of all human kind
The King, who bliſs would in oppreſſion find.
Whoſe blindneſs doubles ev'ry pungent grief,
As wounds unknown can ne'er admit relief.
Truth cannot reach him through his fawning train,
Indeed he dreads it as the greateſt pain.
His paſſions lord it o'er fair Reaſon's light,
Falſe to his truſt, nought orders he aright:
Strange to thoſe pure delights from goodneſs ſpring,
And all the charms that virtuous actions bring.
He's curſt indeed, and well deſerves that fate,
Each day augments the mis'ry of his ſtate;
His ruin certain; and his wretched reign
Juſt Heav'n will puniſh with eternal pain.
Th' aſſembled Elders in my praiſes join,
The *Leſbian*'s ſentence now gave place to mine.
The Chiefs acknowledg'd with a loud acclaim
My ſenſe and that of *Minos* were the ſame.
The third laſt queſtion now aloft was heard,
Which of the two deſerv'd to be preferr'd:

NOTES.

Verſe 563, *From* Leſbos *Iſle*—Among the many iſlands in the *Ægean* Sea, none roſe to greater fame than that of *Leſbos*; whoſe capital, *Mitylene*, gave birth to *Pittacus* one of the ſeven wiſe men, to *Alcæus* the lyric poet, *Sappho*, *Terpander*, and others the moſt celebrated names of antiquity. *Athens*, *Rhodes*, and *Mitylene* were eſteemed by the *Romans* as the three greateſt academies in the world. And to viſit one of them was judged abſolutely neceſſary to a polite education.

Verſe 591, *The third laſt queſtion*—The deciſion here given is conformable to *Tully*'s ſentiments in the firſt book of his *Offices*.

Th' heroic Prince invincible in Arms,
Or he who, ſtranger to thoſe fierce alarms,
Had yet the ſkill his Commerce to increaſe,
And bleſs his people with the arts of Peace?
The major part preferr'd the Son of War,
And follow'd gladly his triumphal car.
For what advantage, added they, can flow
While he's unable to repel the foe?
Uſeleſs thoſe arts when once his country's loſt,
O'er-run, enſlav'd, by ſome inſulting hoſt.
Some held pacific Monarchs were the beſt;
Whoſe care prevents that war which they deteſt.
But theſe were told—A Prince of Martial fire
Could glory to himſelf and State acquire;
Enlarge their borders, and extend their name;
While others rul'd with infamy and ſhame.
Eager they ſeem'd my ſentiments to learn,
I ventur'd thus an anſwer to return.

That Sov'reign Prince who can exert his care
In one condition only, peace, or war,
Unſkill'd in both due prudence to diſplay,
Is half unqualified for Royal ſway.
But if a juſt compariſon we drew
'Twixt him who nought but Conqueſt ſhould purſue,
And him that's bleſt with a Diſcretion rare,
Though quite unpractic'd in the trade of war;
The latter ſhines with much ſuperior grace,
Since ev'ry Gen'ral can ſupply his place.
A Prince of martial turn will always aim
T'extend his frontiers, and increaſe his fame:
His ſubjects bleed; and wherefore ſhould they roam,
In ſearch of conqueſt; ſlaves themſelves at home?
This too obſerve—what ills ariſe from war,
And love of Conqueſt carried on too far.
Oft ſhare the Victors in the ſad diſtreſs,
Their morals loſt; they ſuffer by ſucceſs.
Aſk *Greece* what ruin captive *Ilium* brings,
Which ten long years depriv'd her of her Kings.

IMITATION.

Verſe 621, *Liv.* Book 1.

Adieu

Adieu to law, when flames of war prevail,
All arts will droop, all huſbandry will fail.
The beſt of Monarchs in this deſp'rate caſe,
Submit with patience to the worſt diſgrace:
Connive at Vice 'twere dang'rous to reſtrain,
And uſe the ſervice of the moſt profane.
Oft puniſh we in peace, and oft diſcard
The daring wretch, in war we muſt reward.
Ambition ſtill ſome ſure misfortune brings,
All States are ſuff'rers by triumphant Kings:
Who, mad for Glory, will alike purſue
Their conqu'ring Subjects, and the Vanquiſh'd too.
Nought will that realm, although victorious, gain
Whoſe Monarch knows not well in Peace to reign.
Who like one fencing his paternal ground,
And ſtill encroaching on his neighbours round,
Is yet unſkill'd to cultivate the ſoil,
Or reap one harveſt to reward his toil.
Such Kings for Rapine ſeem alone deſign'd,
Plagues of the world, and peſts of human kind.
Nought taſte their people of that pure delight
Which always ſprings from governing aright.
View next the Monarch of pacific frame:
I grant no Conqueſt will extend his Fame.
No harraſs'd ſubjects in this ſtate you find,
He troubles not the quiet of mankind.
Nor aims to make dependent on his throne
Thoſe realms whoſe Sceptre is by right their own.
But if in Peace he rules with proper care,
His State with eaſe he may ſecure from War.
For Moderation will his ſteps attend,
His ev'ry counſel will regard his friend.
True to his league, no neighbour he'll reduce,
Nor e'er attempt what may diſturb the truce.
His firm allies his amity embrace,
Nor fear in him their confidence to place.
Should any Prince now with ambitious view
Some haughty, proud, deſtructive ſcheme purſue,

IMITATION.

Verſe 663, *Plin. Panegyr.*

The

The neighb'ring Kings for him would all declare,
Save whom they love, by cruſhing whom they fear.
His juſtice, candour, and his faith profound,
Will make him Umpire of the Nations round:
And while the Conqu'ror hated is by all,
In danger ever by their leagues to fall,
Our peaceful Prince with greater glory bleſt
Is common Sire, and Guardian of the reſt.
Such is th' advantage from abroad will come:
But more ſubſtantial will he find at home.
For if in Peace he can deſerve applauſe,
I muſt ſuppoſe he rules by virtuous Laws;
Suppreſſes lux'ry and unmanly pride,
And each pernicious art to Vice allied.
A nurſing Father to all other arts
Which ſweeten life, or can improve our hearts.
But chief will Huſbandry engroſs his care,
And honeſt lab'rers of his favour ſhare.
Hence plenty ſmiles on each contented ſwain,
And men induſtrious, honeſt, frugal, plain;
Whoſe daily labour muſt their bread command,
Will quickly multiply, and fill the land.
Behold this kingdom, and admire its Wealth!
Bleſt with unnumber'd multitudes in health,
Robuſt, and ſtrangers to the path of Vice;
Not giv'n to ſloth, not finically nice;
But active all, accuſtom'd to obey,
Deſpiſing death when Virtue points the way.
Who chuſe to fall with glory in the field,
Before they tamely will their Freedom yield:
Bleſt with a Prince that's worthy to preſide,
Who knows to rule, whoſe Reaſon is his Guide.
Should ſome victorious neighbour give th' aſſault,
He'll find perhaps this people at a fault:
Unus'd to camps, unſkilful how to form
The line of battle, or the town to ſtorm;
Yet ſtill their force invincible he'll find,
Such ſtrength of numbers, with ſuch valour join'd;
Such patience of fatigue whate'er befal,
And ſweet Contentment under loſs of all;
In fight ſuch vigour, worth ſo truly great,
As ev'n Misfortune's ſelf can ne'er abate.

This Prince unable to direct aright,
Or head his armies in the dang'rous fight,
Experienc'd leaders will with care provide,
While yet all honours with himself abide.
Mean time due succours from allies he draws,
The Gods themselves all vindicate his cause;
And ev'ry subject hopes to breathe his last
Ere tyrant laws, and tyrant rule he taste.
Mark what recruits this Monarch now can raise,
What his resources in the worst of days!
My sentence is then, that a Prince so weak,
So rude in arms, is not the Prince we seek;
Is incomplete; unless that part he knows,
Greatest of all—to triumph o'er his foes.
And yet I add, imperfect as he is,
He'll far superior to your Hero rise,
Whose martial Genius troubles will increase,
But wants abilities to shine in Peace.
Through all th' Assembly numbers I perceiv'd
With great disgust my maxims had receiv'd.
Most men are dazzled with a vain parade,
By pomp of Conquest, and by shew betray'd:
These they prefer to what is truly great,
The peace and comfort of a well rul'd State.
Not so the Judges; who at once declar'd
That *Minos*' sense from me alone they heard.
I see, exclaim'd the Chief, and all must yield,
Apollo's ancient Oracle fulfill'd.
For virtuous *Minos* did a vow prefer,
And begg'd of Heav'n with certainty to hear;
How long his Sons the Sceptre should retain,
And make his laws the model of their reign?
Apollo answer'd—Then will end their course
When strangers come your counsels to enforce.
So spake the God. And apprehension grew
Some daring stranger would our Isle subdue:
But poor *Idomeneus* so late undone,
And the great Wisdom of *Ulysses*'s Son,
Who best appears those laws to understand,
Apollo's meaning have enough explain'd.
Why doubt we then, my friends, to fix the crown
On him that Heav'n has destin'd to the throne?

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *gives an account of his refuſing the Kingdom of* Crete, *in order to return to* Ithaca: *that he propoſed to them to chuſe* Mentor, *who likewiſe refuſed the Crown: that the Aſſembly at length urged* Mentor *to make choice of a proper perſon for the Nation at large; who laid before them the report which he had received of the virtues of* Ariſtodemus; *who was inſtantly proclaimed Sovereign. That afterwards* Mentor, *and himſelf, embarked for* Ithaca; *but that* Neptune, *to conſole* Venus *for the provocation ſhe had received, occaſioned them to make ſhipwreck, after which they were caſt upon the Iſland of* Calypſo.

FORTH from the grove their courſe the Sages bend,
Led by the ſenior, I their march attend:
Who haſtes th' impatient *Cretans* to adviſe,
That young *Telemachus* had gain'd the Prize.
Scarce had they catch'd theſe tidings from his tongue,
When acclamations roſe among the throng.
The neighb'ring ſhore and ev'ry mountain nigh
Re-echo'd ſhouts of triumph and of joy.
"*Ulyſſes'* Son was of the Throne poſſeſt,
"And *Crete*, with one like *Minos*, ſhould be bleſt."
I paus'd a while, and beck'ning with my hand
The ſignal gave, their ſilence to command.
When *Mentor* whiſp'ring o'er my ſhoulder bends—
"Renounce you thus your Country, and your
"friends?
"Shall fond Ambition and deſire to reign
"Make all *Penelope's* aſſurance vain;

"The

" The great *Ulyſſes* rev'rence you no more,
" Whom Heav'n has yet determin'd to reſtore?"
Swift to my ſoul theſe words their paſſage won,
And baniſh'd all Ambition for a Throne.
Mean while the crowd was huſh'd, their tumults ceaſe,
Which gave me licence for this ſhort addreſs:
Illuſtrious *Cretans*, plainly I perceive
Mine own unfitneſs for the rank you give.
For truſt ſo ſacred ill am I prepar'd,
Though well your famous Oracle declar'd;
Great *Minos'* offspring then ſhould end their courſe,
When *Minos'* laws a ſtranger ſhould enforce.
That Great *Apollo* had reſpect to me,
With ſecret tranſport and delight I ſee:
Yet in that Oracle no word is found,
To prove this ſtranger ſhould himſelf be crown'd.
The prophecy's fulfill'd. I came from far
And *Minos'* ſentiments have trac'd with care.
May then that explanation which I uſe
Cauſe their obſervance by the man you chuſe!
But for myſelf, I ſeek another Crown:
My native *Ithaca* of ſmall renown.
That barren ſpot ſhall my acceptance meet,
Before the wealth, and hundred towns of *Crete*.
Permit me, *Cretans*, there to hold the reins;
Permit me to purſue what Fate ordains.
If in your ſports to any fame I've grown,
Believe me, friends, I aim'd not at the throne:
But your affections to ſecure, and love,
And ſome compaſſion in your breaſts to move;
That you with ſpeed my country might reſtore,
And reconduct me to my native ſhore.
My Royal Parents rather I'd obey,
Than rule the world with univerſal ſway.
Ye Sons of *Crete*, impartially behold,
While I the ſecrets of my ſoul unfold.
By ſad neceſſity conſtrain'd we part;
But death alone ſhall blot you from my heart.
Long as I live, and draw this vital air,
The *Cretan* State ſhall my affection ſhare:

A juſt

A juſt regard ſhall to her cauſe be ſhewn,
And I'll conſult her glory as my own.
Scarce had I ended, when a murm'ring ſound
Crept through the ranks, and fill'd the circle round:
As when the waves in fierce encounter meet,
When whirlwinds ruffle and when tempeſts beat.
A part enquiring, as they ſtand agape,
Was it ſome Deity in human ſhape?
A part affirming they had ſeen my face
And oft beheld in ſome far diſtant place,
While ſome aloud for open force declare,
And would compel the diadem to wear.
Again I aim'd to ſpeak, in ſilence rang'd
They now believ'd my ſentiments were chang'd,
And I the proffer'd dignity would take,
When thus before th' aſſembled Chiefs I ſpake.
Forgive me, *Cretans*, if without diſguiſe
I tell what thoughts within my breaſt ariſe.
Of all the various nations under Heav'n,
To none more wiſdom than to you is giv'n.
And by that wiſdom ſhould, I think, be ſought
What ſeems at preſent to eſcape your thought.
Not he that reaſons beſt upon your laws,
But he that firmeſt ſtands in Virtue's cauſe;
Whoſe ev'ry act thoſe golden rules direct,
Such is the Monarch whom you ought t'elect.
Before you now a beardleſs boy appears,
Nor dwells experience with ſuch tender years:
Of ev'ry paſſion do I live the ſport,
And find for Sov'reign Rule my Reaſon ſhort:
More fit to follow ſome experienc'd guide,
And learn of him hereafter to preſide.
Think not in him a King compleat to find,
Superior ſeen in body or in mind.

NOTE.

Verſe 64, *Was it ſome Deity* &c.—So *Livy* deſcribes the *Spaniards* in admiration at *Scipio*, lib. 26.

IMITATION.

Verſe 64, *Virg. Æn.* 4, 12.

But

But who ſelf-conquer'd can his will controul,
And has your laws engrav'd upon his ſoul:
Whoſe life a tranſcript of thoſe laws affords,
Whoſe deeds commend him rather than his words.
Charm'd with th' harangue the Chiefs their thoughts diſcloſe,
While louder ſtill th' applauding ſhouts aroſe.
" Since Heav'n hath ſhew'd us that our hopes are vain,
" And thus you flatly have refus'd to reign;
" At leaſt aſſiſt us, with indulgence kind,
" This great aſſerter of our laws to find.
" O teach us, if you can, who knows with ſkill,
" And temper fit, the *Cretan* throne to fill?"
'Tis he, I cried, him worthieſt I deem
From whom I hold whatever you eſteem;
His ſenſe, not mine, thoſe prudent anſwers gave,
From him proceeds the little worth I have.
This ſaid, on *Mentor* all their eyes were bent,
Whoſe hand I held, and for their King preſent.
I told them all th' anxieties, and fears
He knew, as Guardian of my infant years:
The dangers threat'ning me on ev'ry ſide
'Gainſt which his prudence could provide:
Declar'd thoſe toils my ruin did portend,
When I forſook the counſels of my friend.
At firſt with ſmall diſtinction was he ſeen,
So plain his garb, ſo negligent his mien:
His ſilence, modeſty, and air reſerv'd,
Prevented all the honours he deſerv'd.
But with attention view'd, and nearer brought,
Each feature ſhew'd that elevated thought,
That ſteady courage, and intrepid air,
No words of mine can properly declare.
His penetrating eyes they ſaw, and lov'd;
And that alacrity with which he mov'd.
He ſolv'd their queſtions, their applauſes won;
And all agreed to raiſe him to the throne.

IMITATION.

Verſe 91, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* 35.

Calmly he wav'd their choice, nor bluſh'd to own
" He thought retirement better than a Crown.
" The beſt of Kings unhappy are in this—
" Miſled by flatt'rers they muſt act amiſs;
" Can rarely do one half the good they would,
" While ſchemes they hate are frequently purſu'd.
" If Servitude," ſaid he, " be low and baſe,
" No leſs are Sov'reigns ſubject to diſgrace;
" When beſt obey'd, a gilded chain they wear,
" The Slaves of thoſe committed to their care.
" Thrice happy he, whoſe more auſpicious fate
" Hath ne'er enjoin'd the government of State!
" When ſov'reign pow'r's committed to our hands,
" It is our Country that our care demands:
" No more henceforth of Freedom muſt we feel,
" But labour earneſt for the Public Weal."
Scarce could the *Cretans* credit what they heard,
But aſk'd who fitteſt for their choice appear'd?
" The man who beſt your conſtitution knows,
" He beſt," ſaid *Mentor*, " merits to be choſe,
" Who, ſince as Sov'reign he muſt rule the land,
" Accepts that office with a trembling hand.
" Who fondly aims at Royalty and State,
" Is all unſkill'd, unequal to their weight.
" How then diſcharge the duties of a King,
" When unacquainted with the cares they bring?
" Him Int'reſt prompts:—but you ſhould fill the
" throne
" With one that ſeeks it for your good alone."
Amazement ſeiz'd on all the circle round,
Two ſtrangers thus refuſing to be crown'd,
Which others ſought with vehement deſire:
Who brought them hither, eager they enquire:
Our guide *Nauſicrates*, who from the port
Led us directly to their public ſport,
Now ſhew'd them *Hazael*; declar'd his name
With whom ſo late from *Cyprus* Iſle we came.
It rais'd their wonder that this *Hazael*'s ſlave,
So much of Virtue, and good Senſe ſhould have;

IMITATION.

Verſe 127, *Sen. in Thyeſt.*

And

And now no longer in that rank attend,
But grow his Lord's chief counſellor and friend:
That he, enfranchis'd from the ſervile chain,
Was the ſelf ſame that now refus'd to reign.
That *Hazael* himſelf from *Syria* ſail'd,
To learn the cuſtoms which in *Crete* prevail'd:
With *Minos'* golden rules t'enrich his mind,
So much to wiſdom was his heart inclin'd.
Him next the Chiefs addreſt—"We dare not own
"How much we wiſh you to aſcend our throne;
"But judge your thoughts like *Mentor*'s we ſhall find,
"And fear too much you diſregard mankind:
"Are too averſe to wealth, and regal ſtate,
"To buy their cares and undertake their weight."
"Judge not, ye *Cretans*," he return'd "ſo hard,
"To think mankind ſo little I regard.
"No; 'tis a point by gen'rous minds purſu'd,
"To make men happy, and compleatly good:
"But toils and dangers great that taſk attend;
"And all the tinſel glory it can lend,
"Is much too weak, too tranſient, and too vain,
"The love of any but of fools to gain.
"Short is our ſpan: and when aloft we ſoar,
"Our paſſions mount too, and ſtill crave for more.
"Contempt of this to learn, I come ſo far,
"With no ambition in ſuch toys to ſhare.
"Farewel! The ſweets of private life be mine:
"Where ſacred Wiſdom, Virtue's pow'r divine,
"And Virtue's offspring Hope, ſhall crown the bliſs
"I look for in a life ſucceeding this.
"Here centre all my views; this calms the fears,
"And ſmooths the paſſage of declining years.
"No crown I ſeek: if ought a wiſh could raiſe,
"Theſe ſhould attend the ev'ning of my days!"
"In one petition all to *Mentor* join'd—
"Tell us thou wiſeſt, greateſt of mankind,
"Tell us who all depend upon your voice;
"And kindly deign to influence our choice.
"For never ſhall you leave the *Cretan* ſhore,
"Till taught by you we fix the Sov'reign pow'r."

He anſwer'd meek—" While yet unmark'd I ſtood,
" And in the crowd the public paſtime view'd,
" A certain Sage I ſaw, and much approv'd;
" Who gaz'd with others, but appear'd unmov'd:
" Active and ſtrong, though far advanc'd in years,
" *Ariſtodemus* is the name he bears.
" I heard, when one inform'd this aged ſire,
" That both his ſons would to the Crown aſpire:
" This gave him no delight, he anſwer'd mild,
" No cares, like theſe, he wiſh'd his fav'rite child;
" Nor could the other for his King approve,
" 'Twas inconſiſtent with his country's love.
" Hence I inferr'd, that virtuous acts alone
" Had caus'd th' affection for this fav'rite ſon:
" And that, with equal dignity of ſoul,
" He dar'd the other's vices to controul.
" This made me curious, if I could, to hear
" What life he led, what character might bear?
" A citizen of your's, then near at hand,
" Thus anſwer'd my inquiſitive demand.
" Long time a ſoldier hath he ſhone in war,
" His body mark'd with many an honeſt ſcar;
" But that unſhaken virtue which abhorr'd
" To fawn, and crouch, grew hateful to his lord.
" *Idomeneus* refus'd his arms t' employ,
" Or uſe his ſervice in the ſiege of *Troy*.
" He fear'd the man whoſe high deſerts he knew,
" Nor could reſolve his counſels to purſue;
" Was jealous of the fame he ſhould admire,
" And all that glory he would ſoon acquire;
" Forgot his ſervices, however great,
" And left him here in miſerable ſtate;
" Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by that luxurious herd,
" Who, foes to virtue, nought but wealth preferr'd.
" Content with indigence, his wretched lot,
" He chearful lives, improves a diſtant ſpot:
" With labour cultivates the ſcanty ſoil,
" His eldeſt ſon the partner of his toil.

IMITATION.

Verſe 227, *Ter. Andr.*

" Here

" Here mutual love and mutual concord reign,
" A frugal induſtry can both maintain:
" They taſte ſecurely, and devoid of ſtrife,
" Whate'er is needful in a private life.
" This venerable man, if ought redound,
" With care beſtows it on the poor around;
" Inures their youth to induſtry and pains,
" Forms all their morals—their affection gains:
" Exhorts, decides whatever feuds appear;
" The common father of each houſhold near.
" His ſole misfortune is a ſecond ſon,
" Whoſe tow'ring pride will counſel take of none.
" A while his vices to correct he ſtrove,
" Now ſhakes him off unworthy of his love:
" In ev'ry folly doth he bear a part,
" While fond ambition hath poſſeſt his heart.
" With due regard, ye *Cretans*, then attend,
" You beſt can tell if rightly I commend.
" If juſt the portrait, wherefore were your ſports?
" Why call ye foreigners from diſtant Courts?
" Lo! in the midſt of you a man appears,
" Who knows you well, whom you have known
" for years;
" A ſkilful ſoldier, with a valiant heart,
" Not only proof againſt each hoſtile dart,
" But whom ev'n poverty could ne'er ſubdue,
" Who ſeeks no riches with a ſordid view,
" Will uſe no flatt'ry to obtain his end;
" To toil, and virtuous induſtry, a friend.
" Who knows how huſbandry improves a ſtate,
" Abhors the pride of the luxurious great;
" Sees ev'n his children with impartial eyes,
" Loves one for Virtue, and one blames for Vice;
" Strange to that fondneſs which ſome parents feel,
" And form'd already for the public weal.
" Behold your proper King, unleſs in vain
" You make pretence that *Minos'* laws ſhall reign."
The crowd again in ſhouts their zeal diſplay;
" *Ariſtodemus* is the man you ſay,
" Theſe are his merits which we gladly own,
" And hold him worthy to aſcend the Throne."

The Chiefs gave inſtant order he be ſought;
Lo! from the meaneſt of the tribes he's brought:
And, when proclaim'd, thus ſpake, ſedate and cool,
" On theſe conditions only will I rule:
" Firſt, that full leave be giv'n me to retire
" Ere in full courſe two circling years expire,
" If no improvements merit your applauſe,
" Or you be found reluctant to the laws.
" The next is this: I earneſtly implore,
" Plain be my diet, frugal as before!
" The third and laſt: Permit me to enjoin
" My ſons in no ſuperior rank may ſhine;
" That, whenſoever I return to earth,
" Their merit may commend them, not their birth."
Here paus'd the Prince elect;—repeated cries
Burſt from a thouſand throats, and rend the ſkies;
The chief of all theſe Senators renown'd,
Who guard the law, *Ariſtodemus* crown'd:
Victims were offer'd to almighty *Jove*,
And other great divinities above.
Great were the preſents he on us beſtow'd
(Not ſuch as Royal ſplendour might have ſhew'd)
But nobly plain. To *Haz'el* he ordain'd
The laws of *Minos* written with his hand,
The *Cretan* hiſt'ry from its earlieſt ſtage,
The reign of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age.
Nor ſtopp'd he thus, but order'd him aboard
The beſt of fruits his iſland could afford:
Delicious plants unknown to *Syrian* land,
And bade whate'er he wanted to command.
When now we ſeem'd impatient of delay,
He ſent us robes, proviſions for the way,

NOTE.

Verſe 300, Ariſtodemus *crown'd*—By the word diadem in the original is meant, a bandage of linen wreathed round the forehead of the ancient Kings, particularly the Eaſtern Kings, and over the tiara. The *Perſian* diadem we are told was purple and white: and to place this on the Monarch's head was eſteemed the greateſt honour a ſubject could enjoy.

A ſumptuous

A ſumptuous galley well prepar'd with oars,
And arms, and men, and military ſtores.
Juſt then for *Ithaca* th' expected gale
Propitious roſe, and ſpread the ſwelling ſail.
But that which help'd us in ſo kind a ſort
Detain'd ſtill *Haz'el* in the *Cretan* port.
He ſaw us launch, embrac'd us o'er and o'er,
His deareſt friends he ſhould behold no more.
" Ye righteous Gods look down," ſaid he, " with grace
" On love like ours that's fix'd on Virtue's baſe!
" A day will come when we again ſhall meet,
" In fair Elyſium, and thoſe manſions ſweet,
" Where pious ſouls (when death and danger's paſt)
" No more divided, endleſs peace ſhall taſte.
" Grant Heav'n! whenever we ſhall ceaſe to live,
" The ſelf ſame urn our aſhes may receive!"
The trickling tears now witneſs'd his diſtreſs,
Sighs choak'd his voice; nor more could he expreſs.
Myſelf and *Mentor* our endearments blend;
Then ſeek the ſhip, conducted by our friend.
Ariſtodemus now remain'd alone:
" Obſerve," he cried, " you rais'd me to the throne:
" You firſt exalted me to regal ſtate,
" O think what dangers on that office wait.
" O beg of ev'ry Deity in Heav'n,
" From them ſuch ſhare of Wiſdom may be giv'n,
" That as in pow'r all others I excel,
" I may ſurpaſs them too in acting well!
" My conſtant pray'r ſhall be—that by the hand
" They ſafe conduct you to your native land,
" Confound the inſolence of ev'ry foe,
" Give you ſubſtantial happineſs to know;
" Till in the end triumphant ſhall be ſeen
" *Ulyſſes* reigning with his virtuous Queen.
" My dear *Telemachus*, the ſhip I ſend
" Has arms, and men which may your cauſe defend;
" Will all aſſiſt you, will partake your cares,
" And free your Mother from the wrongs ſhe bears.

" Your

" Your wiſdom, *Mentor*, nothing can require;
" And to enrich you were a fond deſire.
" Go, virtuous pair, together happy live!
" Yet think on me if happineſs arrive.
" And if at *Crete* your wants be ever known,
" While I have life, your cauſe ſhall be my own."
He ſaid, and held us in a fond embrace,
While tears of gratitude bedew'd our face.
And now the breezes which our ſail diſtend
In earneſt ſeem'd our voyage to befriend.
The *Cretan* ſhores ſoon vaniſh'd from our ſight,
Already *Ida* leſſen'd in its height.
The *Grecian* Coaſt, of which a glimpſe we gain,
Advancing ſeem'd to meet us in the main.
When lo! a tempeſt cover'd all the ſky;
Old *Ocean* threaten'd, and his waves ran high.
The Sun obſcur'd, his golden beam withdrew,
And inſtant death preſented to our view.
'Twas you, great Emp'ror of the azure main,
You *Neptune* did this hurricane ordain,
Whoſe pow'rful trident this convulſion made,
And ſummon'd all the waters to your aid.
For *Venus* to revenge the ſlight we ſhew'd
At fair *Cythera*, where ſuch numbers bow'd,
Aroſe in haſte the wat'ry God to find,
And to diſcharge the burthen of her mind.
All bath'd in tears her beauteous eyes were ſeen,
And thus indignant ſpake the *Cyprian* Queen.
(So *Mentor* hath inform'd, to whom is giv'n
To know whatever appertains to Heav'n.)
" Will *Neptune* ſtand with calm indiff'rence by,
" While impious mortals ſhall my pow'r defy?
" And ſhall theſe miſcreants thus unpuniſh'd live,
" When Gods themſelves my Deity perceive?
" Yet they have ventur'd to condemn my rites,
" And mock that worſhip which my heart delights.
" Some ſtrange ſuperior wiſdom they pretend,
" Call Love a folly, and refuſe to bend.
" And are you too unmindful of my worth,
" Can you forget that hence I drew my birth?
" Ariſe, and ſink them ('tis a daughter cries)
" Ten thouſand fathom in the vaſt abyſs."

She

She ſpake; and *Neptune* lifts his trident high;
He ſmote the waves, and ſwell'd them to the ſky.
Well pleas'd the Goddeſs ſaw the promis'd aid,
And thought no prudence could the wreck evade.
Our Pilot in diſtreſs now roar'd aloud
That ſuch a wind was not to be withſtood.
The ſhip, unable to reſiſt the ſhocks,
Would ſtraight be forc'd upon the pointed rocks.
Our mizen maſt was ſhiver'd at a blow,
The griding rocks next enter'd us below:
On ev'ry ſide th' o'erwhelming floods prevail,
The found'ring veſſel could no longer ſail.
In ſore diſmay with lamentable cries
The dying mariners invade the ſkies.
Claſping my deareſt *Mentor*, "Lo!" ſaid I,
"Our end is come, then valiant let us die.
"The Gods that oft from danger ſet us clear,
"Had this in view that we ſhould periſh here.
"Then welcome death! nor is the comfort ſmall
"That in the arms of *Mentor* I ſhall fall.
"All hopes that we can live, and conqueſt gain
"O'er all theſe warring elements, are vain."
He anſwer'd brief—"The ſoul that's truly brave
"In all misfortunes ſome reſource will have.
"'Tis not ſufficient that we calm receive
"Whenever death the fatal ſtroke ſhall give;
"We muſt undaunted ev'ry means explore,
"Uſe all endeavours to repel his pow'r.
"Seize we this plank on which the rowers ſat,
"And (while thus idly they regret their fate)
"Loſe we no time which Heav'n indulgent gives,
"But ſtrive our utmoſt to preſerve our lives."
This ſaid, with looks diſpatchful and in haſte
A ſharpen'd ax he rais'd to cut the maſt:
Which broke already o'er the bark was laid,
And to the water's edge one ſide had weigh'd.
With toil he heav'd, he threw the cumbrous load,
Then leap'd at once amidſt the raging flood;
And urg'd me likewiſe to perform the ſame,
My courage rais'd, and call'd me by my name.
As when conſpiring winds with rudeſt gale
O'er ſome broad oak well rooted would prevail;

Which

Which ſtill unmov'd the mighty ſhock receives,
And feels their force in nothing but its leaves;
Juſt ſo did *Mentor* with undaunted mind
Unruffled ſeem to rule both waves and wind.
His great example eager I purſue;
Rous'd by that voice, who could not venture too?
Thus ſteer'd we well our maſt, and brav'd the wind;
And happy for us this ſupport to find.
Secure we ſat: had ſwimming been requir'd,
Our ſtrength had fail'd; and we had ſoon expir'd.
Yet frequent turns the furious tempeſt gave,
And deep immerſt us in the briny wave:
Through noſe and ears the nauſeous waters paſt,
Largely we drank, though dreadful was the taſte.
Oft times conſtrain'd in fierce diſpute to meet,
And combat hard the floods, to gain our ſeat.
And oft a billow mountain-high was roll'd
To waſh us headlong ſhould we quit our hold.
While thus a deſp'rate conflict we maintain,
Mentor, as now upon this flow'ry plain,
Serene, and undiſturb'd, with mind at reſt,
Propos'd his queſtions, and his thoughts expreſt.
"Can you, my dear *Telemachus*, believe
"That all at mercy of theſe ſtorms you live?
"Or they to hurt you can ſufficient prove
"Unleſs commiſſion'd by the Gods above?
"No. Reſt aſſur'd thoſe Beings ever bleſt
"Diſpoſe of all things as it likes them beſt.
"To them then ſhould we bend, them only fear,
"The raging ocean is not worth our care.
"For ſink you now into the boundleſs main,
"Almighty *Jove* can draw you forth again.
"Or upward ſoar to yon etherial ſky,
"And tread thoſe ſtars which form the galaxy,
"His hand to this abyſs can bring you back,
"Or hurl you headlong to the *Stygian* lake."
Admiring heard I all he did relate,
It gave ſome comfort in this wretched ſtate.
But yet my ſpirits were too weak to riſe,
And give an anſwer to diſcourſe ſo wiſe.
No longer now could each his friend behold,
Trembling, and half expiring with the cold:

In

In ſore diſtreſs the tedious night we paſt,
Uncertain where this dreadful ſtorm would caſt.
At length the winds abate, the falling flood
Still murmur'd hoarſely, but no longer loud.
As when ſome angry churl hath ſpent his fire
(His fury juſt beginning to expire)
Still on his ruffled front ſome remnant wears
Of fierce emotions, and diſquiet airs;
So roar'd the ſea. The waves we now beheld
Were but as furrows in a new-plough'd field.
Lo! roſy-finger'd Morn, with aſpect bright,
For *Phœbus* had unbarr'd the gates of light:
The ruddy Eaſt all flaming with his ray,
Fair omen gave us of a glorious day.
The ſtars ſo long obſcur'd now fear'd t'encroach,
But ſcarce appear'd and fled at his approach.
Far off we ſaw the wiſh'd-for land appear,
And, aided by the wind, we ſoon drew near.
I felt my heart exult with courage new,
But none perceiv'd we of our wretched crew:
Who fainting ſunk, we judg'd, in endleſs ſleep,
And with their ſhip were buried in the deep.
When juſt at hand we view'd the promis'd ſhore,
Directly down upon the rocks we bore.
(So great the vi'lence of the rapid waves)
And had we ſtruck them, we had found our graves.
But with uncommon ſkill my worthy friend
The maſt directed, and preſents its end:
Th' experienc'd Pilot, with his helm in hand,
Not more diſcreetly could his courſe command.
Thus 'ſcap'd we from the rocks, though rudely toſt,
And found this hoſpitable, quiet coaſt;
Where at our eaſe we ſkimm'd the liquid flood,
Till quite ſecurely on the beach we ſtood.
'Twas here, great Goddeſs, that you firſt perceiv'd
Our ſad condition, and our wants reliev'd:
That you, whoſe ſway doth o'er this iſle extend,
Firſt condeſcended to become our friend.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Calypso *is ſtruck with admiration at* Telemachus *from the account of his Adventures, and employs every means to detain him in her Iſland, by engaging him in an amorous intrigue with herſelf.* Mentor *ſupports him by his remonſtrances againſt the artifices of that Goddeſs, and againſt* Cupid, *whom* Venus *had brought to her aſſiſtance. Notwithſtanding which* Telemachus *and the Nymph* Eucharius *entertain a mutual paſſion for each other: which at firſt excites the jealouſy of* Calypso, *and afterwards her indignation againſt thoſe two lovers. She ſwears by* Styx *that* Telemachus *ſhall leave her Iſland:* Cupid *goes to comfort her, and prevails upon her Nymphs to ſet fire to a veſſel built by* Mentor, *juſt as* Mentor *was hurrying away* Telemachus *in order to embark.* Telemachus *feels a ſecret joy at ſeeing the Veſſel in flames.* Mentor, *who perceived it, puſhed him headlong into the Sea, and jumped himſelf after him to gain, by ſwimming, another Veſſel which he obſerved near that Coaſt.*

THE beauteous Nymphs that form'd the circle round,
And view'd attentive, when an end they found
Gave now full licence to their tongues confin'd,
Gaz'd on each other and diſclos'd their mind.
" What mortals theſe to whom ſuch Virtue's giv'n,
" So much the fav'rites, and delight of Heav'n?
" Did e'er Adventures to this height ariſe,
" Or ſo abound with wonder and ſurprize?

IMITATION.

Verſe 7. *Virg. Æn.* 4.

" *Ulyſſes*

" *Ulyſſes'* Son doth all mankind excel
" In Wiſdom, Valour, and in ſpeaking well.
" What beauty! ſweetneſs, what a godlike mien!
" What modeſt worth and Majeſty is ſeen!
" If well we knew not his terreſtrial race,
" He might for *Bacchus*, or for *Hermes* paſs:
" Nay ſuch a ſhape, and ſuch a lovely air
" *Apollo's* ſelf might not diſdain to wear.
" But what this *Mentor?* Is he not as great?
" Plain in appearance, and of low eſtate;
" Yet nearer view'd, he ſtrangely wins our mind,
" And ſeems of rank ſuperior to mankind."
Calypſo heard them thus their thoughts reveal,
And felt a pain not eaſy to conceal:
Her piercing eyes inceſſantly ſhe roll'd,
Each gueſt by turns more nicely to behold.
Full oft ſhe wiſh'd *Telemachus* would deign
His ſtrange adventures to recite again:
Then on the ſudden tender grew, and frail,
And roſe herſelf to interrupt his tale.
At length, abruptly, to the Myrtle Grove
Alone ſhe led the object of her love;

NOTES.

Verſe 14, *He might for* Bacchus *or for* Hermes—*Bacchus* the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Semele*, daughter of *Cadmus* King of *Thebes*, was worſhipped in a particular manner, his victims being either aſſes or he goats; to ſignify the ſtupidity and laſciviouſneſs of thoſe given to much wine. The fable of his untimely birth, and being ſewed into *Jupiter's* thigh, took its riſe, according to *Diodorus Siculus*, from the preſervation of him and his army, on Mount *Meros* in *India*; from the contagious diſtempers which raged in the plains about them. For μηρος in *Greek* ſignifying a thigh, this was hint ſufficient to the heathen Mythologiſts. *Hermes* or *Mercury* was ſon of *Jupiter* and *Maia*, the daughter of *Atlas*. He was the Meſſenger of Heaven, and the God of Eloquence, Commerce, and Thieves.

Verſe 16, *Apollo's* ſelf—Son of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, the God of Medicine, Muſic, Poetry, and Divination.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 11, Id. ib.
Verſe 25, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

There tried all arts, and burn'd to be advis'd
If *Mentor* were no Deity diſguis'd?
From him, alas! no full account ſhe heard:
For *Pallas*, who in *Mentor*'s form appear'd,
Repos'd not truſt ſufficient in his youth
T'unveil her perſon, or diſcloſe the truth.
Beſide ſhe aim'd, by toils of ev'ry kind,
To bring to proof the virtue of his mind:
And were he able now to underſtand
Minerva's prudent aid ſo near at hand,
With raſh attempt he might his danger court,
Too much elated with this great ſupport.
For *Mentor* then ſhe paſs'd; *Calypſo*, aw'd,
In vain endeavoured to detect the fraud.
Meanwhile th' aſſembled Nymphs, a Synod bright,
All queſtion'd *Mentor* with extreme delight.
"In *Ethiopia* what the cares he knew?
"What ſaw in *Damas* worthy of his view?
"And did *Ulyſſes* ſuch a friend enjoy
"Before the ſiege and fatal end of *Troy*?"
He anſwer'd all moſt affable and kind;
His words, though plain, ſhew'd elegance of mind.
Not long *Calypſo* ſtay'd, but quick return'd,
And put a ſtop to all they would have learn'd.
While to amuſe *Telemachus* they ſtrove,
Cull'd ev'ry flow'r, and warbled ſongs of love,
The ſubtil Goddeſs *Mentor* led apart,
To make him ſpeak the ſecrets of his heart.
Sleep lights not ſweeter with a vapour kind
On eyes and limbs of ſome o'er-labour'd hind,
Than did her ſoft inſinuating ſtyle
Now aim the ſoul of *Mentor* to beguile.
But ſomething ſtill, no language can explain,
Mock'd all her charms; made all her efforts vain.
As when a craggy rock the tempeſt braves,
And to the clouds his tow'ring head upheaves;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 56, *Virg. Ecl.* 2.
Verſe 65, *Virg. Æn.* 10.

So

So *Mentor* firmly to his purpoſe held,
Th' attempt permitted, but would never yield.
Sometimes a glimm'ring hope he would afford
And purpoſely let fall th' unguarded word:
She to embarraſs tried her utmoſt art,
And thought to drain the ſecret from his heart:
But in a moment facts which plain appear
Were all illuſion, and were loſt in air.
One ſhort reply could ev'ry pain reſtore
And make her ſtill uncertain as before.
Thus anxious paſt ſhe many an irkſome day,
With flatt'ry ſmooth oft aiming to betray,
And wean *Telemachus* from that regard
He ow'd to *Mentor*, whoſe reſerve ſhe fear'd.
Her faireſt Nymphs were order'd to inſpire
His youthful breaſt, and kindle am'rous fire.
A Pow'r ſuperior from on high too came,
Brought aid to her, and fuel to the flame.
For *Venus*, who ſtill harbour'd in her breaſt
A deep reſentment of the ſlight profeſt
(When *Mentor* and his ward on *Cyprus'* ſhore
Preſum'd her vot'ries folly to deplore)
Saw with diſdain that two of mortal kind
Had 'ſcap'd ev'n *Neptune* with his waves and wind.
At *Jove*'s ſublime tribunal ſhe appear'd,
And bitter plaint againſt them both preferr'd.
The Godhead ſmil'd (unwilling to declare
Minerva's fraud, who made the youth her care)
And gave her leave all methods to purſue,
T'avenge on both th' indignities ſhe knew.
Swift from the realms above the Goddeſs flew,
(The harneſs'd doves her ſplendid chariot drew.)
Unmindful now that incenſe to receive
Cythera, *Paphos*, or *Idalia* give.
Then thus addreſs'd her Son, with beauteous face
That witneſs'd grief, yet bloom'd with ev'ry grace.
" Seeſt thou, my *Cupid*, theſe of mortal line
" That ſpurn at your Divinity, and mine?
" By whom henceforth will altars e'er be rais'd?
" By whom will *Venus* or will Love be prais'd?

IMITATION.
Verſe 106, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" This inſtant pierce them with your ſharpeſt darts,
" Inſix the wound in their obdurate hearts:
" Together light we on this flow'ry coaſt,
" *Calypſo*'s Iſle, whom I will now accoſt."
She ſaid, and inſtant cut the yielding air;
A golden cloud upheld the rapid car.
Calypſo now diſcons'late and alone,
Some little diſtance from her grot was gone;
When *Venus* ſtood confeſt upon the lawn
Hard by a fountain where ſhe ſat withdrawn.
" Unhappy Nymph," ſhe ſaid, " too hard you
" prove
" The force of ſad Ingratitude in love.
" *Ulyſſes* ſcorn'd you firſt: his baſer Son
" The ſame career hath cruelly begun.
" But *Cupid* is himſelf become your friend,
" Will fight your battles, and your cauſe defend.
" I leave him with you till your point you gain,
" Here ſhall he dwell amidſt your virgin train:
" As mighty *Bacchus* liv'd content a while,
" Inſtructed by the Nymphs of *Naxos* Iſle.
" Here ſhall *Telemachus* the boy behold,
" Fearleſs careſs as one of common mould,
" But ſoon perceive in his unguarded heart,
" The pow'r of love, and his envenom'd dart."

NOTE.

Verſe 126, *Inſtructed by the Nymphs of* Naxos *Iſle*—*Naxos* is one of the iſlands called *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, and received its name from a *Phœnician* word which ſignifies a Sacrifice; on account of the many ſacrifices there offered to *Bacchus*. The ſtory of his being there educated by the Nymphs, probably aroſe from the excellence of the wines in that country, which are eſteemed to this day as ſome of the beſt of the *Levant*. Theſe Nymphs, we are told, were afterwards tranſlated to Heaven, and changed into the conſtellation called *Iliades*. Their names were *Philias*, *Coronis*, and *Cleidis*. Near *Naxos* is a rock, on which is ſtill to be ſeen a beautiful marble Gate, ſuppoſed to be part of that magnificent Temple which the *Naxians* erected in honour of *Bacchus*. And we are told that ſo late as in the year 1547, were to be ſeen the Conduits which conveyed the wine from *Naxos* into the cellars of the Temple.

This

This ſaid, again ſhe mounts the golden car,
Ambroſial fragrance fill'd the ambient air.
The ſtripling Love now fill'd *Calypſo*'s arms,
Whoſe boſom ſoon perceiv'd his fierce alarms.
To eaſe the ſad diſquiet of her mind,
She ſoon the God to *Eucharis* conſign'd:
Alas! how oft hereafter did ſhe grieve
She ſuch a preſent to that Nymph ſhould give!
Nought ſeem'd at firſt ſo innocent, ſo mild,
So fair, ſo briſk, ſo lovely as this child.
To ſee him ſportive ſmiles perpetual wear,
You'd think he pleaſure could alone confer:
But fondled once, you felt the growing pain
And deadly poiſon creep through ev'ry vein.
The treach'rous Urchin would theſe ſweets diſplay
With nothing elſe in view but to betray.
No dimpled ſmiles appear upon his cheeks,
But when he miſchief or performs, or ſeeks.
In *Mentor*'s preſence ſhunn'd he to appear,
Aw'd and diſcourag'd by that front ſevere:
He found this wondrous ſtranger had an heart
Would give no entrance to his keeneſt dart.
But for the Nymphs—too quickly were they fir'd
With all the flames this counterfeit inſpir'd.
Yet carefully conceal'd what ſorely preſt,
And kept the wound ſtill rankling in their breaſt.
The blooming boy *Telemachus* ſurvey'd
As thus diſporting with the Nymphs he ſtray'd;
Held on his knees, embrac'd him in his arms;
Struck with his ſweetneſs, and uncommon charms.
Meanwhile his heart diſquieted was grown,
And ſecret griev'd; th' occaſion yet unknown.
He found his cares increaſe, his firmneſs fail,
Delights, though innocent, could nought avail.
When thus to *Mentor*—"Seeſt thou, deareſt friend,
"What beauteous Nymphs their glorious Queen
"attend?

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 132, *Virg. Georg.* 4.
Verſe 136, *Eurip. in Med.* 630.
Verſe 159, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" How widely diff'rent from thoſe *Cyprian* dames
" Whoſe vile Immodeſty their beauty ſhames?
" Theſe heav'nly maids preſerve a decent air,
" Their manners plain, their face divinely fair."
He ceas'd—th' unlook'd-for bluſh had dy'd his cheek,
Expreſſion fail'd him, though he burn'd to ſpeak:
Abrupt, obſcure was ev'ry ſentence heard,
And void of reaſon frequently appear'd.
" Unhappy youth," grave *Mentor* interpos'd,
" Leſs dangers far has *Cyprus* Iſle diſclos'd
" (If fairly here the parallel you drew)
" Than what you thus ſo fearleſsly purſue.
" For bare-fac'd Vice with horror fills our minds,
" And brutal boldneſs juſt reſentment finds:
" But modeſt beauty will more dang'rous prove,
" Admiring this, we Virtue ſeem to love;
" Yet tread on embers in a deſp'rate ſtate,
" And ſcarce perceive it, till 'tis all too late.
" Fly, fly the perils which would youth deſtroy:
" But moſt avoid this undiſtinguiſh'd boy.
" 'Tis he, 'tis *Cupid*, whoſe reſiſtleſs pow'r
" *Venus* hath late conducted to this ſhore;
" To ſate her vengeance for your ſcorn expreſt,
" Who at *Cythera* dar'd her rites deteſt.
" *Calypſo*'s heart already doth he move,
" Of you enamour'd lo! ſhe pines for love.
" And farther ſtill the ſpreading flames aſcend,
" Catch ev'ry Nymph that doth her ſteps attend:
" Yourſelf, *Telemachus*, have felt the fires,
" Though yet a ſtranger to your own deſires."
" Ah! fix we thus," he interrupting roſe,
" Why taſte not here an elegant repoſe?
" No longer life can dear *Ulyſſes* keep,
" Long ſince defunct, and buried in the deep.
" *Penelope* herſelf muſt ceaſe to mourn,
" When neither Son nor Huſband ſhall return:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 172, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 195, *Hor. Epod.* 14.

" No

" No more her glorious purpoſe will purſue,
" Too weak that crowd of ſuitors to ſubdue.
" Her father *Ic'rus* will conſent afford,
" Nay force her to accept another Lord.
" Shall I, to *Ithaca* returning, view
" Her thus engaging in alliance new;
" Falſe to my Father, and his Royal houſe;
" And baſely breaking all her former vows?
" Beſides, *Ulyſſes* is forgot by all;
" And by returning we are ſure to fall.
" This point ſecuring, her licentious Court?
" Have ſtopp'd up ev'ry avenue to port."
" Behold," ſaid *Mentor*, " what effects we find
" When paſſion hoodwinks, and transforms the
" mind.
" All aids we ſeek which for our purpoſe make,
" But on oppoſing Reaſon turn our back:
" Then manifeſt we moſt our art and ſkill,
" When ſtifling thought, and liſt'ning to our will.
" Have you ungrateful baniſh'd ev'ry thought
" Of all kind Heav'n hath in your favour wrought?
" The means it took your country to reſtore,
" And how you parted from *Sicilia*'s ſhore?
" How in a trice to affluence you grew,
" From all the ſorrows you in *Egypt* knew?
" What hand unſeen did then your life ſupport,
" When danger threaten'd from the *Tyrian* Court?
" Great object thus of providential care,
" Can you be blind to what the Fates prepare?
" But wherefore is my time or counſel giv'n
" To one unworthy all the gifts of Heav'n?
" Adieu! I'll leave this abject ſlave behind,
" And ſoon for my retreat the means ſhall find.
" Baſe offſpring of a ſire ſo wiſe, ſo good,
" Stay here, the ſcandal of all noble blood!
" Live you with girls in infamy, and eaſe;
" And act what follies ſhall your fancy pleaſe.
" Here, ſpight of Heav'n, perform without a fear
" What great *Ulyſſes* muſt be ſhock'd to hear."
Reproach ſo keen, with ſo much ſcorn expreſt,
Made deep inciſions in his tender breaſt.

Aſham'd,

Aſham'd, and griev'd, he felt its utmoſt force;
And *Mentor* ſaw him melt with this diſcourſe.
He fear'd t' offend, and great impatience ſhew'd
At loſs of him to whom ſo much he ow'd.
Yet ſtill the novel paſſion kept its flame,
Strange to the cauſe, he was no more the ſame,
While trickling tears bedew'd his lovely cheek,
With fault'ring accent he preſum'd to ſpeak:
" Count you as nothing, that this heav'nly pow'r
" Immortal life has proffer'd for her dow'r?"
" 'Tis nought," ſaid *Mentor*, " from whatever hands,
" When Virtue's injur'd, and divine commands.
" Virtue recalls you to your native ſeat,
" The great *Ulyſſes* and his Queen to meet.
" Virtue forbids t'indulge a paſſion vain:
" And ev'ry God that reſcu'd you from pain
" (To make you one day ſhine with equal fire)
" Now warns you hence, to emulate your ſire.
" 'Tis love alone can diſappoint your fame,
" The tyrant love inducing nought but ſhame.
" Alas! what gain you by a length of days
" In change for Virtue, Liberty, and Praiſe?
" Eternal life will as a plague attend,
" Still more unbleſt becauſe it knows no end."
Here breath'd *Telemachus* a tender ſigh,
And hardly preſs'd had little to reply.
Sometimes reſolv'd appear'd he to deſire
Mentor himſelf would force him to retire;
Then wiſh'd that monitor remov'd from ſight,
Who plac'd his failings in ſo ſtrong a light.
On ev'ry ſide by various thoughts diſtreſt,
And all unfix'd his fluctuating breaſt,
A ſtrange commotion in his ſoul he finds,
Like ruffled ſeas when torn by diff'rent winds.
Oft on the beach beſide the ſilver flood,
And oft in covert of ſome dreary wood,

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 255, *Næv. in frag. Cic. Ac. 2.*
Verſe 273, *Virg. Æn. 8.*

With

With ſtreaming eyes ſome quick relief implor'd,
And void of motion like a lion roar'd.
A pining atrophy had ſeiz'd his frame,
His hollow eyes ſhot forth devouring flame.
Thus pale, disfigur'd, and dejected grown,
No mortal eye *Telemachus* had known.
No more that beauty, and thoſe charms were ſeen;
That lively air, and that majeſtic mien;
But as a flower which, at early dawn,
Expands its ſweets o'er all th' adjoining lawn,
Yet at the cloſe of each departing day,
Its colours feel a gradual decay;
Its fair enamel loſt, its moiſture fled,
Then ſickly falls, and droops its beauteous head;
So pale, ſo languid all his beauties grow,
He ſeem'd as ſinking to the ſhades below.
Th' unequal conflict *Mentor* ſoon perceiv'd,
How all in vain he ſtrove to be reliev'd,
And wiſdom quickly could a thought ſuggeſt
T' evade the danger and ſecure his reſt.
He ſaw the youth had gain'd *Calypſo*'s love,
While *Eucharis* alone his heart could move.
(For Love, tremendous Pow'r, to plague mankind,
Rarely permits them juſt returns to find.)
Mentor reſolv'd then inſtantly to fire
Calypſo's heart, and jealouſies inſpire.
The beauteous *Eucharis* had fix'd the place,
And call'd the royal youth t' attend the chace;
When *Mentor* artfully his doubts propos'd,
And to *Calypſo* thus his thoughts diſclos'd;
" With ſecret wonder have I late beheld
" Our youthful hero's fondneſs for the field.
" Unmark'd before, it ſeems alone his bliſs,
" And ev'ry pleaſure now gives way to this.
" The barren hills, and wide-extended waſte,
" Have charms now wholly to engroſs his taſte.
" Say, Goddeſs, is it you theſe thoughts inſpire,
" And raiſe this unaccountable deſire?"

IMITATION.

Verſe 283, *Ter. in Eunuch.*

Calypſo

Calypſo took th' alarm, and felt the pain
Of ranc'rous ſpite; nor longer could contain.
" This hero," ſhe return'd, " who brav'd the joys
" Of *Cyprus* Iſle, and ſtil'd them empty toys,
" Finds now his prudence, and diſcretion ſhort:
" Slave to the meaneſt beauty in my Court.
" How durſt he then, a ſtranger thus to ſhame,
" Pretend to actions of immortal fame?
" Born with a ſoul voluptuous, low, and baſe,
" With girls deſign'd to paſs his wretched days?"
Pleas'd *Mentor* ſaw thoſe cares her boſom tore,
And, to avoid ſuſpicion, ſpake no more.
Yet ſad dejection on his face appear'd
Which ſeem'd to manifeſt the whole ſhe fear'd.
The Goddeſs now her ſecret ſoul unveil'd,
Complain'd, diſcover'd all ſhe e'er beheld.
This chace, and wanton joys, her thoughts engage,
And ſtraight inſpir'd her with a deadly rage.
She knew *Telemachus* this ſport deſign'd
That he, no longer by her Nymphs confin'd,
Might (when all others were at diſtance gone)
Freely converſe with *Eucharis* alone.
A ſecond they propos'd ſhould ſoon ſucceed,
Which well ſhe ſaw might like misfortune breed.
To diſappoint him, and th' intrigue to end,
Herſelf, ſhe ſaid, would now their train attend.
But in a moment theſe reſolves ſhe brake,
And thus tranſported with reſentment ſpake:
" Was it for this then, raſh, preſumptuous boy,
" You hither came to interrupt my joy;
" From *Neptune*'ſcap'd and each avenging pow'r,
" The yawning deep then threatning to devour?
" And found aſylum in my wiſh'd-for port,
" To which all mortals tremble to reſort?
" And come you now, my Deity to prove,
" Deſpiſe my pow'r, and ſcorn my proffer'd love?
" Hear, all ye Gods that rules *Olympus*' height,
" Preſide o'er *Styx*, and reign in realms of night;
" O hear my ſorrows! 'tis a Goddeſs prays:
" Confound a wretch ſo impious, and ſo baſe!
" Since ſtill more harden'd is that guilty breaſt,
" Than ev'n the vile *Ulyſſes* e'er poſſeſt;

" May

" May greateſt plagues your infamy requite,
" And heavier toils accompany your flight!
" O! never, never be ſo kind your lot
" To view again that miſerable ſpot,
" The wretched *Ithaca*, you dar'd to prize
" Before my offer of Immortal joys!
" But rather ſink you in the wat'ry main,
" When firſt a glimpſe of *Ithaca* you gain!
" Your carcaſe vile be ſport of ev'ry wave,
" And hither caſt, be deſtitute of grave;
" While I with ſecret extaſy ſurvey
" When rav'nous vultures on your vitals prey!
" She too, your *Eucharis*, your darling flame,
" In ſore affliction ſhall behold the ſame;
" And while her heart-ſtrings, yea her heart ſhall
" break,
" Her deep deſpair my happineſs ſhall make."
She ſpake; her eyes inflam'd had loſt their grace,
Her looks were wand'ring, never in a place.
Her colour ebb'd and flow'd, and deadly pale,
As when fierce paſſions o'er mankind prevail.
No more thoſe floods of tears could ſhe produce,
Rage and deſpair had ſtopp'd the cryſtal ſluice.
Scarce trickled any down her faded cheek,
Her voice was interrupted, hoarſe, and weak.
Nought 'ſcap'd of this from *Mentor*'s piercing eyes,
No more however would he deign t' adviſe,
But now eſteem'd the Prince in deſp'rate ſtate,
As one to whom all med'cine comes too late.
Yet ſtill ſome ſoft endearments would he feel,
And kindly pity whom he could not heal.
The royal youth perceiv'd with inward ſhame
How much he wrong'd, and had deſerv'd his blame.
Avoided *Mentor*'s ſight with utmoſt art,
Whoſe very ſilence cut him to the heart.
Sometimes he burn'd his kind embrace to meet,
And fall at once repentant at his feet:

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 376, *Ov. Met.* 2. *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 379, *Hor.* 1. *Ode* 13.

When

When lo! a ſtrange unſeaſonable ſhame
Stifled that thought, and to prevent him came.
Beſides he fear'd this great advance to make
Leſt it preclude him from returning back.
For ſweet the danger ſeem'd, and much too frail
His poor reſolves, o'er paſſion to prevail.
Th' Eternal Pow'rs now ſought *Olympus'* hill
And ſat in council on *Calypſo's* iſle;
In ſolemn ſtate aſſembled all to ſee
If *Cupid*, or *Minerva*, victor be.
For Love diſporting all his flames had ſpread
And o'er the Nymphs his pleaſing influence ſhed.
And *Pallas*, who diſguis'd, for conqueſt ſtrove,
Love's handmaid, Jealouſy, oppos'd to love.
Almighty *Jove* determin'd to obſerve
But ne'er from ſtrict neutrality to ſwerve.
Meanwhile the beauteous *Eucharis*, who fear'd
To loſe a captive now ſo much endear'd,
Made uſe of ev'ry ſtratagem and art,
To keep her vict'ry and retain his heart.
She ſwift attends him to his ſecond chace,
Like fair *Diana* deck'd with ev'ry grace.
The *Paphian* Queen and *Cupid* lent her arms,
And round diffus'd innumerable charms.
That day ſhe ſeem'd ſo exquiſitely fair,
Calypſo's ſelf no longer might compare.
Far off the Nymph *Calypſo's* eye purſu'd,
Then in her cleareſt ſpring herſelf ſhe view'd.
And bluſh'd for ſhame to be ſo much outdone,
Or find a form ſuperior to her own.
Back to her grot in private ſhe retir'd,
And ſolitary ſpake as rage inſpir'd.
What, gain I nothing when, with ſo much care,
I ſtrive to interrupt this happy pair?
I ſaid, indeed, I would attend their ſport;
Shall I, in earneſt, to the chace reſort?
Shall charms like mine be foils to *Euch'ris'* face,
Advance her triumph, with mine own diſgrace?

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 420, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 6. *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 424, *Virg. Ecl.* 2. *Ov. Met.* 13.

And

And ſhall *Telemachus* beholding me
Still more enamour'd all her beauties ſee?
Wretch that I am! I muſt not, will not go,
What have I raſhly done t' enhance my woe!
Nor ſhall they go themſelves—the means I'll find
To put a ſtop to all which they deſign'd.
I'll ſearch out *Mentor*, beg him to remove
And bear to *Ithaca* this plague of love.
But oh! how wretched then will be my moan
When he, my dear *Telemachus*, is gone?
Where am I? whither ſhall I hopeleſs turn?
O cruel *Venus!* 'tis from you I mourn.
You firſt deceiv'd—the preſent you deſign'd
Was artful Love, contagious, and unkind.
O Love! when firſt I bar'd my harmleſs breaſt,
I hop'd *Telemachus* would make me bleſt.
But you immers'd me in a ſea of care,
And plung'd me in the lake of black deſpair.
My Nymphs rebel, my Godhead ſerves no end
But ſtill the more my mis'ry to extend.
Oh! were I free with one deciſive blow
To put a period to my life and woe!
But ſince I'm barr'd, by ſad decrees of Fate,
Your blood, *Telemachus*, my rage ſhall ſate.
On you will I revenge th' ungrateful deed,
And *Eucharis* herſelf ſhall ſee you bleed.
But O! *Calypſo*, wherefore doſt thou rave?
What ſink a youth when guiltleſs to the grave?
Whom you yourſelf have thus unhappy made,
For you it was his chaſter thoughts betray'd:
His virgin ſoul you found immenſe in price!
What love of Virtue, and what ſcorn of Vice!
How bravely he declin'd the paths of ſhame!
And was it right to ruin all his fame?
He ſhould have left me then—alas, but how?
Too plain I ſee that he muſt leave me now.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 446, *Virg. Ecl.* 8.
Verſe 453, *Ov. Met.* 1.
Verſe 464. *Racine, Phedr.*

Or, I deſpis'd, inceſſantly muſt grieve
While he for *Eucharis* alone ſhall live.
Juſt are my ſuff'rings—Go then, go in peace,
Go croſs, *Telemachus*, the dang'rous ſeas;
Leave here *Calypſo*, wretched Nymph, to ſigh,
Who cannot live, yet knows not how to die.
Leave her o'erwhelm'd with ſhame, and ſad deſpair,
Th' unhappy victim to that haughty fair.
Thus in her grotto lonely, and diſtreſt,
The wretched Goddeſs all her griefs expreſt.
Then ſwift as light'ning ſtarted from her ſeat,
And thus exclaiming *Mentor* roſe to meet.
Where art thou, *Mentor*, is it thus you guard
Your pupil's breaſt when vices preſs ſo hard?
Supinely ſleeping, and ſecure you're found,
While wakeful *Cupid* walks th' eternal round.
No more with patience can I now behold
That unconcern'dneſs, and indiff'rence cold.
See you ſo calmly great *Ulyſſes'* Son
Reflect diſhonour on his father's throne;
Deſpiſe that glory which his Fates deſign,
Was he entruſted to your care, or mine?
Will you no aid afford, contribute nought,
When I to cure him various ways have ſought?
Remote from hence on borders of this wood,
Vaſt rows of poplar have for ages ſtood,
Fit timber for a fleet. *Ulyſſes* thence
That veſſel fram'd which hath convey'd him hence.
Hard by you'll find a gloomy cavern ſtand
Where proper tools lie ready to your hand,
Each plank to faſhion with proportion neat,
All requiſites to make the work compleat.
She ſpake; but ſoon repented what ſhe ſaid:
He ſeiz'd th' occaſion, and no time delay'd.
Straight to the cave deſcrib'd he ran, he flew,
The various tools preſented to his view:
The ſtately poplars felt the dreadful blow,
The Galley in a day was fit to row.
Small time ſuffic'd to act the greateſt things,
Such *Pallas'* wiſdom, and the pow'r ſhe brings.
Calypſo's ſorrows greatly were enhanc'd,
She burn'd to ſee how *Mentor*'s work advanc'd:

Yet

Yet could not well reſolve to quit the chace,
And leave her rival to the youth's embrace.
Her jealous eyes the happy pair purſue,
Cloſely ſhe watch'd; nor loſt them once from view.
Yet aim'd to guide the paſtime of the field
Where *Mentor* labour'd hard his bark to build,
The ſounding hammer thunder-ſtruck ſhe heard,
At ev'ry blow as frantic ſhe appear'd.
Liſten'd, yet fear'd when thus intent to loſe
Some glance or tender ſign the Prince might uſe.
Meanwhile *Telemachus* her ſlave confeſt,
With tone ſarcaſtic *Eucharis* addreſt:
Preſume you thus to hunt without your guide,
And think you *Mentor* will forbear to chide?
Poor youth! condemn'd that rigid lord to pleaſe,
Whom nothing e'er can ſoften or appeaſe.
All joys alike affects he to diſdain,
So will not bear that you a taſte retain.
Delights, tho' ne'er ſo innocent and good,
Like greateſt crimes, he ſays, muſt be withſtood.
While yet an infant, you might well depend
Upon this wond'rous wiſdom of your friend;
But ſince ſo upright you yourſelf have born,
Methinks, henceforth, a leading-ſtring I'd ſcorn.
Pierc'd was his ſoul, as artful thus ſhe ſpoke,
He hated *Mentor*, and diſdain'd his yoke:
Yet fear'd to ſee him, gave no anſwer back,
For ſecret anguiſh kept him on the rack.
But when the ſun had lengthen'd every ſhade,
Led by the chace as all around they ſtray'd,
At length that corner of the wood they ſpy'd,
Where *Mentor* all the day his work had ply'd.
Far off the Goddeſs ſaw with vaſt ſurprize
The bark compleat: that inſtant o'er her eyes
Suffus'd, began the dark'ning cloud to roll,
Like that which waits on ſome departing ſoul.
Her trembling knees no more their office knew,
Cold clammy ſweats her tender limbs bedew.
Conſtrain'd at length upon thoſe nymphs to lean
That round attend obſequious on their Queen.

IMITATION.

Verſe 549, *Virg. Æn.* 5. *Racine Phedr.*

Firſt *Eucharis*, of all the virgin-band,
To help her Sov'reign, ſtretch'd her lily hand;
She ſternly ſtrove to diſappoint her care,
And backward thruſt her with a threat'ning air.
The youth who now the finiſh'd bark admir'd,
But ſaw not *Mentor* who was juſt retir'd;
Begg'd of the Goddeſs ardently to know,
" If her's, on whom ſhe meant it to beſtow?"
Fault'ring ſhe ſaid, " Tis made by my command
" To waft back *Mentor* to his native land.
" No more that ſtern companion ſhall you fear,
" The grand oppoſer of your fortune here:
" Who views with envy, and with jealous eyes,
" How near your proſpect of immortal joys.
" Will *Mentor* leave me," cry'd *Ulyſſes'* ſon,
" Then am I truly wretched and undone!
" O *Eucharis*, ſhould *Mentor* once be flown,
" On you muſt I depend, and you alone."
He ſpake; tranſported by his boundleſs love,
Nor thinking what the conſequence might prove:
But found his error, when the nymphs around,
Aſtoniſh'd, kept a ſilence moſt profound.
Fair *Eucharis* appear'd with downcaſt eyes,
The riſing bluſhes witneſs'd her ſurprize;
No longer dar'd ſhe to approach her Queen,
But all confus'd and hindmoſt was ſhe ſeen.
Yet though her lovely cheek vermilion dy'd,
Her heart exulted with a ſecret pride:
The youth himſelf was ſtruck, could ſcarce believe
So indiſcreet an anſwer he ſhould give.
It ſeem'd a meer illuſion and a dream,
But ſuch as might with ills unnumber'd teem.
With rage leſs fierce the lioneſs is ſtung,
Deſpoil'd and plunder'd of her tawny young,
Than now *Calypſo*; ſwiftly thro' the wood
She heedleſs fled, no certain path purſu'd.
At length arriving at the palace-gate,
Where *Mentor* ſtood, her preſence to await;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 550, *Virg. Æn.* 3.
Verſe 585, *Virg. Georg.* 3. *Hom. Il.* 18.

" Begone,"

" Begone," ſhe cry'd, " ye ſtrangers, quit this
" ſhore;
" Enough have you diſturb'd—I'll bear no more.
" Far from my ſight this fooliſh boy convey!
" And, you imprudent dotard, hence away!
" Within theſe hallow'd bounds remain an hour,
" And feel the weight of my offended pow'r.
" I'll ſee no more, nor ſhall a nymph of mine
" Preſume in converſe with that wretch to join.
" By all th' Infernal Gods, by *Styx* I ſwear;
" That dreadful oath which Gods themſelves revere!
" Yet take *Telemachus* this laſt adieu!
" Hear, while I tell what troubles ſhall enſue.
" Ungrateful youth, this happy ſeat you loſe,
" And fall afreſh into a thouſand woes.
" I'll be aveng'd, and ſoon; will ſee your pain,
" While you *Calypſo* ſhall regret in vain.
" *Neptune*, offended with your father's pride,
" (Who, when in *Sicily*, his pow'r defy'd)
" And rous'd by her whom you at *Cyprus* dar'd,
" Hath other tempeſts, other ſtorms prepar'd.
" *Ulyſſes*, ſtill alive, ſhall you behold,
" But not diſcern, or in your arms infold.
" Nor e'er reviſit home, till firſt you ſup
" And drain the dregs of Fortune's bitt'reſt cup.
" Begone! And you Eternal Pow'rs above
" Be ready to avenge my injur'd love!
" May'ſt thou ſuſpended on ſome pointed rock,
" Amidſt the waves, abide the thunder-ſtroke,
" There, fruitleſsly, implore my pow'r to eaſe,
" While I ſhall laugh as agonies increaſe."
Enrag'd ſhe ſpake. But ſoon her tortur'd breaſt
Far diff'rent thoughts, and oppoſite poſſeſt.
The flames of love rekindled in her heart,
Nor could ſhe bear that he ſhould thus depart.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 600, *Virg. Æn.* 6, and 7. *Hom. Od.* 5.
Verſe 605, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 617, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

" Ev'n let him live," ſhe cry'd, " and not remove;
" Perhaps henceforth more grateful he may prove.
" From me thoſe joys immortal may he know,
" His darling *Eucharis* can ne'er beſtow."
O blind *Calypſo!* by yourſelf betray'd,
And bound by oaths you voluntary made!
No refuge now; that pleaſing proſpect fled,
When you adjur'd the river of the dead.
Thoſe words tremendous none indeed had heard,
But hell-born Furies in her face appear'd:
And all the bane *Cocytus'* floods impart,
Seem'd now exhaling from her ranc'rous heart.
The youth was ſeiz'd with horror and ſurpriſe,
Which horror 'ſcap'd not from *Calypſo's* eyes.
(For oh! what ſecret e'er too hard can prove
For penetrating ſight of jealous love?)
Her rage increas'd: and as on airy heights
Of *Thracian* hills, a Bacchanal delights
To rend the air with ejulating cries,
While mountain-echoes waft them to the ſkies;
So ruſh'd the Goddeſs forth with dart in hand;
On ev'ry Nymph ſhe laid her ſtern command;
Fled thro' the groves, and vow'd at once to end
Whoever fail'd her ſummons to attend.
Th' affrighted maids, in crowds, around her preſt,
And lovely *Eucharis* among the reſt.
The trickling tears bedew'd her pallid cheek,
She ey'd *Telemachus*; but durſt not ſpeak.
At ſight of her, freſh pangs the Goddeſs ſeize,
And no ſubmiſſions could her wrath appeaſe;
Since grief but ſerv'd her beauties to increaſe.

NOTE.

Verſe 639 *On airy heights*—The moſt remarkable of the *Thracian* Hills are *Hæmus* and *Rhodope*, two long chains of mountains, which run almoſt in a parallel line from the confines of *Macedon* to the *Euxine* Sea. The latter is famous for the death of *Orpheus*, who was there torn in pieces by the Bacchanals or Prieſteſſes.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 637, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 640, *Virg. Æn.* 4. *Hor.* 3. *Od.* 15.

Alone,

Alone *Telemachus* with *Mentor* ſtands,
He fear'd t' approach him; yet with trembling hands
Now humbly claſp'd his knees, nor dar'd to riſe,
But ſhew'd his anguiſh, by his ſtreaming eyes.
Fain would he vent thoſe ſorrows which prevail'd,
But voice was wanting, and expreſſion fail'd.
Scarce knew he how t' addreſs the wondrous man,
Nor what he aim'd at when he thus began:
" O *Mentor! Mentor!* my indulgent Sire,
" Save me from evils which around conſpire.
" I cannot leave you, nor your ſteps attend:
" O! eaſe that burthen under which I bend.
" Preſerve me from myſelf, my greateſt foe,
" And ſend me lifeleſs to the ſhades below."
With out-ſtretch'd arms, him *Mentor* ſtraight receiv'd,
Spake words of comfort, and his care reliev'd:
Bade him no more indulge a paſſion vain,
But ſtill his vigour and his ſtrength retain.
" Son of *Ulyſſes*, worthieſt man, attend!
" Whom Heav'n hath favour'd, and doth ſtill attend;
" The various ills and miſeries you feel,
" Proceed from Heav'n, and may its love reveal.
" In vain to wiſdom would that man aſpire
" Whoſe heart ne'er felt irregular deſire,
" Or knew his weakneſs; but, elate with pride,
" Without a fear could in himſelf confide.
" Th' immortal Gods have led you by the hand
" To this dread precipice whereon you ſtand;
" With no deſign t' accelerate your death,
" But let you ſee the vaſt abyſs beneath.
" Learn then what elſe you never could have
" thought,
" Unleſs in view of ſuch a proſpect brought.
" In vain would bards deſcribe that treach'rous boy,
" That traitor Love, who flatters to deſtroy;
" Whoſe pleaſing aſpect ſerves but more to blind,
" And veil afflictions of tremendous kind.
" This dang'rous infant you at length have ſeen,
" Admir'd his wanton ſmiles, and graceful mien:

" He

" He ſtole your heart; and you, too ſenſeleſs grown,
" No indignation at that theft have ſhewn.
" A thouſand diff'rent pretexts have you found
" To cheat yourſelf, and to conceal the wound;
" T'impoſe on me, and baniſh ev'ry fear;
" Lo then what fruit your indiſcretions bear!
" Now urge you death to finiſh all your pains,
" The laſt, the only refuge which remains.
" *Calypſo*, like a fury, ſtalks around,
" Love worſe than death your *Eucharis* hath found;
" Each jealous Nymph would piece-meal tear her
" friend:
" See now what ills this gentle Love attend.
" Reſume your courage then, diſpel your fears:
" How is't that Heav'n ſo much your foe appears,
" If to avoid this love it gives command,
" And points the way into your native land?
" The bark's prepar'd, the Goddeſs, ſpite of guile,
" Is bound by oath to force you from her iſle.
" Why then delay we to forſake a place
" Where Virtue cannot live but in diſgrace?"
The Sage here finiſh'd, and now ſeiz'd his hand
To lead him forward to th' adjacent ſtrand.
He came reluctant, and at diſtance threw
A tender glance, his *Eucharis* to view:
But when no more appear'd thoſe features fair,
He look'd with pleaſure on her plaited hair,
Majeſtic gait, and robe which looſely flow'd;
And would have kiſs'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
And when at length ſhe vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Still would he liſten with extreme delight;
Still ſeem to catch that ſweet harmonious voice,
In abſence feeding on ideal joys.
Still to his ſight thoſe brilliant charms appear,
Still ſeem'd he talking with that object dear;
Unable to diſcern when fancy ſtray'd,
Or hear one ſyllable which *Mentor* ſaid.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 720, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 724, *Ov. Triſt.* 3. *Eleg.* 4.

At

At length, as rais'd from ſleep profound, he cried,
" Proceed, I follow whereſoe'er you guide:
" Yet ſuffer me t' indulge one tender view,
" And bid my *Eucharis* a laſt adieu.
" I cannot thus abandon whom I love,
" Will rather die than thus ungrateful prove.
" O ſtay one moment while the Nymph I meet,
" And thus addreſs her ere I make retreat.
" O Nymph! the Gods, grown jealous of my bliſs,
" Compel me cruel to a flight like this:
" But ſhould they ſink me to the ſhades of death,
" I'll think on *Euch'ris* with my lateſt breath.
" O *Mentor*, father, grant this juſt requeſt,
" Or plunge your ſword this inſtant in my breaſt.
" No longer will I in this iſle remain,
" No longer will indulge the pleaſing pain.
" I feel no more of love, 'tis friendly care
" And dear remembrance only of the fair.
" I'll reſt contented when theſe words I ſay,
" And inſtant follow when you lead the way."
" Your caſe," ſaid he, " my pity doth require;
" You rage, you burn, yet cannot feel the fire:
" Think all is calm; and in the ſelf-ſame breath
" Impatient grow and call aloud for death;
" Preſume t' affirm no am'rous pangs remain,
" Yet cannot leave the cauſe of all your pain;
" Nought can diſcern, ah! wretched youth, or
" hear;
" Are blind, and deaf, to all the world but her.
" So when a raging fever rends his frame,
" The frantic madman thinks himſelf the ſame.
" Unhappy youth! who blindly thus can leave
" Th' expecting ſad *Penelope* to grieve;
" Are thus unmindful of *Ulyſſes* grown,
" Your ſire, your country, and your promis'd throne;
" With all the glory Heav'n and fate ordain
" Which taught you life and honour to maintain.
" All theſe delights imprudent you poſtpone
" To live in infamy with her alone.

IMITATION.

Verſe 739, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

" And

" And ſay you now Love rules not in your ſoul,
" Or *Eucharis* doth now no more controul?
" Whence then the troubles which diſtract your
" breaſt?
" Why ſeek you death too as your only reſt?
" Why ſo tranſported lately were you ſeen
" So ſtrangely mov'd in preſence of the Queen?
" No breach of faith my indignation fires,
" Your blindneſs I deplore, and fond deſires.
" Fly, fly *Telemachus*, this hour remove,
" This way alone you triumph over love.
" Of ſuch a foe no ſhame to be afraid,
" In flight alone true courage is diſplay'd.
" But you muſt fly at once, to free the mind;
" Make no delay, nor caſt a look behind.
" You have not ſure forgot the various fears
" I knew as guardian of your tender years;
" And all the perils you ſurmounted brave,
" By help of counſels which I freely gave.
" Or truſt me ſtill, and ſtill thoſe counſels take,
" Or elſe permit me freely to forſake.
" O! could you feel th' anxieties I know,
" While you thus headlong to deſtruction go;
" Could you be ſenſible of all I fear'd,
" When to adviſe you I no longer dar'd:
" Her place in love your mother muſt reſign:
" Her pangs of childbed trifles were to mine.
" My health's impair'd while ſecretly I mourn,
" Stifling my ſighs to ſee if you'll return.
" My deareſt child, ſome comfort then impart,
" Some ſatisfaction to my bleeding heart:
" Reſtore what more than life can give delight,
" Reſtore my loſt *Telemachus* to ſight.
" Reſtore him to himſelf.—Should wiſdom prove
" Of ſtrength ſuperior in this ſtrife to love,
" I'm bleſt indeed. If conquer'd by its pow'r,
" Adieu! to life—for *Mentor* is no more."

IMITATION.

Verſe 772, *Plant. in Trin.*

Diſcourſing

Diſcourſing thus, he onward led the way,
And kept the path which pointed to the ſea.
The Prince as yet ſcarce able to proceed,
Yet paſſive follow'd where his friend ſhould lead.
Pallas (who ſtill diſguis'd for *Mentor* paſt)
Did all around her flaming Ægis caſt.
Rous'd by her ray divine ſuch courage grew,
As in *Calypſo*'s iſle he never knew.
At length they reach'd this iſland's utmoſt verge,
And from the craggy ſhore beheld the ſurge.
Upon a rocky precipice they ſtood,
Whoſe foot was batter'd by the foaming flood.
They look'd, when firſt this eminence they gain'd,
If *Mentor*'s bark its ſtation yet retain'd?
When lo! a ſight moſt ſhocking to their eyes!
Which fill'd at once with terror and ſurpriſe.
For *Cupid* to the quick was ſtung to find
This unknown ſenior had ſo firm a mind,
Could both himſelf avoid with ſo much care,
And diſengage his pupil from the ſnare:
He wept for grief; *Calypſo* then purſu'd,
As wild ſhe rang'd amidſt the dreary wood.
The Goddeſs groan'd aloud when him ſhe found,
She knew he'd quickly open every wound.
" Are you a Goddeſs," *Cupid* then began,
" And are you baffled by a mortal man?
" Shall he thus part, your better ſenſe beguile,
" Although a captive priſ'ner in your iſle?"
" O Love! ill-fated pow'r," *Calypſo* cries,
" No more your adulation vile I prize.
" 'Tis you have ſunk me, from the height of bliſs,
" To dire Misfortune's bottomleſs abyſs.
" 'Tis done, I have adjur'd the *Stygian* wave,
" That dear *Telemachus* this realm ſhall leave.
" Great *Jove* himſelf, the father of us all,
" Preſumes not raſhly on that pow'r to call.
" Be gone, *Telemachus*, and leave my coaſt!
" And you too, *Cupid*, who diſturb me moſt."

IMITATION.

Verſe 837, *Apul. Met. 6. Sil. It.* 13.

Love

Love dried his tears, and with malignant ſneer,
Behold, he cried, what difficulty's here!
Leave it to me, and keep your vows aright:
Nor ſtrive to ſtop him in his haſty flight.
Your Nymphs, and I, your credit ſtill may ſave;
We have not yet adjur'd the *Stygian* wave.
I will inſpire them to a glorious deed,
To burn what *Mentor* built with ſo much ſpeed.
And that diſpatch which hath your wonder wrought
Shall ſoon be uſeleſs, and avail him nought.
Mentor himſelf ſhall in his turn admire,
That with his Prince he can no more retire.
A ſpeech ſo flatt'ring ſoon poſſeſt her whole;
While glimm'ring hope, and joy, diſtend her ſoul.
As on a river's brink when zephyrs bland
With ſweet refreſhment riſe to bleſs the land,
What time the ſultry Dog-ſtar dries the ground,
And languid herds are drooping all around;
Thus did diſcourſe ſo opportune, ſo fair,
Appeaſe at once and quiet her deſpair.
Her viſage clear'd, her griefs awhile were gone,
Her eyes again with native ſweetneſs ſhone.
She fondly Love careſs'd, indulg'd a ſmile,
And was again intangled in the toil.
The wanton God, content this much to gain,
Now went in ſearch of all her virgin train.
Who ſoon diſpers'd, and ſeparate were ſeen
On ev'ry mountain round, and hillock green.
So timid flocks precipitate their flight,
And leave their paſtor when fierce wolves affright.
He re-aſſembling, thus beſpake the bands:
"As yet the Prince hath not eſcap'd your hands.
"Haſte then, make no delay, ye virgins bright,
"Burn the gay bark which *Mentor* made for flight."
Swift at the word the blooming virgins came,
Each held a flambeau with devouring flame:
Like furious Bacchanals they rave, they roar,
Impetuous ruſh o'er all th' extended ſhore:

IMITATION.

Verſe 874, *Virg. Æn.* 5.

Their

Their golden treſſes looſen'd fell behind,
In ſtrange diſorder waving with the wind.
Up roſe the bick'ring flames and ſoon entwine
The planks bituminous of ſeaſon'd pine.
Vaſt clouds of wreathed ſmoak inceſſant roll
With dreadful flakes inveloping the pole.
Here as *Telemachus* and *Mentor* ſtood
High on that rock which overlook'd the flood,
They ſaw th' aſcending fires, and heard the cry:
The firſt ſcarce able to contain his joy.
For ſtill untam'd he ſtruggled with the rein,
And *Mentor* view'd with grief his love-ſick pain:
Which as a fire by embers cloſe conceal'd
From time to time, ſome ſparks of life reveal'd:
"See," cried *Telemachus*, with careleſs air,
"Again am I intangled in the ſnare.
"No thoughts of ſafety by a ſpeedy flight,
"No hopes that *Ithaca* ſhall bleſs our ſight."
His dire relapſe wiſe *Mentor* quickly views,
Each precious moment judg'd too much to loſe.
Far off he ſpied a veſſel in the deep,
With anchor caſt its diſtance due to keep.
T' approach was death; for ev'ry pilot knew,
Who landed here, his ruin would purſue.
As thus *Telemachus* with mind at eaſe
Sat heedleſs on the rock, and view'd the ſeas,
O' th' ſudden *Mentor* puſh'd him from its brow,
And with him leapt into the floods below.
Stunn'd with a fall of ſuch tremendous ſort,
Of ev'ry billow he became the ſport:
But ſoon recov'ring ſaw his faithful guide,
Who lent his aid the ſurges to divide.
One ſingle thought alone engroſs'd his mind,
To leave this iſland and his woes behind.
The Nymphs who thought their captives had been ſure
Now wept aloud for ills they could not cure.
Calypſo quite diſconſolate return'd,
And in her grotto with impatience mourn'd.
Cupid, who deem'd his triumph was compleat,
But ſaw it chang'd into a ſore defeat,
Straight ſhook his plumes, and ſoar'd aloft in air;
Swift to *Idalian* groves did he repair:

Where in the cover of that cool retreat
His cruel mother he was ſure to meet:
From this abundant comfort he receiv'd,
With her deriding thoſe he had deceiv'd.
Well pleas'd the Prince at diſtance now diſcern'd
His ſtrength of mind and virtuous thoughts return'd.
" O *Mentor*, plainly I perceive the truth
" Of all your counſels to unguarded youth.
" Without experience had I never known,
" That Vice is vanquiſh'd by our flight alone.
" My faithful ſire, what tribute's due to Heav'n,
" Which ſuch ſupport hath in my *Mentor* giv'n!
" Yet have I oft deſerv'd this friend to loſe,
" Stripp'd of a treaſure I could thus abuſe.
" No more with terror be the tempeſt view'd,
" The raging whirlwind, or the boiſt'rous flood.
" 'Tis paſſion only can our ruin prove,
" And wrecks, and ſtorms, are trifles all to Love."

IMITATION.

Verſe 937, *Plant. in Trin.*

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Adoam, *the brother of* Narbal, *has the command of the* Tyrian *Veſſel; on board of which* Telemachus, *and* Mentor, *are kindly received. This Captain, recollecting* Telemachus, *acquaints him with the tragical exit of* Pygmalion *and* Aſtarbe; *and afterward, the elevation of* Baleazar *to the Throne: whom the Tyrant his father had diſgraced by the perſuaſion of that Woman. During a repaſt which* Adoam *gives to* Telemachus *and* Mentor, Achitoas *by the Melody of his Voice aſſembles round the Ship the* Tritons, *the* Nereids, *and other marine Deities.* Mentor, *ſeizing a Lyre, performs upon it in a ſtyle far ſuperior to* Achitoas. Adoam *proceeds to recount the Wonders of* Bætica: *the ſweet temperature of the air, and the other beauties of that country; whoſe Inhabitants lead a life of uninterrupted Tranquillity, amidſt a ſimplicity of manners rare and uncommon.*

THE ſhip they now approach'd, and anch'ring found,
Was of *Phœnicia*, to *Epirus* bound.
The crew had ſeen *Telemachus* before
What time he parted from the *Egyptian* ſhore,
But ſmall attention to his features gave
As thus he ſtruggled with the azure wave.

NOTE.

Verſe 2, *To* Epirus—The chief maritime province of *Greece*, bounded on the Eaſt by *Ætolia*, on the Weſt by the *Adriatic*, on the North by *Theſſaly* and *Macedon*, and on the South by the *Ionian* Sea. A little to the South of this country ſtood the promontory of *Actium*, where was fought the deciſive battle between *Auguſtus Cæſar* and *Anthony*.

When *Mentor* now ſo near this bark appear'd,
As that by all he might with eaſe be heard,
Above the floods he rais'd his ſnowy head,
And with exalted voice thus briefly ſaid:
Ye men of *Tyre*, whoſe piety and worth
Is known to all the nations of the earth,
Preſerve our lives, your clemency extend
To thoſe that wholly on yourſelves depend.
If e'er religion could excite your love,
And juſt reſpect unto the Gods above;
O take us in, two hapleſs wretches ſpare,
Who both will equal in your dangers ſhare!
The mild Commander bade this anſwer give—
With ſecret joy both of you we receive.
For well we know due kindneſs to expreſs
To ſtrangers compaſs'd by ſo great diſtreſs.
Thus courteous ſpake he—ready at the word
Th' obſequious crew receiv'd them both on board.
At firſt, like ſtatues, motionleſs they ſtood,
Their breath exhauſted by the briny flood:
For long they ſwam, and utmoſt efforts tried,
Toſt on the deep, the billows to divide.
But, by degrees, their vigour came anew,
And other robes obtain'd they from the crew;
Their own o'erwhelm'd them with th' exceſſive load,
From ev'ry part the waters largely flow'd.
When ſpeech return'd, the *Tyrians* all drew near,
With great deſire their hiſtory to hear.
And firſt their Captain eagerly enquir'd—
" How got they thither, whence they now retir'd?
" A land by pow'rs inexorable held
" Which to no mortals would admiſſion yield?
" Fenc'd round by rocks advancing high in air,
" 'Gainſt which the billows wag'd eternal war,
" But all in vain: they no impreſſion make,
" And to approach them ſeem'd a certain wreck."
" That cruel chance," ſaid *Mentor*, " we deplore;
" It was a ſhipwreck caſt us on that ſhore.
" *Greeks* are we both, from *Ithaca* we come;
" Small diſtance parts *Epirus*, and our home.
" T' *Epirus* are you bound—and (ſince indeed
" We cannot hope you ſhould your rout exceed

" And

" And paſs to *Ithaca*) it will ſuffice
" If once *Epirus* bleſs our longing eyes:
" There are we ſure ſome friendly aid t' obtain,
" To help us on what little may remain.
" Profeſſing endleſs gratitude to you,
" Who what we deareſt hold have brought to view."
Sage *Mentor* thus the ſpokeſman's part ſuſtain'd,
Silent and mute *Telemachus* remain'd.
His various errors on *Calypſo*'s ſhore
Had made him much diſcreeter than before.
His own opinion had no longer place,
He found it wiſer *Mentor*'s to embrace:
And when occaſion ſuffer'd not to ſpeak,
His better counſel, and advice to ſeek,
Would watch at leaſt the motion of his eyes,
Collecting thence what ſentiments ariſe.
The *Tyrian* Captain with attention view'd
As thus *Telemachus* before him ſtood;
Seem'd, as he thought, to recollect that face,
But could not readily point out the place.
At length, " O gen'rous youth reflect," he ſaid,
" Has fleeting time no fair impreſſion made?
" For ſure that form hath often met theſe eyes:
" (Your firſt appearance fill'd me with ſurprize:)
" But where, or when, I cannot ſurely know;
" Perhaps my mem'ry may have aid from you."
The Prince replied with wonder, and with joy,
" The ſame perplexities my thoughts employ.
" I've ſeen, and known you; but in vain require
" If on the coaſt of *Egypt*, or at *Tyre*."
The *Tyrian* now (as one that early wakes,
And of a tranſient dream ſmall notice takes;
Yet by degrees recals th' illuſive joys)
Exclaim'd in rapture, with exalted voice,
" Kind Heav'n! 'tis you; *Telemachus* your name:
" My *Narbal*'s friend, when we from *Egypt* came:
" 'Tis I, 'tis *Narbal*'s brother greets your ear,
" That warfare o'er, I left you to his care:
" Then to *Alcides*' pillars croſs'd the main,
" A fight of glorious *Bætica* to gain.
" Thus did I ſcarce behold you ere I ſail'd,
" No wonder if at firſt remembrance fail'd."

" Theſe pleaſing facts," replied the Prince,
" agree;
" And prove 'tis virtuous *Adoam* I ſee.
" I ſcarce beheld you then, but long rever'd;
" Induc'd by what from *Narbal* I had heard."
" What joy! ſome news of *Narbal* to receive,
" Whom when I ceaſe to love, I'll ceaſe to live!
" And dwells he yet at *Tyre?* and felt he nought
" From fierce *Pygmalion's* jealouſy of thought?"
The Chief reſerv'd return'd no anſwer back,
But briefly interrupting thus beſpake:
" Learn, Son of great *Ulyſſes*, and attend;
" For Heav'n in me hath rais'd another friend.
" I will protect you ever, and reſtore
" In greateſt ſafety to your native ſhore,
" Ere to *Epirus* I direct my ſail:
" So much the love of *Narbal* doth prevail.
" Nor was his friendſhip ever more approv'd,
" Than ſhall his brother's, to the man he lov'd."
He ſpake, and riſing ſaw th' expected gale:
Then hoiſt his anchor, and unfurl'd his ſail;
And gave direction for his oars to ſweep
With nervous arms, and ſkim the level deep.
This done, he led *Telemachus* apart
In *Mentor's* preſence to diſcloſe his heart.
" I'll now," ſaid he, " my deareſt Prince, declare
" In order, all which you deſire to hear.
" *Pygmalion* is no more—the pow'rs above
" At length that monſter from the earth remove.

NOTE.

Verſe 88, *A ſight of glorious* Bætica—*Bœtica* was a province of the farther *Spain*; which took its name from the river *Bætis*, now called *Guadalquiver*, or the Great River. It had *Luſitania*, or *Portugal*, on the Weſt, on the South the *Mediterranean* and the Gulph of *Cadiz*, and on the North the Bay of *Biſcay*. This whole province contained what we now call *Andaluſia*, part of the kingdom of *Granada*, and the outward boundaries of *Eſtramadura*; and is celebrated by the elder *Pliny* for its extraordinary fertility.

IMITATION.

Verſe 117, *Claudian*.

" In

" In none could he a confidence repoſe,
" And in return were all mankind his foes.
" The good in ſilence mourn'd, and fled his rage;
" Yet all abhorr'd in treaſon to engage:
" The bad could find no way their lives to ſave
" But this—to lay the Tyrant in his grave.
" No *Tyrian* ſafe, but each returning day
" His life might fall to jealouſies a prey.
" The guards moſt ſuffer'd by his dread commands,
" He ſaw his life committed to their hands:
" So fear'd them more than all the world beſide,
" They leaſt ſuſpected for his ſafety died.
" Thus vainly for protection gaz'd he round,
" The guard he ſought was no where to be found.
" Thoſe valiant bands attendant on his ſtate,
" Saw ev'ry hour was pregnant with their fate:
" And found no way their wretched lot to mend,
" But with his death the tyrant's fears to end.
" The vile *Aſtarbe*, whom ſo well you knew,
" Reſolv'd the firſt this method to purſue.
" A *Tyrian* youth had rais'd her am'rous flame,
" Of wealth immenſe, and *Joazar* his name.
" For him ſhe ſecret burn'd, for him alone;
" And fondly hop'd to raiſe him to the throne.
" To bring this hazardous deſign to bear,
" She told the King that *Phadael*, his heir,
" His eldeſt hope, now eager to ſucceed,
" His death conſpir'd, his ruin had decreed.
" And this ſuborn'd ſhe witneſſes to prove:
" The wretched King, miſguided by his love,
" Was quickly on his child's deſtruction bent;
" And *Baleazar* next to *Samos* ſent.
" The pretext was—this youngeſt ſhould increaſe
" In all the learning, and the arts of *Greece*.
" But ſhe in fact had to the King declar'd
" His exile proper; for ſhe greatly fear'd,
" Leſt he too raſhly with their counſels cloſe,
" Who were his father's moſt rebellious foes.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 129, Id. 4. *Conſ. Hon.*
Verſe 146, *Juſtin* 32, 2.

" Scarce

" Scarce was he ſail'd, when his corrupted crew
" (Who well *Aſtarbe*'s cruel pleaſure knew)
" Concerted meaſures to remove him quite,
" And ſink the veſſel in the dead of night.
" Themſelves a bark at hand by ſwimming gain,
" And leave the Prince at mercy of the main.
" *Aſtarbe*'s vile amours now public grown,
" To ſtern *Pygmalion* ſecret were alone:
" All others fear'd he that around attend,
" But thought her faithful, conſtant, and his friend:
" So much he doated on that beauteous face,
" So blinded by the worſt of human race.
" But Av'rice urg'd him ſome pretence to find
" To kill her fav'rite for the throne deſign'd.
" By day and night his thoughts perpetual ran,
" How beſt to ſeize the treaſures of this man.
" While thus a prey to baſe diſſembling art,
" Diſtruſt, and lewdneſs, rend *Pygmalion*'s heart;
" His dear *Aſtarbe* different thoughts employ:
" Contriving means the tyrant to deſtroy.
" She thought he haply had ſome hints receiv'd
" How baſely ſhe intrigu'd; and how deceiv'd.
" She knew his avarice, by which alone
" Her lov'd gallant was ſure to be undone:
" No time could then be loſt. In haſte ſhe went
" In ſearch of means this miſchief to prevent.
" His chief domeſtics readily ſhe knew
" Would in their Sov'reign's blood their hands
" imbrue:
" For not a ſingle day had late appear'd,
" But ſhe ſome new conſpiracy had heard.
" None ſaw her ſchemes, none therefore could
" betray:
" And poiſon ſeem'd the ſureſt, ſafeſt way.
" Oft would the King with her in private eat,
" And meanly ſtoop himſelf to dreſs the meat.
" None other dar'd he truſt: but cloſely dwelt
" In diſtant rooms, to hide the pangs he felt.
" From curious eye of nice obſervers free,
" That none thus buſied might their Monarch ſee.
" He bade adieu to all delicious fare,
" Would nothing taſte himſelf could not prepare.

" Thus

" Thus all the coſtly viands of the great
" Which cooks can furniſh, or their arts compleat;
" *Bacchus'* and *Ceres'* gifts, by him abhorr'd,
" Were baniſh'd far from his penurious board.
" Nor oil, nor milk, would he preſume to taſte,
" Or ſalt, tho' common to the worſt repaſt.
" His food was fruit amidſt his garden grown,
" Pulſe which himſelf had gather'd, and had ſown.
" And all the liquor of this wretched King
" Was humble water from a cryſtal ſpring;
" Which cloſely was preſerv'd, from danger free,
" And not a ſubject was allow'd to ſee.
" Though of *Aſtarbe* he betray'd no fear,
" Yet did he guard againſt her arts, and her:
" She firſt muſt taſte whatever was his food,
" Thus to the State reſponſible ſhe ſtood;
" That if by poiſon ſhe ſhould urge his fate,
" Death would on her inevitably wait.
" But ſhe a ſubtle antidote prepar'd,
" A viler matron in the treaſon ſhar'd
" Accomplice of her crimes: and thus ſecure
" She baniſh'd fear, and thought his ruin ſure.
" Obſerve her artifice:—at dining hour,
" Th' aforeſaid matron thunder'd at the door:
" The King, who fear'd aſſaſſins, all in haſte
" And trembling flew, to ſee the door was faſt:
" The dame retir'd, and while in great diſmay
" Unknowing who was waiting to betray;
" T'unlock his priſon door the coward fear'd,
" Or ſatisfy himſelf in what he heard;
" *Aſtarbe* ſtrove to calm, embrac'd his feet;
" And eager preſt his Majeſty to eat.
" His cup empoiſon'd was already plac'd,
" Nor fail'd ſhe, ſafe in her receipt, to taſte.
" The King too freely drank without a fear,
" But quickly after fainted in his chair.
" *Aſtarbe* well appriz'd that this her love,
" If once ſuſpected, would her ruin prove,

IMITATION.

Verſe 232, *Tacit. An.* 13.

" Now

" Now tore her lovely hair, her garments rent,
" And lamentable cries around her ſent,
" Embrac'd the dying Prince, and cloſely preſt,
" With floods of tears bedew'd his panting breaſt:
" (For eaſy flow'd that artificial rain
" From one ſo ſubtle, and ſo us'd to feign.)
" His ſtrength at laſt exhauſted with his breath,
" When now he ſeem'd in agonies of death;
" Leſt he recov'ring urge her dying too;
" From tend'reſt friendſhip in a trice ſhe flew
" To brutal rage. No longer ſhe careſt,
" But all her weight upon his vitals preſt.
" The royal ſignet from his hand ſhe tore,
" Took off the precious diadem he wore;
" And gave them both to *Joazar* her friend,
" Who ready ſtood her pleaſure to attend.
" She fondly deem'd that who her ſmiles had
" known,
" Would raiſe at once her fav'rite to the throne:
" But thoſe who moſt had to her views inclin'd,
" Were men of abject, mercenary mind:
" Incapable of love, and friendſhip true;
" And heartleſs fear'd her foes would ſoon purſue.
" To all ſo dangerous did her pride appear,
" Her cruel caſt, her falſe diſſembling air;
" Each ſeem'd his proper danger to deplore,
" And wiſh'd the vile *Aſtarbe* was no more.
" *Pygmalion*'s death was echo'd all around,
" And cries tumultuous through the Court reſound.
" In conſternation great ſome ſpread th' alarm,
" While others preſt with eager haſte to arm.
" The conſequence of this was fear'd by all,
" Yet much rejoic'd they at the tyrant's fall.
" From tongue to tongue ſwift fame the tidings
" bore
" Through ev'ry ſtreet—*Pygmalion* is no more.

NOTE.

Verſe 247, *The royal ſignet*—The cuſtom of wearing rings and ſeals appears to be of great antiquity. We read of them in the Book of *Geneſis*. *Judah* gave his ſignet to *Tamar*, and *Pharaoh* his ring to *Joſeph*.

" But

" But not a ſoul within the walls of *Tyre*
" Did grief afflict, or indignation fire:
" His death they look'd on as deliv'rance great,
" A public bleſſing on the drooping ſtate.
" *Narbal*, good man, was troubled at the news,
" Bewail'd a wretch who could himſelf abuſe;
" And thus his royal dignity diſgrace
" By wanton dalliance with a ſtrumpet baſe.
" Who choſe with tyrant law the ſtate t' o'erwhelm,
" Rather than rule the father of his realm.
" True public ſpirit in his boſom glows,
" He rallies all the worthy, to oppoſe
" And cruſh *Aſtarbe*, whoſe unbridled rage
" He fear'd in greater troubles might engage.
" *Narbal* well knew that *Baleazar* liv'd,
" And all the perils of the ſeas ſurviv'd:
" Thoſe who had vouch'd him to *Aſtarbe* dead,
" Believ'd, in fact, the very thing they ſaid:
" But he, by favour of the glimm'ring light,
" Had in a *Cretan* ſloop ſecur'd his flight:
" Whoſe merchants, touch'd with pity, deign'd t' afford
" Their kindly aid, and to receive on board.
" No more preſum'd he *Tyrian* air to breathe,
" Too plain he ſaw what numbers wiſh'd his death.
" No leſs alarming was *Pygmalion*'s heart
" And cruel outrage, than *Aſtarbe*'s art.
" Long time an exile on the *Syrian* ſhore
" Left by the *Cretans*, a diſguiſe he wore:
" At length turn'd paſtor, as the laſt reſort,
" To gain ſubſiſtence, and his life ſupport.
" Here found he means good *Narbal* to adviſe,
" By truſty friends, of all his miſeries.
" To one of Virtue ſo approv'd, and tried,
" He could his ſecret, nay his life confide.
" Hard fare had *Narbal* from *Pygmalion* known,
" Yet lov'd, and ſtill was loyal to his ſon:
" No better method could he firſt purſue,
" Than to perſuade him to allegiance due:
" Bid him reflect it was his father reign'd,
" And patient bear what cruel Fate ordain'd.

" But

" But ſoon directions from the Prince arrive,
" If I ſecure can meet you, and can live,
" Send back a token, ſend a ring of gold:
" I'll think it ſafe, when I that ſign behold.
" Long as *Pygmalion* held his iron reign,
" The prudent *Narbal* thought his preſence vain:
" For various hazards would that ſcheme attend,
" The Prince himſelf might periſh with his friend.
" 'Twere hard to 'ſcape *Pygmalion*'s jealous eyes,
" And mock the diligence of all his ſpies.
" But when the tyrant's death brought better times,
" When he was puniſh'd equal to his crimes;
" *Narbal* ſoon haſted to ſalute his King,
" And ſent by courier ſwift th' expected ring.
" That hour he ſail'd for *Tyre*, arriv'd with ſpeed;
" When all were troubled who ſhould next ſucceed.
" The Peers with pleaſure recogniz'd their Lord,
" And all the Commons their conſent afford.
" His moderation and deportment mild
" All jarring intereſts had reconcil'd,
" And though his birth could no advantage yield,
" Since all his fire with horror had beheld;
" His tedious ſuff'rings of themſelves alone,
" Could ſtrangely recommend him to the throne.
" To ev'ry Virtue could freſh grace impart,
" And to his favour win each *Tyrian* heart.
" Now ſummon'd *Narbal* all *Phœnicia*'s Peers,
" And all their Senators advanc'd in years;
" *Aſtarte*'s Prieſts that guard her ſacred fire,
" Supreme of all Divinities at *Tyre*.

NOTE.

Verſe 337, Aſtarte's *Prieſts*—This was the ſame with the great *Syrian* Goddeſs whom they ſtiled likewiſe *Atergatis*. She anſwers to the *Aſhtaroth* of the Holy Scriptures, and was repreſented with the horns like the *Egyptian* Iſis to ſignify the increaſe and decreaſe of the Moon, which *Lucian* takes her to be. She was adored by the *Phœnicians* under the title of the Queen of Heaven. And *Macrobius* ſays, that ſhe, together with the God *Adad* or the *Sun*, had an abſolute power over all things.

IMITATION.

Verſe 332, *Racin. Phedr. Act.* 2.

" To

" To *Baleazar* theſe their homage paid,
" While heralds loud his every right diſplay'd.
" Applauding ſhouts aroſe amidſt the throng
" Who greet their Monarch with triumphal ſong.
" *Aſtarbe* heard, as in a room of ſtate
" Cloſe pent with ſhameleſs *Joazar* ſhe ſat.
" The miſcreant crew (which while *Pygmalion* liv'd
" Beneath her auſpices ſo well contriv'd)
" Now all forſook: for ev'ry villain dreads
" The ſecret partner of his impious deeds.
" Knave truſts not knave, nor can he bear to ſee
" His foul accomplice greater riſe than he.
" Th' abandon'd know, from what themſelves would
" chuſe,
" How much their fellows will their pow'r abuſe;
" What furious meaſures will be ſoon purſu'd,
" And rather aim t'aſſociate with the Good.
" In theſe at leaſt ſome modeſty they find,
" Perhaps may meet too with indulgence kind.
" The remnant few ſuch lengths with her had gone,
" They look'd for nought but puniſhment alone.
" The palace ſtorm'd; theſe knaves, in panic-
" fright,
" Small efforts made; and ſoon prepar'd for
" flight.
" *Aſtarbe* ſtrove her worthleſs life to ſave,
" Diſguis'd in garb and habit of a ſlave;
" But by a ſoldier known, and captive made,
" Scarce was the people's fury to be ſtay'd.
" Who to have torn her piece-meal did require,
" And had already dragg'd her in the mire,
" But *Narbal* ſav'd her, and reſtrain'd their ire.
" Humbly ſhe begg'd an audience of the King,
" And thought her charms ſecurity might bring:
" She gave him hopes that from her he ſhould
" learn
" Important ſecrets, and of great concern.

IMITATION.

Verſe 366, *Pacuv. in fragm.*

" This could not be refus'd: th' enchanting fair
" Diſplay'd her beauties with ſo ſweet an air,
" And with ſuch modeſty her griefs expreſt,
" As might have calm'd the moſt obdurate breaſt.
" The King, with ſoft inſinuating ſtyle,
" And well-turn'd praiſes, aim'd ſhe to beguile:
" She ſhew'd, with exquiſite addreſs and art,
" How much *Pygmalion* had her at his heart;
" And by thoſe ſacred aſhes of her Lord,
" She now his royal clemency implor'd;
" Her impious hands to Heav'n itſelf ſhe rear'd,
" As if in earneſt ſhe that Heav'n rever'd:
" All bath'd in tears, with adulation ſweet
" She proſtrate fell, and graſp'd the Monarch's feet;
" Then try'd all methods to obtain her ends,
" And make him jealous of his deareſt friends.
" She told him *Narbal*, he ſo much admir'd,
" Againſt *Pygmalion* had before conſpir'd:
" Had taught the people to abhor his ſon,
" And hop'd himſelf to mount the vacant throne.
" By pois'nous draughts, affirming, he had aim'd
" To kill the Prince whom he had now proclaim'd.
" By thouſand ſuch like calumnies ſhe ſtrove
" To blacken all that Virtue ſeem'd to love;
" His unexperienc'd heart ſhe hop'd to fire
" With all the foul ſuſpicions of his ſire.
" But *Baleazar*, who no more could bear
" The baſe deſigns of this malicious fair,
" Soon cut her ſhort, and beck'ning to his guard,
" To priſon ſent her; there t' expect reward:
" While thoſe of wiſdom moſt approv'd in *Tyre*,
" Receiv'd commiſſion, of her life t'enquire.
" With inward horror their report they bring,
" By fraud and poiſon ſhe diſpatch'd the King:
" Her life appearing, from the earlieſt times,
" One conſtant ſeries of repeated crimes.
" They now condemn'd her to the ſloweſt fire,
" By which they puniſh greateſt crimes at *Tyre*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 376, Id. ib.

" Thus

" Thus hopeleſs, when her fate ſhe underſtood,
" Fierce as a fury from *Cocytus'* flood,
" She drank that draught which always lay prepar'd;
" By death to ſhun the ling'ring woes ſhe fear'd.
" Her agonizing pain the guards perceive,
" And kindly made ſome offer to relieve.
" She heard indignant, but no anſwer made;
" And ſhew'd by ſigns that ſhe diſdain'd their aid.
" They mention'd Heav'n, and righteous Gods above,
" Whom ſhe had wrong'd, and forfeited their love;
" But no confuſion, no repentant tears
" Her guilt diſcover'd, or betray'd her fears:
" She look'd on Heav'n with arrogance and ſpite,
" And all its Powers ſeem'd t' inſult and ſlight.
" As thus in agonies of death ſhe lay,
" Her features all an impious rage diſplay;
" No trace remaining of that form belov'd
" Which had the ruin of ſuch numbers prov'd;
" Her eyes half-cloſ'd, lo! now with dreadful air
" Inceſſant roll, and ſhoot an horrid glare:
" Convulſions ſhake her lips, her mouth diſtort;
" And wide expand it in unſeemly ſort.
" Each muſcle of her face contracted grew,
" Preſenting hideous ſpectacles to view.
" Cold clammy ſweats o'er all her limbs prevail,
" Their colour livid grown, and deadly pale:
" Yet ſeem'd ſhe oft with vigour freſh to riſe,
" Affrighting all with lamentable cries,
" At length expiring fell. Her impious ghoſt
" Deſcended doubtleſs to that gloomy coaſt;
" Where *Dan'us'* daughters endleſs plagues re-
" ceive,
" And draw eternal waters in a ſieve.

" Where

NOTE.

Verſe 440, *Where* Dan'us' *daughters*—Theſe were fifty in number: their father *Danaus* being expelled

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 413, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 435, *Ov. Met.* 4.

" Where lewd *Ixion Juno*'s rage muſt feel,
" And whirl for ever on his rapid wheel.
" Where *Tantalus*, by lapſe of murm'ring ſtream,
" Is burnt with thirſt: nor can his crime redeem:
" Sees

NOTES.

Egypt by his brother *Ægyptus*, for refuſing his fifty daughters to his brother's fifty ſons, laid claim to the crown of *Argos*, as being deſcended from *Epaphus* the ſon of *Io*, who was daughter of *Inachus*. His refuſal was founded upon the declaration of an Oracle—that he ſhould be killed by his ſon-in-law. Hereupon *Ægyptus* made war upon *Danaus*, and reduced him to ſuch ſtraights that he was obliged to give up his daughters; but not before he had made them promiſe to ſtab each her huſband on the wedding night. This they all punctually performed except *Hypermneſtra*, who ſpared her huſband *Lynceus*, who became afterwards King of *Argos* by diſpoſſeſſing his father-in-law. The *Argives* inſtituted a ſolemn feaſt which they called the Feaſt of Flambeaux, in commemoration of the ſignal which *Hypermneſtra* gave to *Lynceus*. The Poets feigned that all the other ſiſters were condemned in the realms below, to fill veſſels with water which were pierced through at the bottom.

Verſe 442. *Where lewd* Ixion—The ſon of *Phlegias* King of *Theſſaly*, who, having a deſign upon *Juno*, embraced a cloud in her ſtead which was formed by *Jupiter* to deceive him. From this cloud ſprung the *Centaurs*. Being for this crime caſt into hell, his puniſhment was to be bound to a wheel on which he was continually to turn with great rapidity. The *Centaurs* were repreſented as men from the middle upwards, and to have their other parts like a horſe. Which fable took its riſe from the great ſkill of the people of *Theſſaly* in the management of horſes. And as the moſt famous of them inhabited a canton called in the *Greek* νεφελη, which ſignifies a cloud, hence the ſtory of their being begotten by *Ixion* on a cloud.

Verſe 444. *Where* Tantalus—King of *Phrygia* and *Paphlagonia*, and the poetical ſon of *Jupiter*, and the Nymph *Flora*. At a feaſt which he gave to the Gods, in order to make proof of their Divinity, he is ſaid to have

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 441, *Hor.* l. 3. *Od.* 11.
Verſe 442, *Tibull.* l. 1. *El.* 3.
Verſe 444, *Ov.* l. 2. *Amor. El.* 2. *Tibull.* l. 1. *El.* 3.

" Sees limpid waters glide with eager haſte
" To mock his labour, and elude his taſte.
" Where *Siſyphus* is doom'd for endleſs days,
" Up ſteepy hills a rock's vaſt weight to raiſe,
" Which ever and anon, with dire rebound,
" Again rolls down, and bears him to the ground.
" Where tortur'd *Tityus* muſt with grief ſurvey,
" A greedy vulture on his vitals prey.
" Freed from this monſter, *Baleazar* ſtrove
" To ſhew to Heav'n his gratitude and love:
" Ten thouſand victims bled: his reign began
" In oppoſition to *Pygmalion*'s plan.
" Commerce reviv'd, of late ſo languid grown,
" He ſtudy'd trade as baſis of his throne.
" Advis'd with *Narbal* on affairs of weight,
" Yet made him not chief ruler of the ſtate;
" But ſtill himſelf the ſov'reign power retains,
" Attends to all, and holds the equal reins.
" Hears all the various counſels which are preſt,
" And follows that which he approves the beſt.

NOTES.

have cut in pieces his ſon *Pelops*, and to have ſerved him up at the table. *Jupiter*, and the reſt of them, immediately diſcovered it, and refuſed to eat: but *Ceres*, having her thoughts fixed on *Proſerpine*, devoured the left ſhoulder. *Jupiter* reſtored the youth to life, and gave him an ivory ſhoulder in its ſtead: but ſtruck *Tantalus* with a thunder-bolt to the infernal regions, where his puniſhment was to ſtand up to the chin in water which he could not taſte.

Verſe 448, *Where* Siſyphus—The ſon of *Æolus* and grand-father of *Ulyſſes*. He was ſlain by *Theſeus* for the many robberies he committed in *Attica*.

Verſe 452, *Where tortur'd* Tityus—The ſon of *Jupiter* and *Elara*, who attempting to force the Goddeſs *Latona*, was ſhot to death by *Apollo*, and caſt into hell; where a vulture is continually gnawing his liver, which notwithſtanding grows as faſt as it is eaten.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 448, *Ovid. in Ib.*
Verſe 452, *Virg. Æn. 6. Tibull.* l. 1. *Eleg.* 3. *Ov. Met.* 4.

" Rich in his people's love, he holds their hearts,
" A treaſure gain'd not by *Pygmalion*'s arts:
" For not a family that calls him Lord,
" But would, at need, its utmoſt aid afford.
" Thus what he leaves them is ſtill more his own,
" Than if he ſeiz'd it to ſupport his throne.
" Nor wants he guards his perſon to defend;
" Their beſt affections, beſt of guards, attend.
" And not a ſubject in his wide domain,
" But fears to loſe the bleſſings of his reign:
" And would preſerve, with hazard of his blood,
" A life ſo precious, and a Prince ſo good.
" Thus bleſt himſelf, and bleſſing all around,
" He fears to tax beyond a certain bound:
" His people fear as much to come behind,
" Or let their bounty be too much confin'd.
" He leaves them affl'ence, yet no evils flow;
" No rebel-freedoms from the wealth they know.
" Still trading, buſy, meriting applauſe,
" They keep inviolate their ancient laws.
" *Phenicia*'s now in zenith of her fame,
" And all ſhe boaſts from *Baleazar* came.
" Next him is *Narbal*. O! could he behold,
" Could he again *Telemachus* infold;
" How would his joy by precious gifts be ſhewn,
" With how much pomp he'd lead you to your own.
" And am not I then happy thus t'approve
" My beſt of ſervice, and my beſt of love;
" To place *Ulyſſes*' ſon upon the throne,
" (The glorious taſk which *Narbal* would have
" done)
" That he, in *Ithaca*, ſucceed his ſire,
" And rule diſcreetly as our King at *Tyre*?"
The Royal youth uncommon joy betray'd,
At all which gen'rous *Adoam* had ſaid.
Struck with his friendſhip too when thus diſtreſt,
With grateful heart the *Tyrian* he careſt.
Who in his turn would fain ſome light receive
How in *Calypſo*'s iſland he could live?
The Royal youth inform'd his generous hoſt
How firſt he parted from the *Tyrian* coaſt,

His

His paſſage thence unto the *Cyprian* ſhore
Where *Mentor*'s preſence bleſt him as before:
His *Cretan* voyage, and the Games ordain'd
To fill the throne *Idomeneus* had ſtain'd:
Deſcrib'd the anger of the *Cyprian* Queen,
The terrors of the wreck, a dreadful ſcene!
How kind *Calypſo* had them both receiv'd,
How jealous of her Nymph ſhe after griev'd.
When prudent *Mentor* puſh'd him from the ſteep
And plung'd him headlong in the briny deep.
This converſe o'er, an exquiſite repaſt,
Compos'd with greateſt elegance of taſte,
Was ſerv'd. And *Adoam* to ſhew his joy
Seem'd ev'ry method of delight t' employ.
Phœnician youths with flowry garlands crown'd
In milk white veſtments miniſter'd around:
The deck was ſcented with all rich perfumes,
All *India*'s od'rous aromatic gums:
Muſicians occupied each rower's ſeat
With joeund pipes incomparably ſweet.
From time to time *Achitoas* was heard,
His lyre, his voice mellifluous he rear'd;
Such as *Apollo*, and th' immortal Gods,
Might taſte with rapture in divine abodes.
The *Tritons*, *Nereids*, monſters of the main,
And all that own great *Neptune*'s awful reign,
Charm'd with the notes harmonious, crowded round
From oozy grottos, and the depth profound.
And next *Phœnician* boys, a beauteous row,
In linen veſts more white than falling ſnow;
In mazy dance ſurpriſingly expreſs
The various modes of *Egypt*, *Tyre*, and *Greece*.

Aloft

NOTE.

Verſe 530, *The* Tritons, Nereides—*Nereus* the ſon of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, married his ſiſter *Doris*, by whom he had fifty daughters called *Nereides*, who were Sea Nymphs. *Propertius* makes them a hundred.

Verſe

IMITATION.

Verſe 530, *Ov. Met.* 13.

Aloft in air the brazen trumpet roars,
And echoes anſwer from the diſtant ſhores.
Meanwhile the ſilent majeſty of Night,
The trem'lous Moon that beam'd a ſilver light;
The quiet ſeas, the ſilent azure ſky,
And thouſand twinkling ſtars that flam'd on high;
All, all conſpir'd as 'twere in concert new
T' enrich the ſcene and heighten all the view.
Of nature quick *Telemachus* was found
To taſte the pleaſures which embrac'd him round:
Yet dar'd not truſt his unexperienc'd heart,
Suſpecting all illuſion was, and art.
Saw in *Calypſo*'s iſland, to his ſhame,
How much was youth ſuſceptible of flame;
And ev'ry pleaſure now excites his fear,
Tho' ne'er ſo mild, ſo harmleſs it appear.
He look'd on *Mentor*; from his features ſought,
If what he ſaw were worthy of his thought?
Mentor with pleaſure theſe his doubts beheld,
And ſecret tranſport, which he yet conceal'd.
Touch'd with his modeſty, he ſmiling ſaid—
" Well pleas'd I view this commendable dread.
" But though diſcreet, and prudent is your care,
" Permit it never to proceed too far.
" None wiſh you more of innocent delight,
" Where manly ſenſe, and Virtue ſhall unite;
" Joys that refreſh, and cheer you while they laſt,
" And when poſſeſt may dwell upon your taſte:
" But be they mild, and ſafe, of mod'rate kind:
" Not baniſh reaſon, and ſubvert your mind.

NOTE.

Verſe 537, *The various modes*—The thought of characterizing the ſeveral nations by the peculiarity of their dances, is at the ſame time poetical, and extremely proper. For great muſt have been the diverſity in the early ages, when we are told the *Phrygians*, and ſome others, made dancing a part of their religious worſhip. Among theſe dances the moſt remarkable was the Pyrrhic, which was performed in armour, and inſtituted by *Pyrrhus* in honour of his father *Achilles*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 541, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

" Taſte

" Taſte you no joy but what that reaſon ſuits,
" Leave rage, and wild diſorder to the brutes.
" In ſafety here may you your mind unbend,
" And taſte the gifts of *Adoam* our friend.
" Cheer up, *Telemachus*, be briſk, and gay;
" Indulge your mirth while you ſecurely may,
" True Wiſdom no auſterity can know,
" To affectation and grimace a foe:
" 'Tis ſhe alone can true delights procure,
" She only make them ſtill continue pure.
" She wreathed ſmiles, and frolic knows to blend
" With ſerious bus'neſs; is to both a friend.
" Thus toil and pleaſure ſhall alternate reign,
" And each from other ſhall new reliſh gain.
" Nor will ſhe bluſh in proper time and place,
" With joyous aſpect pleaſure to embrace."
Thus ſaying, on a lyre his hand he laid,
Such ſkill, ſuch art, the heav'nly notes diſplay'd;
Achitoas beheld with jealous eyes;
And dropt his own, through envy and ſurprize.
His eyes ſhot fire, his colour went and came,
The whole Aſſembly had perceiv'd his ſhame;
But that the lyre of *Mentor* all employ'd,
And great the tranſport which their ſouls enjoy'd.
Scarce would they breathe, ſo much to loſe they fear'd
A part of what ſo heavenly appear'd.
In ſolemn ſilence all around attend,
And only fear'd it ſhould too quickly end.
His voice, though ſweet, had no effem'nate air,
But of amazing compaſs, ſtrong and clear;
With juſt expreſſion could all themes purſue,
And to minuteſt things give luſtre due.
He ſang the praiſe of *Jove*, immortal King,
Parent of Gods, and ev'ry living thing:
Who, if one motion of his head he make,
Can all creation to its centre ſhake.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 601, *Virg. Æn.* 2. *Hom. Odyſſ.* 1.
Verſe 603, *Ov. Met.* 2. *Æn.* 9.

He

He ſang *Minerva* iſſuing from his brain;
Which ſeems the wiſdom of that God t'explain,
The great ideas riſing in his mind,
And thence proceeding to inſtruct mankind.
Theſe glorious truths with ſuch affecting air
He warbled forth, and ſuch religious fear;
That all who heard tranſported ſeem'd above,
And on *Olympus'* hill to look on *Jove*;
Whoſe ſight would fatal as his thunder prove.
Of young *Narciſſus* next, unhappy boy,
He ſung, whoſe beauties all his thought employ:
Who while in cryſtal ſprings thoſe charms he ſees,
Conſum'd by ſoft, inſenſible degrees;
Chang'd to a flower of no common fame,
Which ſtill preſerves the fair *Narciſſus'* name.
And laſt *Adonis'* fate did he deplore,
Untimely mangled by a cruel boar:
When bath'd in tears at Heav'n's high gate was ſeen
With bitter plaint th' enamour'd *Cyprian* Queen.
Yet her petition, and his beauty fail'd;
And nought for his return to life prevail'd.
The melting tale drew tears from ev'ry eye,
Sad ſorrow blended with complacency,
Soon as he ceas'd, the *Tyrians* all amaz'd,
With great ſurpriſe upon each other gaz'd.

NOTES.

Verſe 613. *Of young* Narciſſus—Son of the river *Cephiſus* and *Liriope*, beloved by *Echo* whom he ſlighted.

Verſe 619, Adonis' *fate*—*Adonis* was the ſon of *Ciniras* King of *Cyprus*, by *Mirrha*; a moſt beautiful youth beloved by *Venus* from his infancy, who committed the care of his education to *Proſerpine* or *Diana*. By the decree of *Jupiter* he was to ſpend one-third of his time with *Venus*, another with *Diana*, and the remainder with whom he liked beſt. Upon his giving the preference to *Venus*, it fired the jealouſy of *Diana*, who ſent a boar to kill him. After his death *Venus* changed him into a red Anemony. He was annually mourned and lamented by the women of *Phœnicia*; at the time when the river *Adonis* began to appear of a bloody hue, which it conſtantly did upon the melting of the ſnows; by means of a red earth which then mixed with the water.

One

One call'd him *Orpheus*, and his lyre the ſame
Which once in *Thrace* the ſavage beaſts could tame:
Could drag the craggy rocks, the groves along,
And bind ev'n *Cerb'rus* with the magic ſong:
The plagues of *Danaus'* daughter could ſuſpend,
And ſad *Ixion* for a while befriend:
And *Pluto* charm, inexorable King,
From *Lethe*'s ſhades *Eurydice* could bring.
One call'd him *Linus*, great *Apollo*'s Son,
A third affirm'd it *Phœbus'* ſelf alone.
Not leſs ſurpris'd *Telemachus* appear'd,
Who ne'er before this excellence had heard.
Achitoas with rage and envy fir'd
Had leiſure to conceal what theſe inſpir'd.
Aloud began his aukward praiſe to force,
But often bluſh'd, nor finiſh'd his diſcourſe.
Mentor whoſe glance his ſore diſtreſs perceiv'd,
With ſweet engaging eloquence reliev'd:
And ſtrove his fainting ſpirits to renew,
By giving all th' applauſes that were due.
Alas, in vain! ſince *Mentor* ſeem'd t' excel
As much in meekneſs, as performing well.
Meanwhile *Ulyſſes'* ſon prefers his pray'r,
" Th' *Heſperian* voyage all on fire to hear:
" I burn to hear this voyage which you boaſt
" Since laſt we parted from th' *Egyptian* coaſt.

NOTES.

Verſe 629, *One call'd him* Orpheus—The ſon of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, whoſe harmony wrought ſo upon *Pluto* that he gave him back his wife *Eurydice*, on condition he ſhould not look back upon her till he was got out of the infernal regions; which o ders he diſobeyed and thereby loſt her for ever.

Verſe 637, *One call'd him* Linus—He was of *Chalcis*, ſon of *Apollo* and *Terpſichore*. Was the inventor of Lyric Poetry, and preceptor to *Orpheus* and *Hercules*. 'Tis thought he firſt brought the letters of the Alphabet out of *Phœnicia* into *Greece*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 632, *Virg. Georg.* 4. *Ov. Met.* 10.

" O ſay

" O ſay if Fame hath not my ſenſe deceiv'd?
" For ſtrange th' account, and hard to be believ'd."
" Gladly," return'd he, " will I aim to ſhew
" A land where ſweets in ſuch abundance flow:
" A theme like this deſerves my utmoſt pains,
" Fame ſpeaks not half what *Bætica* contains." 660
He thus began—" Amidſt a fertile vale
" Where ſoft the clime, and temp'rate is the gale,
" Meand'ring *Bætis* cuts th' embroider'd ground,
" And gives its name to all the region round.
" Hence to *Alcides'* pillars wings its way,
" Its courſe purſuing to the utmoſt ſea.
" Hard by that ſtreight where once, in early days,
" A dread commotion could old *Ocean* raiſe;
" Indignant burſt its banks, and roughly tore
" The land of *Tarſis* from the *Lybian* ſhore. 670
" Here ſtill entire, unſullied we behold
" Thoſe fair delights which grac'd that Age of
" Gold:
" Mild are the Winters, and ſerene the air;
" No bluſt'ring tempeſt, and no cold is there.
" By noon-tide breeze is Summer's heat allay'd,
" And gentle zephyrs bring refreſhing aid.
" Thus Spring and Autumn, like an happy pair
" In ſocial wedlock, triumph through the year.
" Each verdant vale, and wide extended field,
" Their double harveſts to the owner yield. 680
" Each path with laurels and pomegranates crown'd,
" While flowring ſhrubs and jaſmine breathe around.
" High on the hills the bleating flocks conſpire
" T' enrich with fleeces, which all lands require.
" Nor

NOTES.

Verſe 670, *The land of* Tarſis—*Spain* ſuppoſed to be torn from the continent of *Africa*.

Verſe 672, *Age of Gold*—The reign of *Saturn* in *Italy*, when the earth, without cultivation, brought forth all things in the greateſt plenty; and men lived together in the greateſt harmony.

Verſe

IMITATION.

Verſe 673, *Hom. Od.* 4

" Nor want there mines of gold, and ſilver vein,
" To raiſe the value of the fair champain.
" But they of native innocence poſſeſt,
" And in that innocence ſupremely bleſt;
" No precious metals hold in great eſteem,
" What Nature aſks, that wealth alone they
" deem.
" When firſt we landed, and commenc'd a trade,
" Of Gold and Silver were their plough-ſhares made.
" No iron us'd they, and exporting nought
" Coinage of ev'ry kind ſuperfluous thought.
" Moſt here are ſwains of the laborious kind,
" Mechanic arts but rarely ſhall you find:
" No artiſts are allow'd within the land,
" But ſuch as pure neceſſities demand.
" And moſt (though flocks, and tillage be their care)
" Can proper tools for humble life prepare.
" The wives ſpin wool moſt delicate to ſight,
" And weave in ſtuffs of an amazing white:
" Theſe bake their bread, theſe furniſh the repaſt,
" An eaſy taſk to pleaſe their mod'rate taſte;
" Content with fruits, and milk their flocks afford;
" For rarely fleſh appears to grace the board.
" The ſkins with care each prudent wife employs
" To furniſh ſandals for her blooming boys,
" Her huſband, and herſelf; and tents to build
" With waxen cov'ring in the open field.
" While diff'ring huts their diff'rent fancies pleaſe,
" With art conſtructed of the barks of trees.
" Domeſtic matters are the women's care,
" They tend the laundry and the veſts prepare.
" With wiſe œconomy they all diſpoſe,
" With wondrous order regulate the houſe.
" Their dreſs is quickly made, ſo ſoft the air
" Light cov'ring ſerves, and fineſt ſtuffs they wear.

NOTE.

Verſe 684, *"T' enrich with fleeces*—The wool of *Segovia* is famous to this day, much uſed in the manufactures both of England and Holland.

" No certain form, no faſhions you behold,
" Each wraps his garment in a lengthen'd fold
" Around his naked limbs, as likes him beſt
" With decent care: regardleſs of the reſt.
" The men apply to huſbandry alone,
" Or grazing herds; all other arts unknown;
" Save that ſome ſmall mechanics are purſued,
" In framing inſtruments of iron, and wood.
" The firſt ſcarce uſe they, but to till the ground:
" No buildings raiſe, no architects are found.
" T' erect us manſions which our lives outlaſt
" Betrays, they think, an earthly ſenſual taſte:
" And ſince we mortals muſt ſo quickly die,
" Enough, to ſhield us from th' inclement ſky.
" All fav'rite arts of ev'ry poliſh'd ſtate,
" What *Greece* admires, and *Egypt* loves, they hate:
" Call them devices to corrupt the ſoul,
" Make pride and luxury poſſeſs it whole.
" Tell them of cities which ſuperbly riſe,
" With coſtly furniture t' attract their eyes;
" Gold, ſilver, precious ſtones, and rich brocade,
" The charms of muſic ſummon to your aid;
" Alas! they cry, unhappy men to find
" Theſe various methods to pervert the mind,
" Redundant joys but weaken, and enſlave,
" Th' intoxicating plagues of all that have,
" And tempt who have not, with rapacious hands
" To ſeize on what their avarice demands.
" Name if you can but one ſuperfl'ous joy,
" Which will not tend our morals to deſtroy.
" The men you mention, live they all more free
" From ſad diſtemper; more robuſt, than we?
" Count they the circling years to greater age,
" More firmly knit, more foes to hoſtile rage?
" Live they more jocund in a calm retreat;
" And taſte they charms of liberty more ſweet?
" Alas! far diff'rent tortures muſt they feel;
" Each jealous, envious of his neighbour's weal.
" Ambition, Av'rice, and unmanly Fear,
" Make them incapable of joy ſincere.
" Imaginary wants which know no end
" On which muſt all their happineſs depend!

Thus

" Thus reaſon they, by ſimple Nature taught,
" By Nature's dictates to diſcretion brought.
" Thus our Politeneſs and our Arts deſpiſe,
" And think their own Œconomy more wiſe.
" In tribes they dwell, no hedge their land divides,
" O'er ev'ry houſe a petty Prince preſides.
" Each Sire has pow'r his Children to chaſtiſe,
" And Children's children, when they act amiſs.
" But firſt a ſolemn council will he call,
" Correcting none without conſent of all.
" This rarely happens, ſcarcely in an age;
" Such firm obedience doth them all engage,
" Such faith, ſuch innocence, and dread of Vice
" At once conſpire to conſtitute their bliſs.
" Juſtice retiring, ſought, we're told, the Gods:
" Yet ſeems reſiding in theſe bleſt abodes.
" No Judge employ they: Conſcience is their Guide,
" No gracious gifts of Providence divide:
" Earth's various lap ſuch plenty pours around,
" Their milk, their fruits, in ſuch abundance
" found;
" That mod'rate tempers, ſuch as theſe poſſeſs,
" No reaſon find to guard againſt exceſs.
" From ſoil to ſoil through all the beauteous plain
" Each family removes with all its train:
" Erects its tent conſuming all its ſtore,
" Nor ſtirs till fruits and paſture be no more.
" 'Tis thus no ſep'rate intereſt obtains,
" Love undiſturb'd, fraternal concord reigns.
" Their union, peace, and liberties ariſe
" From ſhunning follies others fondly prize.

NOTE.

Verſe 775, *Juſtice retiring*—*Aſtræa* the Goddeſs of Juſtice was daughter of *Juſtice* and *Themis*. During the Golden Age ſhe reſided among Mortals, but withdrew again to Heaven when they began to corrupt themſelves.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 749, *Cic. Parad.* 1.
Verſe 775, *Juv. Sat.* 6. *Senec. Octav.* 422.

" All free, and equal in a golden mean,
" Among their tribes is no diſtinction ſeen,
" But what experience brings, and length of years,
" Or equal prudence which in youth appears.
" Rapacious fraud, and perjury profane,
" With law debate, muſt here their voice refrain:
" The brazen throat of war they never hear,
" Which ſhuns a region to the Gods ſo dear.
" Ne'er was this land diſtain'd with human gore,
" Scarce that of lambs will they preſume to pour.
" Diſcourſe to theſe of ſome well foughten field,
" Of conqueſt, plunder, which all countries yield,
" Confounded, and amaz'd, they eager cry,
" What, are not mortals apt enough to die?
" Seems life ſo long, though in itſelf ſo ſhort,
" That each his brother ruins as in ſport?
" Live they for this, to be each others foes,
" With brutiſh rage to aggravate their woes?
" Scarce are theſe people able to conceive
" That we ſuch honours ſhould to victors give
" Subverting ſtates. How vain, ſay they, is this;
" In wide extended rule to place our bliſs!
" For vaſt the burthen which that man ſuſtains
" Who wiſely governs, and with Juſtice reigns.
" Strange then indeed that any ſhould delight
" To govern others as it were in ſpite.
" To Kings diſcreet 'twill taſk ſufficient prove,
" Rightly to rule when all their perſons love:
" When Heav'n commands it, and the land has pray'd
" Their paſt'ral care, and their paternal aid.
" By force to rule is miſery to crave
" For the poor fame that others we enſlave.
" A conqu'ror is a ſcourge (by Heav'n deſign'd
" When moſt offended) to torment mankind.
" To ravage kingdoms, terror to diffuſe,
" Deſpair, and mis'ry, oft as he purſues.
" In ſhort, of ſlaves to multiply the train,
" And make all freemen drag the ſervile chain.

IMITATION.

Verſe 804, *Tibull.* 1, *Eleg.* 11.

" Seeks

" Seeks he for fame? and will it not ſuffice
" What Heaven beſtows—to rule with conduct
" wiſe?
" Thinks he no praiſes will become his due
" If he appear not in an hoſtile view?
" Unleſs the proud uſurper he be found,
" Unjuſtly lording over all around?
" In truth, no cauſe can juſtify our arms,
" But vindication of fair Freedom's charms.
" Happy, who lives himſelf the ſlave of none,
" Nor fondly hopes to make another groan!
" Theſe lords triumphant with ſuch ſplendour ſhewn,
" Reſemble rivers that are overflown:
" Majeſtic both, and dazzling to the ſight,
" But drown the fertile plains they ſhould delight."
Charm'd with the landſcape *Adoam* diſclos'd,
The curious Prince his queries now propos'd.
" Of *Bacchus'* gifts no portion do they ſhare;
" Drink they no wine, their drooping hearts to chear?"
" In this," ſaid *Adoam*, " are none confin'd;
" For none appear to this exceſs inclin'd.
" Yet grapes abound of moſt delicious taſte,
" And by no climate in the world ſurpaſt.
" Contented, this with other fruits they eat,
" But fear the juice as pregnant with deceit.
" A deadly bane, that will diſtraction give,
" And make men brutiſh, though it lets them live.
" Still may our vigour and our health be left,
" Although of *Bacchus'* precious gifts bereft.
" Indulging taſte, we hazard health to loſe,
" Corrupt our morals, and our minds abuſe."
" Fain would I learn," *Telemachus* rejoin'd,
" What laws connubial may this nation bind?"
" One wife alone," ſaid *Adoam*, " they have;
" To her remain they conſtant to the grave.
" By ſtrict connubial faith the man commands
" Here like reſpect, with wives in other lands.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 853 *Plin.* l. 14. ſ. 28.
Verſe 861, *Plaut. in. Mere*

" No people ſo inviolably true,
" Or nuptual rites with ſo much ſtrictneſs view.
" The women here are exquiſitely fair,
" Laborious, modeſt, plain, of cheerful air.
" The marriage-bed with fruitfulneſs is crown'd,
" No ſpot, no diſcord in that ſtate is found.
" The huſband and his wife compoſe one whole;
" Two diff'rent bodies, but the ſelf-ſame ſoul:
" Partaking each of all domeſtic cares,
" Abroad, the huſband regulates affairs:
" The woman ſtill preſiding in the houſe,
" Well pleas'd in all to gratify her ſpouſe;
" Seems born for him, his confidence obtains,
" His love by Virtue more than beauty gains.
" Their ſocial joys continue to the laſt:
" Still friendſhip ſtays, when other charms are
" paſt.
" Their ſober rules, and pureſt manners raiſe
" A ſtock of health, to hold their length of days.
" 'Tis common here to ſee the hoary ſage
" Who reckons ſix ſcore ſummers to his age.
" The leaſt an hundred—yet they journey ſmooth,
" Retaining ſtill the ſprightlineſs of youth."
" Yet hope I," adds *Telemachus*, " to hear
" How ſhun they terrors of invaſive war?
" Nature," return'd he " ſouthward parted theſe
" From all the world by intermediate ſeas;
" Northward the mountains as a fence ariſe,
" And neighb'ring nations much their virtue prize.
" Full oft when feuds and diſcords high have grown,
" To theſe as judges they reſpect have ſhewn;
" Have truſted lands and cities to their care,
" Safe the depoſit in a faith ſo rare.
" A ſtate ſo wiſe and good is fear'd by none;
" They ne'er invaded, or incroach'd on one.
" Oft as they hear it, will thoſe Kings deride,
" Who know not how their frontiers to decide.
" Think we, ſay they, the ſoil will not contain?
" Alas! 'tis more than can be till'd by man.
" While one free ſpot remains that's unimprov'd,
" We'll not reſiſt if by our foes remov'd.

" No

" No ſingle member of the *Batic* race
" One ſign of pride or haughtineſs betrays;
" No breach of faith is found to foe or friend:
" No fond deſire their bound'ries to extend.
" Thus all the neighb'ring ſtates have nought to fear,
" And know it vain againſt them to declare:
" So never aim to interrupt their eaſe,
" For all would leave the country by degrees,
" Or bravely ſell their lives in open field,
" Ere they to ſervitude would baſely yield.
" Thus, as themſelves have no ambitious view;
" So were it hard their country to ſubdue.
" Lo! here the reaſon why a peace profound
" Subſiſts between them, and the nations round."
He ended not, till firſt he had diſplay'd
How the *Phœnicians* with this people trade.
" At firſt," ſaid he, " in great amaze they ſtood
" To ſee our veſſel traverſing the flood:
" Admir'd that ſtrangers harbour'd thoughts ſo
" wild,
" But yet in *Gades* ſuffer'd us to build.
" On us each hoſpitable thought employ'd,
" Gratis partook we all which they enjoy'd;
" And when their ſtores, their magazines were full,
" They freely offer'd their ſuperfl'ous wool.
" A noble preſent theſe their bounties crown'd;
" Pleas'd give they ſtrangers, when themſelves
" abound.
" Their precious mines they readily reſign'd;
" From them no uſe, no profit could they find:
" And thought it ſtrange that men of ſenſe ſhould go,
" Should hazard ſuch variety of woe,
" T' embowel earth, and ſearch for hidden ſtore,
" Which made them ne'er more happy than before.
" Wound not ſo deep, ſaid they, our mother earth,
" Which gives all wholeſome aliments a birth:

NOTE.

Verſe 924, *But yet in* Gades—The preſent *Cadiz*, formerly called *Tarteſſus*, an ancient colony of *Tyre*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 937, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* l. 33.

" With

" With tillage reſt content, and ſhe ſhall bear
" Than gold, than ſilver, gifts more precious far:
" For what by gold, or ſilver, can we gain
" But proper food our bodies to ſuſtain?
" We aim'd to teach them maritime affairs,
" And to *Phœnicia* in the bloom of years
" Tranſport their ſons: they no conſent would give
" That any child our laws of life receive.
" Your wants, they ſaid, your av'rice will they know,
" And loſe their virtue for an empty ſhew.
" Like him, who with his limbs entire, and ſound,
" Through pride, or ſloth, diſdains to tread the
" ground:
" By others borne about from place to place,
" As though ſome weakneſs ſhould his nerves
" unbrace.
" Our navigation-arts they greatly love,
" Think they're ingenious; but may hurtful prove:
" Theſe men, ſay they, if they at home poſſeſs,
" Whate'er is proper for their life and peace,
" Why run they elſewhere through the watry way?
" Is nature ſatisfy'd—and will not they?
" Juſtly by ſhipwrecks then are ſuch purſu'd
" Who ſeek their ruin in the ſtormy flood;
" To glut the av'rice of thoſe ſons of trade,
" By whom all others are effem'nate made."
Pleas'd to the ſoul *Telemachus* appear'd
When this diſcourſe of *Adoam* he heard:
That men by nature wiſe, of ſo much worth,
And all ſo happy, ſtill adorn'd the earth.
How diff'rent, added he, their cuſtoms all
From ſottiſh crimes of thoſe we prudent call!
Ambitious vanities our ſenſe deceive,
We ſcarce this pure ſimplicity believe.
Regard the manners of a ſtate ſo good,
As tales or fables ſcarcely underſtood.
In truth, our conduct rather ſhould we blame—
Our life to theirs an inconſiſtent dream.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

The Goddeſs Venus *ſtill retaining her reſentment againſt* Telemachus, *makes application to* Jupiter *to conſent to his deſtruction. But, the Fates not permiting, ſhe goes to concert with* Neptune *the moſt proper means; to keep him, at leaſt, at a great diſtance from* Ithaca, *to which* Adoam *was conducting him. They employ a fallacious Deity to ſurpriſe the Pilot* Athamas, *who ſuppoſing he was arrived at* Ithaca, *enters full ſail the Port of the* Salentines. Idomeneus, *their King, received* Telemachus *into his City then newly erected; where he was actually preparing a Sacrifice to* Jupiter, *to obtain ſucceſs in a War againſt the* Mandurians. *The Prieſt, upon conſulting the entrails of the Victims, gives ample aſſurance of Victory to* Idomeneus: *and gives him to underſtand, that he is indebted for his happineſs to the two Strangers lately arrived.*

CONVERSING thus they pleaſing vigils keep,
Unmindful of the ſweets of balmy ſleep;
The Moon the pale meridian of the night
Touch'd unperceiv'd, and reach'd her utmoſt height.
Meanwhile ſome adverſe Deity above
Did far from *Ithaca* their bark remove;
Their pilot *Athamas* deceiv'd, in vain
With fruitleſs labour ſought that port to gain.
Neptune, though friendly to the *Tyrian* ſtate,
No longer could diſguiſe his cruel hate:
Enrag'd *Telemachus* ſo ſafely paſt,
When on *Calypſo*'s rocks the tempeſt caſt.

IMITATION.

Verſe 9, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 1.

Venus

Venus with ſtill more trouble had beheld
That one ſo young to her diſdain'd to yield;
Eſcap'd her ſnare, and could triumphant prove
'Gainſt *Cupid*'s ſelf, and all the pow'r of love.
Tranſported by her grief, ſhe left awhile
Her humble vot'ries in fair *Cyprus* Iſle:
Her lov'd *Cythera* could no longer pleaſe,
Idalian groves, or *Paphos* give her eaſe.
Nor could ſhe view thoſe realms without a pain,
Where young *Telemachus* deſpis'd her reign.
Swift to *Olympus*' radiant top ſhe ſoars,
Where ev'ry God immortal *Jove* adores;
Where now aſſembled at his throne they meet,
Ten thouſand ſtars revolving at their feet.
From hence this Globe of Mortals they behold,
As one ſmall fragment of terreſtrial mould:
The vaſty deep no other proſpect gave
Than drops of water which this fragment lave.
The greateſt realms appearing to their eyes
As grains of ſand, which on its ſurface riſe.
Unnumber'd hoſts, and armies, as they paſs,
Like piſmires fighting for a blade of graſs.
For things of greateſt conſequence on earth
But move their laughter, and excite their mirth.
Our puny efforts, and our State affairs,
Like play of children in their infant years.
And all the fame, th' authority we ſeek,
Shews us to them more wretched, and more weak.
Upon this hill ſublime with ſplendour ſhone,
On baſis firm, Great *Jove*'s imperial throne.
Swift through th' abyſs his piercing eye can dart,
And ſearch the dark receſſes of the heart.
When with complacence ſweet his looks are found,
A calm ſucceeds, and Nature ſmiles around.
But ſhould he once his wavy ringlets ſhake,
All Heav'n would tremble, and all Earth would quake.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 25, *Virg. Æn.*
Verſe 45, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 47, *Ov. Met.* 1. *Hom. Il.* 1.

So

So dazzling bright the glory of his ray,
The Gods themſelves approach him in diſmay.
Now all, in circle bright, attending *Jove*
Appear'd the bleſt Divinities above:
Low at his throne ſee lovely *Venus* bow!
With all the charms which in her boſom glow.
Her beauteous robe looſe flowing in her march,
Excell'd the colours of the ſhow'ry Arch:
When ev'ry ray fair *Iris* brings to proof,
And in the ſable cloud has dipt her woof.
What time to frighted men ſhe deigns t' appear,
To chace the ſtorm, and purify the air.
Her ſlender waiſt the well known Ceſtus bound,
Where ſmiling Graces ſport the circle round:
Her ſhining hair in golden knot behind
Neglected fell, and wanton'd in the wind.
All Heav'n aſtoniſh'd ſtood to view her charms,
Which recent ſeem'd, and fill'd them with alarms.
Their eyes o'erpow'r'd, like thoſe of mortals, ſeem
When from eclipſe breaks forth the ſolar beam.
Each gaz'd on other raviſh'd with delight,
And ſtill to *Venus* would direct their ſight.
Yet bath'd in tears they ſaw her ſparkling eyes,
And heart-felt grief o'er all her features riſe.
Light tripping paſt the beauteous Queen of Love,
And ſoon approach'd the awful throne of *Jove*.
Like bird of ſwifteſt wing was ſeen the Fair,
That prone in flight divides the marble air.

NOTES.

Verſe 57, *Fair* Iris—Daughter of *Thaumas* and *Electra*, the meſſenger of the Gods, and particularly of *Juno*, as *Mercury* was of *Jupiter*.

Verſe 61, *The well known Ceſtus*—*Venus* being mother to the Graces, they were ſuppoſed conſtantly to attend her, hence they are painted by the poets upon this myſterious Girdle.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 61, *Hom. Il.* 14.
Verſe 63, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
Verſe 71, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 75, *Hom. Od.* 5.

The

The God beheld her with complacence mild.
And ſmiling roſe t' embrace his much lov'd child.
" What tears," ſaid he, " are theſe? what griefs
" moleſt?
" Ev'n *Jove* feels pain when *Venus* is diſtreſt
" Unboſom then your woes without a fear,
" For well you know the kind concern I bear."
With accent ſweet the Goddeſs anſwer'd brief,
While interrupting ſighs diſplay'd her grief:
" O Sire of Gods and men, immortal *Jove!*
" Who govern Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
" Can you, whoſe eye the Univerſe ſurveys,
" Not know, what cauſe doth my affliction raiſe?
" 'Twas not enough that *Pallas* could employ
" Her utmoſt efforts in the fall of *Troy*,
" T' avenge on *Paris* (though myſelf took arms)
" The prize he gave to my ſuperior charms;
" *Ulyſſes'* ſon now leads ſhe by the hand
" Through diſtant ſeas, and ev'ry foreign land.
" Cruel *Ulyſſes*, *Troy*'s invet'rate foe,
" Chief cauſe of all her miſery, and woe!
" 'Tis thus *Minerva*'s preſence that we miſs,
" Who leaves her ſtation here in ſeats of bliſs,
" To form the giddy youth. Of late he came
" By her conducted to attack my fame:
" In *Cyprus'* iſle his inſolence diſplay'd,
" No ſweets, no incenſe, on mine altars laid:
" Aloud declar'd abhorrence of my rites,
" And ſhut his ſoul to all my fond delights.

NOTE.

Verſe 91, *T'avenge on* Paris—To the nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis* all the Gods and Goddeſſes were invited, except *Diſcord*; who thereupon threw among them a Golden Apple with this inſcription " To be given to the faireſt." The candidates for it were *Juno*, *Minerva*, and *Venus*, who made *Paris* the Judge. And he giving the preference to *Venus*, made the other two his enemies.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 77, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 91, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" In

" In vain did *Neptune*, at my earneſt pray'r,
" The ſtormy tempeſt, and the flood prepare:
" When to *Calypſo*'s iſle the wreck convey'd,
" Freſh conqueſt here of *Cupid*'s ſelf he made:
" Whom I deputed, and on purpoſe ſent
" To melt, and make his ſtubborn ſoul relent.
" Nor fair *Calypſo* deck'd with ev'ry charm,
" Not all her youthful Nymphs his breaſt alarm:
" Not Love himſelf with all his flaming darts
" Can aught prevail againſt *Minerva*'s arts:
" To ſee her ſnatch him hence all means employ;
" Behold your daughter vanquiſh'd by a boy!"
Great *Jove*, who heard th' occaſion of her grief,
Thus kindly ſtrove to miniſter relief.
" 'Tis true, my child, *Minerva* guards the heart
" Of this young *Greek*, 'gainſt Cupid's keeneſt
" dart:
" And for him keeps ſuch glory too in ſtore,
" As none ſo young e'er merited before.
" I'm griev'd your altars he ſhould thus profane,
" But cannot ſuffer your revenge to reign.
" Yet, ſuch the love I bear you, will agree
" He live a vagabond by land, and ſea:
" Remain an exile from his country far,
" Doom'd ev'ry danger, and diſtreſs to bear:
" The Fates forbid ſuch Virtue ſhould be loſt,
" Or yield, like others, to the joys you boaſt.
" Then dry theſe tears, and reſt content to know,
" Still crowds of Heroes and Immortals bow."
Thus ſpake th' eternal King, ſo chearing ſmil'd
With graceful air majeſtically mild.
While ſtreams of light proceeded from his eyes
Like forked lightnings darting from the ſkies.
Th' ambroſial kiſs when he diſmiſs'd the fair
With heav'nly fragrance round perfum'd the air.
Spite of her ſorrows, and her trickling tears,
A ſecret tranſport in her face appears.
Nor could ſhe hide the pleaſure it had giv'n,
To be thus favour'd by the King of Heav'n.

IMITATION.

Verſe 116, *Virg. Æn.* 1

But yet her great diſorder to conceal
And riſing bluſh, a little dropt her veil.
Applauſes fill'd the Synod of the Gods,
That inſtant *Venus* left the bleſt abodes;
To ſeek the Ruler of the wat'ry main,
And fix with him how beſt revenge to gain.
Soon as the Goddeſs in his ſight appear'd,
She told him all that *Jupiter* declar'd.
" I know," ſaid *Neptune*, " what the Fates decree:
" *Ulyſſes'* Son muſt triumph o'er the Sea:
" Yet let us nothing unattempted leave,
" To keep him from his home, t'afflict and grieve.
" His bark is *Tyrian*; that I needs muſt ſpare:
" The *Tyrian* State is my peculiar care.
" No nation under heav'n deſerves my love
" So much as *Tyre*, or doth ſo loyal prove:
" To them I owe that Ocean is the band
" Of ſtrict ſociety, 'twixt land and land;
" With conſtant victims they mine altars grace,
" Moſt careful, wiſe, and beſt of human race.
" To ev'ry ſhore by their extenſive trade
" Is plenty wafted, and convenience ſpread.
" No, Goddeſs, no. I ne'er conſent can give,
" A ſhip of *Tyre* its ruin ſhould receive:
" But I'll confound the Pilot, make him rove;
" And far enough from *Ithaca* remove."
Content with this, malignant ſmil'd the fair,
Then ſtraight returning in her rapid car
O'er 'broider'd meads of ſweet *Idalia* paſt;
To meet her ev'ry Grace advanc'd in haſte,
Frolic and Mirth in mazy dance ſhe found,
On velvet heads of flow'rs, which breath'd around.
A ſubtle Genius now from *Neptune* came,
That bore a near reſemblance to a dream:
Yet dreams deceive us only in our ſleep;
In magic chains he could the wakeful keep.
A thouſand falſhoods wing'd around him play'd,
And to his fraud contributed their aid:

IMITATION.

Verſe ‹ ›, *Dionyſ. Alex. Per. ex. Papii verſ.*

Hard

Hard by the Pilot *Athamas* he ſtood,
Who now the ſplendid Moon ſecurely view'd;
And mark'd the Planets as aloft they move,
Revolving ſwift in argent fields above.
The Pilot judg'd that *Ithaca* was near,
Her coaſt at hand and craggy rocks appear:
When lo! the Genius o'er his viſual ray
A mixture pour'd, his ſenſes to betray.
From that ſame moment nought obſerv'd he right,
Falſe heav'n, falſe earth preſented to his ſight;
Far diff'rent courſes all the Planets ran,
And ſeem'd returning whence they firſt began.
A new rotation ſaw he in the Pole,
In diff'rent circle ſeem'd the earth to roll.
A phantom *Ithaca* appear'd to view,
While he was ſtill departing from the true.
The more he thought t'approach the coaſt deſir'd,
The more this image mock'd him, and retir'd:
Still fled before him, and deceiv'd his ſight;
While he remain'd a ſtranger to its flight.
Oft heard he, as he thought, in port ariſe
Th' accuſtom'd tumult, and the ſeamen's cries.
He now prepar'd his orders to fulfil,
And land in ſecret on a neighb'ring iſle;
To hide *Telemachus'* return from thoſe
Who woo'd *Penelope*, his bitt'reſt foes.
Oft fear'd he ſhelves ſo frequent near this ſhore,
And heard the billows on thoſe quickſands roar.
Then in an inſtant vaniſh'd was the coaſt,
Its leſs'ning hills almoſt to ſight were loſt:
Like ſmalleſt clouds which ſkirting round appear,
To veil th' horizon when the eve is near.
Thus mock'd was *Athamas*, the wily Pow'r
Of magic vapours pour'd ſo large a ſhow'r;
A ſtrange oppreſſion on his heart he bore
Of which he ne'er was ſenſible before.
Scarce that he waking was could he believe,
But thought illuſive dreams his ſenſe deceive.

IMITATION.

Verſe 211, *Plautus.*

Meanwhile, at *Neptune*'s word, an eaſtern gale
To fair *Heſperia*'s coaſt directs the ſail:
With ſo much vigour roſe th' obſequious wind,
They quickly reach'd the haven he deſign'd.
Now roſy Morn announc'd approaching day,
The jealous ſtars that fear'd *Apollo*'s ray,
Already haſten'd prone to *Ocean*'s bed,
There hid their fires, and their diminiſh'd head.
When loud the Pilot call'd—" Behold the port!
" 'Tis that, 'tis *Ithaca*, at diſtance ſhort.
" Rejoice, *Telemachus*, one hour from this
" And fair *Penelope* ſhall bleſs your eyes.
" Perhaps *Ulyſſes* too may then be ſeen,
" Again preſiding with his virtuous Queen."
This rous'd the ſleeping Prince, he wak'd, he flew
T'embrace the Pilot; from the helm to view:
With eyes half cloſ'd he mark'd th' adjacent ſhore,
Which no reſemblance of his country bore.
" Alas! where are we, *Athamas?*" ſaid he,
" No ſigns of deareſt *Ithaca* I ſee.
" Vain are your hopes, and fondly do you roam,
" Nor know a coaſt ſo diſtant from your home."
" You wrong me," he return'd, " I cannot err,
" When all its boundaries ſo plain appear.
" How oft have I within this harbour been?
" No rock among them which I have not ſeen.
" The *Tyrian* ſoundings which ſo long I knew
" Are not more freſh and preſent to my view.
" For mark that cape which hither ſeems to tend,
" Obſerve thoſe hills like ſtately tow'rs aſcend:
" And ſee you not how yonder floods ariſe
" And daſh the craggy rocks with dreadful noiſe?
" How high their ſummit, how with batter'd brow
" They threaten ruin to the ſea below?

NOTE.

Verſe 220, *To fair* Heſperia's *coaſt—Italy*, ſo call'd from *Heſperus* the evening ſtar, becauſe it lay Weſt of *Greece*, toward the Setting Sun.

IMITATION.

Verſe 223, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

" See

" See you not too *Minerva*'s temple ſhroud
" Its head aſpiring in yon painted cloud?
" Lo! there the citadel, and there the ſpire
" Of Great *Ulyſſes*' palace, and your Sire."
" O *Athamas*," ſaid he, " again you're loſt:
" I ſee a Continent, a lofty coaſt,
" A City too; but not my native place:
" Gods! is it thus you ſport with human race!"
He ſpake; that inſtant from the Pilot's eyes
The charm diſſolv'd: with infinite ſurpriſe
Abaſh'd his error own'd, and ſtraight believ'd,
And frankly own'd his ſenſes were deceiv'd.
" My deareſt Prince," he cried, " ſome foe divine
" Left free your eyes, but hath inchanted mine:
" I thought, in truth, your *Ithaca* at hand;
" Its perfect image ſaw before me ſtand:
" But in a moment is it vanquiſh'd quite,
" Like fleeting dreams, and viſions of the night.
" A diff'rent town I view, nor fear to ſay
" *Salentum*'s tow'rs are what we now ſurvey:
" Which poor *Idomeneus*, ſince *Crete* he loſt,
" Hath late erected on th' *Heſperian* coaſt.
" I ſee the riſing walls not yet compleat,
" And the rude port; as yet no ſafe retreat."
While thus *Salentum* in its infant ſtate
He notic'd, and the Prince bewail'd his fate,
The ſprightly breeze by *Neptune* ſent prevails,
The road they enter with expanded ſails:
There under ſhelter, and ſecure they found
The port at hand; and ſtruck th' *Heſperian* ground.
Mentor no ſtranger to Great *Neptune*'s rage,
Or the baſe arts *Cythera*'s Queen engage;
In ſecret ſmil'd at *Athamas*' miſtake,
And as they ſail'd *Telemachus* beſpake:
" This trial is from *Jove*. Nay more, it came
" Not for your hurt; but to exalt your fame.
" For think what toils the Great *Alcides* knew,
" Your father's ſuff'rings ſummon to your view.

NOTE.

Verſe 272, Salentum's *tow'rs*—Capital of what is now called *Otranto*, in the kingdom of *Naples*.

" Mean is the ſoul which ſtoops to adverſe fate:
" With patience you, and conſtancy muſt wait.
" Muſt tire out Fortune by ſupporting pain,
" And make her greateſt perſecution vain.
" Much leſs I fear you ſhould to *Neptune* yield
" Than when *Calypſo* with careſſes held.
" Why ſtop we then, why fear we to reſort
" Straight to *Salentum*'s hoſpitable port?
" All there are truſty friends, and all of *Greece:*
" The King himſelf no ſtranger to diſtreſs.
" Of Fortune's bitt'reſt cup did he partake;
" Will therefore help us for our mis'ry's ſake."
Juſt then they gain'd the port. A bark of *Tyre*
Was ſoon receiv'd, none wiſh'd her to retire;
To all *Phœnicians* are theſe honours giv'n;
Who trade with all the nations under heav'n.
Telemachus beheld with wond'ring eyes
An infant City thus ſuperbly riſe.
As when a tender plant from dewy Eve,
Doth ſtrength and kindly nouriſhment receive;
Encourag'd ſtill by *Phœbus'* early ray,
Imbibing colours exquiſitely gay;
By ſoft degrees inſenſibly it grows,
Unfolds its buds, which ev'ry ſweet diſcloſe;
Expands its verdant leaves, its bloſſoms new
A thouſand dyes aſtoniſhing to view;
While ev'ry hour we on its beauties gaze,
Some recent charm will admiration raiſe;
Such charms this fair metropolis might boaſt,
Superbly ſeated on the utmoſt coaſt.
Each day, and hour, majeſtic ſaw it riſe,
Far off the mariner, with raviſh'd eyes,
Beheld new columns reaching to the ſkies.
On ev'ry ſide was heard the lab'ring ſound,
And cries of artiſts echoed all around.
Stones of enormous weight aloft in air,
By cranes and cords ſuſpended, they uprear.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 293, *Virg. Æn.* 5.
Verſe 300, *Æn.* 1.

And

And ſoon as morn had gilt the ruddy eaſt,
The chiefs to toil, their diff'rent ſquadrons preſt:
Idomeneus himſelf directing ſtood,
And with amazing diligence purſu'd.
When firſt the *Tyrian* bark advanc'd to ſhore,
The friendly *Cretans* ſhew'd the love they bore:
On ev'ry hoſpitable thought intent,
To *Mentor* and the Prince aſſiſtance lent.
Soon to the King the couriers ſwift report
That great *Ulyſſes'* Son approach'd the Court.
" *Ulyſſes'* Son?" he cried, " my honour'd friend,
" To whom we owe that all our toils had end!
" To whom all *Greece* by grateful tie is bound,
" That *Troy*'s proud tow'rs were level'd with the
" ground!
" Haſte, and conduct him here, that he may prove
" How much his father I eſteem and love."
The Prince conducted to his preſence came,
Implor'd his friendſhip, and declar'd his name.
When thus *Idomeneus* with aſpect ſweet,
And kind complacent ſmile, began to greet.
" Had none inform'd me of *Ulyſſes'* ſon,
" Methinks his features I had ſurely known.
" Lo! there *Ulyſſes'* ſelf! behold his eyes
" Where ſteady courage beams, and fires ſurprize!
" Behold his air! at firſt reſerv'd and cold,
" Which yet doth ev'ry ſprightly grace infold.
" I know th' engaging, unaffected ſmile,
" Sweet elocution, plain, yet full of guile,
" Which can at once perſuade, and win the heart,
" Ere it have leiſure to ſuſpect his art.
" Yes, you indeed may claim that fire divine;
" Yet ſuffer likewiſe that I call you mine.
" My ſon, my child, what ſtorm's reſiſtleſs pow'r,
" What ſore adventure brought you to this ſhore?

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 330, *Virg. Æn.* 1.
Verſe 350, *Virg. Æn.* 3.
Verſe 354, *Virg. Æn.* 8.
Verſe 355, *Hom. Il.* 3.

" Seek

" Seek you that ſire? alas! I can't inform:
" Him fortune plagues, and me, with ev'ry ſtorm.
" He, wretched man, his country could not find:
" I gain'd my *Crete*, but found its Gods unkind."
Thus ſpake he, and on *Mentor* turn'd his eyes,
Whoſe face he knew, whoſe name could not deviſe.
O'erwhelm'd with tears, *Telemachus* replied,
" Forgive, great ſir, the griefs I cannot hide.
" Forgive, th' afflictions which my thoughts em-
" ploy,
" Whom all your bounties ſhould have fill'd with joy.
" While thus yourſelf for great *Ulyſſes* grieve,
" O think what anguiſh muſt his ſon perceive!
" Think what I feel, this beſt of parents loſt,
" Whom I in vain have ſought on ev'ry coaſt.
" Offended Heav'n ſtill keeps me from his ſight,
" If wreck'd, or not, I can obtain no light:
" Nor can my native ſoil or mother ſee,
" Who vainly hopes from ſuitors to be free.
" I thought in *Crete*, *Idomeneus* to view,
" But quickly learn'd the ſad diſtreſs he knew.
" Ne'er hop'd I to approach th' *Heſperian* ſtrand,
" Or ſee this infant ſtate which you command.
" But chance, which diſappoints our fond deſire,
" And makes me ſtill from *Ithaca* retire;
" At length has thrown me on this fertile ſhore,
" Of all the wrongs this leaſt will I deplore.
" Though far from home, at leaſt ſome comfort
" ſprings
" From this acquaintance with the beſt of Kings."
Idomeneus, well-pleas'd with what he ſaid,
Embrac'd him kind, and to his palace led.
" But tell me," cried he, " who this reverend ſage
" That comes as guardian of your tender age?
" I ſeem to recollect his air and mien,
" And think his perſon I before have ſeen."
" 'Tis *Mentor*," ſaid the Prince, " *Ulyſſes*' friend,
" By him aſſign'd mine infant-ſteps t' attend.
" And oh! what tongue can e'er ſuffice to ſhow
" What I to *Mentor*'s kind protection owe?"
The King advanc'd, to *Mentor* gave his hand:
" I've ſeen you," ſaid he, " in ſome diſtant land:

" Can

" Can you remember, or doth mem'ry fail,
" When to the *Cretan* ſhore you firſt made ſail?
" What wholeſome counſels you were pleas'd t' im-
" part,
" But wayward youth and pleaſure ſteel'd my heart?
" 'Twas fit misfortune ſhould inform a mind
" So backward to believe, to truth ſo blind.
" O would to Heav'n! thou venerable man,
" I had the courſe, which you appointed, ran.
" But with ſurpriſe I ſee your form appears
" So little alter'd by the circling years;
" The ſelf-ſame vigour, ſhape, and viſage gay:
" Your whit'ning locks alone a change betray."
" Dread Sir," ſaid *Mentor*, " could I ſtoop to
" fawn,
" Juſt ſo by me your portrait ſhould be drawn.
" Your blooming youth my pencil ſhould employ,
" As erſt it ſhone before the ſiege of *Troy*.
" But rather ſhall I chuſe t' offend a King,
" Than ſacred truth in jeopardy to bring.
" Beſides, I learn from your diſcreet diſcourſe,
" That nauſeous flattery would loſe its force.
" And I in no great danger ſhall be brought
" Although I venture to diſcloſe my thought.
" Much are you alter'd, and that beauty flown:
" In truth, *Idomeneus* I ſcarce had known.
" Yet ſee I plain the cauſe. From trouble grew
" The dreadful change, from ſuff'rings known to few.
" Yet gain you ſtill, whate'er misfortunes riſe;
" If thence you learn to be diſcreet and wiſe.
" Well may he bear the wrinkles of his face,
" Whoſe heart for Virtue ſtill preſerves a place.
" Know too, that Kings much ſooner feel decay
" Than meaner ſouls, accuſtom'd to obey.
" When fortune frowns they wither in their prime:
" And age approaches long before its time.

IMITATION.

Verſe 430, *Cic. de fin.* 5.

" Should

" Should fortune ſmile, yet luxury will tear
" Their tender frame, ev'n more than toils of war.
" Nought hurts our health like pleaſures when they
" reign,
" And we no more our paſſions can reſtrain.
" Hence 'tis that Monarchs both in war and
" peace,
" Have pain, and pleaſure, in ſo great degrees;
" That they decrepid age will ſooner find,
" Than by the courſe of Nature was deſign'd.
" A ſober mod'rate courſe exempt from cares,
" From raging paſſions, and diſtracting fears;
" Laborious, ſimple, plain, preſerves our pow'rs:
" And makes us active to our lateſt hours.
" Without it, Youth's a tranſitory joy
" Which time with fleeting wings will ſoon deſtroy."
Charm'd with his talk the King had longer heard,
But that in haſte a meſſenger appear'd;
Who ſaid *Jove*'s ſacrifice was now prepar'd.
The Prince and *Mentor* follow'd in the train,
In crowds the people pour'd a view to gain.
With curious eyes around theſe ſtrangers preſt,
And each his friend thus variouſly addreſt.
" What diff'rent charms," ſaid they, " do we behold!
" The Prince appearing of no common mould:
" Sprightly, and gay, is ſeen his beauteous face,
" His body deck'd with ev'ry blooming grace;
" Yet nought effeminate or ſoft appears,
" But lively, ſtrong, and brave above his years.
" And this his friend, though more advanc'd in age,
" Retains a ſplendour may our hearts engage.
" At firſt leſs graceful were his features ſeen,
" Leſs ſtriking, leſs majeſtic was his mien:
" But nearer view'd, in that neglected air
" The marks of Virtue, and good ſenſe appear.
" In former ages when th' immortal Gods
" With men converſing, left divine abodes;

IMITATION.

Verſe 469, *Hom. Od.* 17.

" Such

" Such were the forms their Deities conceal'd,
" And ſuch the charms their dazzling glories veil'd."
Now all in ranks, a bright proceſſion, move
Straight to the Temple of Etherial *Jove*.
A ſtately, glorious edifice it ſtood,
Built by *Idomeneus* allied in blood.
A double range of jaſper columns roſe
With ſilver chapiters, the front t' incloſe:
The Fane itſelf with baſe-relievos ſhone,
And all its walls were animated ſtone.
There mighty *Jove* himſelf to fight appear'd,
Chang'd to the faireſt of the lowing herd.
And there to *Crete* *Europa* croſs'd the main,
The beauteous load ſee *Jove* himſelf ſuſtain!
Low bow'd the floods, and huſh'd was ev'ry ſtorm,
The God reſpecting though in borrow'd form.
The birth of *Minos* next in order came,
His education, and his road to fame.
When in decline of life his laws were giv'n
To make his country like another heav'n.
Here ſaw *Telemachus*, with inward joy,
The chief adventures in the ſiege of *Troy*:
In which *Idomeneus* had fame acquir'd,
And as a chief commander was admir'd.
He ſought *Ulyſſes* in the ſanguine field,
Amidſt his foes that hero he beheld:
Behold him *Rheſus'* fiery ſteeds purſue,
While *Tydeus'* ſon the valiant *Rheſus* ſlew.
Again he view'd him, and with raviſh'd eyes,
Diſpute with *Ajax* for the glorious prize.
When

NOTES.

Verſe 497, *Behold him* Rheſus—King of *Thrace*.
Verſe 498, *While* Tydeus' *ſon*—*Diomedes* King of *Ætolia*, who carried off the Palladium by ſurpriſe from the *Trojans*.
Verſe 500, *Diſpute with* Ajax—The ſon of *Telamon*, and next to *Achilles* the greateſt General among the *Greeks* at the ſiege of *Troy*. He commanded the troops of

IMITATION.

Verſe 492, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

When all the heads of *Greece* in council ſate:
Achilles' arms the ſubject of debate.
And laſt, he ſaw him leave the fatal ſteed,
While *Trojans* numberleſs around him bleed.
Nor as a ſtranger ſeem'd he to behold,
Things oft by *Mentor*, and by others told.
Down from his eyes diſtill'd the cryſtal tear,
His features all the marks of ſorrow wear.
The King perceiv'd him, though he turn'd aſide,
And ſtrove his utmoſt that concern to hide.
" Your ſenſe," he ſaid, " of great *Ulyſſes'* fame,
" And dire misfortune, are no cauſe of ſhame "
Mean while in crowds the citizens were found
Beneath thoſe columns which the fane ſurround.
On either hand was ſeen a beauteous tribe
Of youths, and virgins, who the God deſcribe
In hymns melodious: he, aloft in air,
Graſping ten thouſand thunders did appear.
Of either ſex the faireſt forms they choſe,
Whoſe hair diſhevel'd o'er their ſhoulders flows;
White was their garb, their heads with roſes crown'd,
While rich perfumes and odours breath'd around.
An hecatomb of bulls the King decreed
For mighty *Jove*, to make the war ſucceed:
T' implore his favour, and almighty aid;
When he his hoſtile neighbours ſhould invade.
Beneath each beaſt a bowl capacious ſtood
Of gold, or ſilver, to receive the blood.
Sage *Theophanes*, favourite of Heav'n,
To whom the prieſthood of this fane was giv'n,
Long as the off'ring laſted veil'd his head,
And o'er his face the purple robe had ſpread;
The trembling entrails then began t'explore,
And to the ſacred tripod ſcarcely bore,

NOTE.

of *Salamis*, and was ſo enraged at the diſappointment when the arms of *Achilles* were adjudged to *Ulyſſes*, that he immediately grew diſtracted.

IMITATION.

Verſe 527, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

When

When, " Gods!" he cried, what ſtrangers theſe ſo great,
" By pitying Heav'n conducted to our ſtate?
" Without their kindly aid, ſucceſs had fail'd;
" *Salentum*'s foes againſt her had prevail'd;
" Her ſtately tow'rs would ſure deſtruction meet,
" Ere yet her walls and bulwarks are complete.
" A youthful hero, lo! before me ſtand,
" And Wiſdom's Goddeſs leads him by the hand!
" 'Tis not permitted further to explore,
" No tongue of mortal may unravel more."
He ſpake, and in that inſtant we behold
His ſparkling eyes in wild diſorder roll'd.
A frantic madman he at once became,
With aſpect fierce, and viſage all on flame.
Strange objects ſaw he, while the briſtling hair
Erected ſtood, his arms aloft in air.
He foam'd at mouth, to rave aloud began,
With voice ſurpaſſing that of mortal man.
Then ſpent, and breathleſs, could oppoſe no more
The ſacred fervour which his vitals tore.
" Hail! happy King," he cried, " what is't I ſee!
" From what misfortunes ſhall you now be free!
" What tranquil peace within theſe walls ſhall reign!
" Without, what combats ſhall the fields diſtain!
" What ſhouts of triumph in mine ears reſound!
" Hail! ſon of great *Ulyſſes*, who are found
" In feats of arms ſuperior to your ſire,
" Though all his patient virtue muſt admire!
" Beneath your puiſſant ſword ſhall ev'ry foe
" Confounded fall, and kiſs the duſt below:
" Ev'n gates of braſs ſhall furniſh no retreat,
" But ſtouteſt forts fall proſtrate at your feet.
" O glorious Goddeſs, may his ſire!—O youth
" Again ſhall you behold."—
Here ceas'd the voice prophetic; on his tongue,
Now ſilent grown, th' expiring accent hung.

IMITATION.

Verſe 545, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Amaz'd he aim'd to ſpeak, but ſtrove with pain;
The crowd felt horrors thrill thro' ev'ry vein.
The trembling Monarch, ſeiz'd with panic fear,
No longer preſt him further to declare;
Telemachus himſelf ſcarce underſtood
Theſe high predictions, big with ſo much good.
Yet *Mentor*'s features unconcern'd appear:
" The fix'd decrees of Heav'n," ſaid he, " you hear!
" Whatever ſtate your royal arms aſſail,
" The Gods determine you ſhall ſure prevail.
" And all the glory which ſhall thence accrue,
" Is to your friend, *Ulyſſes*' offspring, due.
" Nor envy him for this, but gladly take
" What Heav'n beſtows for dear *Ulyſſes*' ſake.
The King, not yet recover'd, vainly ſtrove
T' expreſs his wonder, and diſcourſe to move.
The Prince, leſs daunted, *Mentor* thus addreſt:
" My promis'd glory doth affect me leaſt.
" But teach me you the whole to underſtand;
" Shall I once more behold my native land?
" Alas! why finiſh'd not th' inſpir'd ſage!
" Doubts, more than ever, now my thoughts engage.
" *Ulyſſes*, much lov'd father, is it true,
" That I yourſelf in proper ſhape ſhall view?
" Alas! I dream; O cruel thus to ſhock,
" And take a pleaſure the diſtreſt to mock!
" O barb'rous Oracle! one word to this,
" And I had mounted to the height of bliſs."
" What Heav'n," ſaid he, " thinks proper to
" declare,
" Grateful receive with reverential fear:
" Seek not its hidden purpoſe to unfold,
" Confuſion waits upon deſigns ſo bold.
" The Gods in wiſdom, and in mercy, ſhroud
" The fate of mortals in the darkeſt cloud.
" 'Tis fit we ſhould foreſee, and well prepare
" For things depending on our proper care

IMITATION.

Verſe 603, *Hor.* l. 3. *Od.* 29.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis likewiſe fit we ignorant ſhould live
" Of what, without our care, muſt needs arrive.
" Such is our deſtiny, which Heav'n decrees:
" Our lives diſpoſing as itſelf ſhall pleaſe."
Theſe words ſuffic'd his ardour to reſtrain,
Which ſtruggled hard th' aſcendant ſtill to gain.
The King, recov'ring from his fears, ador'd
And offer'd praiſe to *Jove*, etherial Lord,
Who young *Telemachus*, and *Mentor*, choſe
To make him ſhortly triumph o'er his foes.
Theſe rites were follow'd by a ſumptuous feaſt,
When thus *Idomeneus* his friends addreſt:
" What time from *Troy* well laden with her ſpoil,
" I came in triumph to my native ſoil;
" No ſkill poſſeſs'd I, frankly will I own,
" No prudence proper to preſerve a throne.
" You know, my friends, who thence ſo lately came;
" You know my exile, ſuff'rings, and my ſhame.
" Yet am I happy if from Fortune's frown,
" More mod'rate thoughts, and more diſcreet I've
" known.
" A wretched fugitive I croſs'd the flood,
" Whom Heav'n and earth with vengeance juſt
" purſu'd.
" And all the ſplendour of my former ſtate
" Made my diſgrace and ruin more compleat.
" Here ſought I refuge on this dreary coaſt,
" Here brought thoſe Gods which had their country
" loſt.
" A rude uncultivated tract I found;
" Brambles and thorns o'erſpread the wretched
" ground.

NOTE.

Verſe 632, *Here brought thoſe Gods*—The notion of Good and Evil Genii that preſided over whole provinces, as well as thoſe attendant on every particular perſon, is of very great antiquity. Theſe were repreſented by the Lares, Penates, or houſhold Gods, which were a very ſmall kind of images that we meet with as early as the days of *Jacob*, at which time *Rachel* ſtole them from her father *Laban*. To theſe they made daily offerings of wine and incenſe.

" Vaſt rocks, the haunts of ſavage monſters, ſtood;
" Old as the world itſelf was ev'ry wood.
" Here, with a ſlender train of warlike friends
" That ſhares my fortune, and my ſteps attends,
" Was I conſtrain'd my reſidence to take,
" This deſart ſpot my country forc'd to make:
" No hopes remaining I again ſhould find
" My fertile *Crete*, my realm by Heav'n deſign'd.
" Alas! ſaid I, how chang'd the face of things!
" How ſad a warning do I ſtand to Kings!
" Thus plac'd by Heav'n a Monument to all
" The haughty Rulers of this earthly ball!
" Who, when exalted high in regal ſtate,
" Above their fellows, fear no frowns of Fate!
" Alas! from that pre-eminence of pow'r
" Freſh cauſe of fear derive they ev'ry hour.
" Once was I dreaded by my foes around,
" And firm th' affections of my people found:
" A pow'rful nation rul'd of martial fame,
" And regions far remote rever'd my name.
" Twice fifty towns their annual tribute paid,
" My *Crete* by plenty was delightful made;
" Myſelf acknowledg'd of the race of *Jove*;
" Whoſe birth in *Crete* th' inhabitants can prove.
" As *Minos'* Grandſon too was I rever'd,
" Whoſe laws the ſource of all their bliſs appear'd.
" What wanted I to bleſs me to the height,
" What, but diſcretion, to preſide aright?
" But Pride, and baneful Flattery alone
" Were ſoon ſufficient to ſubvert my throne.
" And thus all Monarchs ſhall conclude their reign,
" When paſſions blind them, and their fawning train.
" From morn to eve I labour'd to diſplay
" Some gleam of hope, and wore an aſpect gay:
" By this the fainting courage to ſupport
" Of faithful friends, that form'd my little Court.

" Come

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 649, *Claudian.*
Verſe 655, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

Verſe

" Come on, I cried, new Cities let us raiſe,
" Forget the paſt; and think on happier days.
" Behold our neighbours in th' adjacent ſoil!
" Let their example animate our toil.
" Mark how *Tarentum*'s beauteous turrets riſe,
" At hand they ſeem, and fill us with ſurpriſe.
" See how *Phalantus* with his *Spartan* tribe
" Doth new dominions and new walls deſcribe.
" See *Philoctetes* in *Petilia* boaſt
" A glorious city on the ſelf-ſame coaſt.
" The *Metapontines* too now live in peace,
" Though, like ourſelves, a colony of *Greece*.
" With greater ills perhaps theſe ſtrangers ſtrove,
" Shall we leſs active, and induſtrious prove?
" While thus I tried to mitigate their pain
" By ſmooth diſcourſe, and their affections gain;
" Hard was the taſk my trouble to conceal,
" Thoſe racking griefs which in my breaſt I feel.
" My greateſt comfort, when the ſhades of night
" Th' all-chearing lamp of *Phœbus* hid from ſight:
" And I could unobſerv'd at midnight hour,
" My fortune's ſtrange viciſſitude deplore.
" Torrents of tears, alas! inceſſant flow,
" No ſleep, no gentle ſlumbers could I know;
" Returning morn ſaw me afreſh engage:
" No marvel if I feel th' approach of age."
The Monarch thus unburthen'd all his care,
Then begg'd their ſuccours for th' impending war.
" That warfare o'er, again ſhall you be free,
" Again in ſafety *Ithaca* ſhall ſee.
", Meanwhile my fleets to diſtant ſhores I'll ſend,
" To learn ſome news of my heroic friend.
" Where'er on earth *Ulyſſes* ſhall be driv'n
" By furious tempeſts, or the wrath of Heav'n,
" I'll ſearch him out, and to your preſence give;
" Grant Heav'n that ſtill *Ulyſſes* may ſurvive!

NOTE.

Verſe 679, *In* Petilia—Now *Petigliano* in *Tuſcany*: famous in hiſtory for the noble defence it made againſt *Hannibal*.

" The faireſt veſſels of the *Cretan* fleet
" Shall then conduct you to your native ſeat,
" All fell'd in *Ida*'s conſecrated Grove,
" Much honour'd birth-place of Immortal *Jove!*
" That ſacred wood no tempeſt dares aſſail,
" No rocks can harm, no floods can e'er prevail.
" And *Neptune*'s ſelf when madding billows roar,
" When moſt he rages, here reſtrains his pow'r.
" Then reſt aſſur'd that you no more ſhall mourn,
" But both in peace to *Ithaca* return.
" No more by adverſe pow'rs from ſhore to ſhore
" Inceſſant toſt, ſhall you that port explore.
" Short is the paſſage, ſtraight before the wind,
" At no great diſtance, and not hard to find.
" Back now to *Tyre* may you this veſſel ſend;
" O think what glory will the fact attend;
" To fix once more *Idomeneus* a King,
" And ſome relief to his misfortunes bring!
" 'Tis thus, *Telemachus*, muſt you aſpire
" To reputation equal with your ſire.
" Should cruel fate deprive him of his breath,
" Should he now wander in the ſhades of death,
" All *Greece* amaz'd your Virtue ſhall perceive,
" And ſtill *Ulyſſes* in his Son ſhall live."
Here interrupting roſe *Ulyſſes*' ſon,
" Back to *Phœnicia* let our bark be gone.
" Why arm we not, and ſummon all our pow'rs
" To meet your foes; that now are likewiſe ours?
" If for *Aceſtes* of the race of *Troy*,
" With ſuch ſucceſs we could our arms employ;
" And on *Sicilian* plains fair fame purſu'd,
" For one averſe to all of *Grecian* blood;
" Shall we not now more happily ſucceed,
" When Heav'n itſelf applauds the glorious deed?
" And when a *Grecian* hero we ſhall aid
" Who *Troy*'s proud towers hath in aſhes laid?
" Fear not; the ſacred Oracle we heard
" Makes vict'ry ſure; and ev'ry doubt has clear'd."

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus *acquaints* Mentor *of the cauſe of the War with the* Mandurians. *That this people had at firſt retired from that part of the coaſt of* Italy, *where he had founded his City; that they withdrew to the ſummit of the neighbouring mountains; where ſome of them having been ill treated by a party of his men, this nation had deputed two venerable Sages, with whom he had ſettled the conditions of the Peace. That after an infraction of the Treaty, by thoſe of his countrymen who were utter ſtrangers to it, the* Mandurians *prepared to make War upon him. During this recital of* Idomeneus, *the* Mandurians, *who with great expedition had taken up arms, preſented themſelves at the gates of* Salentum. Neſtor, Philoctetes, *and* Phalantus, *whom* Idomeneus *believed to ſtand neuter, appear to be againſt him in the army of the* Mandurians. Mentor *goes forth from* Salentum, *without any to attend him, to propoſe to the enemy terms of accommodation.*

MENTOR, with looks benign and calm, beheld
Th' heroic Prince, who panted for the field;
Saw martial ardour riſing in his breaſt,
And briefly thus his kind concern expreſt:
" O ſon of great *Ulyſſes*, worthieſt fire,
" Well-pleas'd I ſee you thus to fame aſpire.
" Yet know, *Ulyſſes* ne'er that height attain'd,
" Nor ſuch pre-eminence at *Troy* had gain'd,
" But that his wiſdom ſo reſplendent ſhone,
" By moderation thus ſuperior grown.
" *Achilles'* ſelf, that valiant ſon of war,
" Whom none could vanquiſh, and who nought could
" fear,

" Upon

" Upon whoſe dreadful creſt ſat horror plum'd,
" While thouſands, where he fought, to death were
" doom'd:
" Saw force in vain great *Priam*'s tow'rs aſſail,
" And bravely fell, unable to prevail.
" Beneath thoſe walls his valiant blood was ſhed,
" *Troy* conquer'd him by whom her *Hector* bled.
" Not ſo *Ulyſſes*—who, to firmeſt mind,
" Had all th' advantage of true wiſdom join'd:
" Who 'midſt their army like a torrent came,
" With terrors arm'd, and with devouring flame.
" He only could ſubdue that *Trojan* pride
" Which ten long years united *Greece* defy'd.
" As great *Minerva* is ſuperior far
" In arts, and arms, unto the God of War;
" So much doth Valour with Diſcretion join'd
" Surpaſs all courage of the ſavage kind.
" Learn we then firſt th' occaſion of the fight:
" And if the quarrel we ſuſtain be right?
" No dangers, great *Idomeneus*, I fear,
" But think it proper this ſhould firſt appear:
" And next, that you as frankly ſhould diſcloſe
" What nations are they we muſt meet as foes?
" Laſtly, what ſtrength, what forces you poſſeſs,
" To crown our labours with the wiſh'd ſucceſs?"
The King return'd—" When driv'n by fortune's
" pow'r
" We firſt ſet footing on this deſart ſhore,
" We found th' inhabitants a barb'rous race,
" That rang'd the woods ſupported by the chace.
" From ev'ry tree their ſuſtenance they drew,
" And fruits which from the earth ſpontaneous grew.
" Their name *Mandurians*. Theſe in great ſurpriſe
" Our ſhips, our arms beheld with jealous eyes,
" Swift

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 25, *Hom. Il.* 21.
Verſe 31, *Cic. Offic.* 1.
Verſe 35, *Ovid.*

Verſe

" Swift to the ſummits of the hills retire :
" And while our vet'rans burnt with great deſire
" To ſearch the country, and their ſtags purſue ;
" Theſe ſavage bands preſented to their view.
" When thus their chiefs—To you content we yield
" This pleaſant coaſt, and each adjoining field.
" Yon craggy hills, at leaſt, 'tis fit you give :
" There, unmoleſted, ſuffer us to live.
" Diſpers'd, and wand'ring in an unknown ground,
" And weaker than ourſelves, you now are found.
" Your diſtant friends all ſtrangers to your ſtate;
" And we entirely maſters of your fate.
" Yet are we men ourſelves ; and fear to ſtain
" Our ſpotleſs hands with blood of fellow man.
" Go then in peace, live each our grateful friend ;
" Since on our mercy all your lives depend.
" Be this for ever preſent to your mind—
" That thoſe you term ſo cruel and unkind
" Could yet the height of gen'rous Virtue reach,
" And moderation to yourſelves could teach !
" Thus freed, our ſoldiers to the camp reſort,
" And to their comrades this event report :
" All took th' alarm : aſham'd to have it told,
" The valiant *Cretans* ſhould their ſafety hold
" From ſuch a fugitive barbarian crew,
" Whom not as men, but mountain bears they
" view.
" Far greater numbers now for chace prepare,
" Completely arm'd as for offenſive war.
" Nor long ere they theſe ſavages beheld,
" And fierce encounter'd in the open field.
" Dire was the conflict, dreadful rage appear'd ;
" On ev'ry ſide the hiſſing darts were heard :

NOTE.

Verſe 43, *Their names* Mandurians—A people inhabiting the kingdom of *Naples* ; who took their name from the lake *Andorio* mentioned by *Pliny*, whoſe waters were ſalt, and never increaſed or diminiſhed at all. The modern name is *Caſal Nuovo*.

" As when a ſtorm of hail in frequent ſhow'rs
" O'er *Ceres'* golden fields inceſſant pours.
" At length o'erpow'rd, they to their mountains
" flew,
" Where we no longer ventur'd to purſue.
" But ſoon a ſolemn embaſſy they ſend:
" Two hoary ſages in my camp attend,
" In name of all the reſt for peace they ſought;
" And various preſents in their hand they brought:
" The ſhaggy ſpoils of monſters they had kill'd,
" And choiceſt fruits the country round could yield.
" Theſe gifts in order at my feet they laid,
" Then made obeiſance, and undaunted ſaid:
" All unconcern'd, as you perceive, O King,
" A ſword, and olive, in our hands we bring:
" (And both indeed they held) adviſe with care,
" And chuſe which likes you beſt, or peace or war.
" Peace be our choice! For this we left the coaſt,
" Nor think it purchas'd at too great a coſt.
" Though there the genial Sun with tepid ray
" Makes ev'ry field more fertile, and more gay:
" Though there delicious fruits will faſt increaſe,
" Thoſe fruits are nothing to the charms of Peace.
" For this retire we to the mountain brows,
" To chilling froſt, and everlaſting ſnows;
" No longer to behold the vernal flow'rs,
" No more the fruits of Autumn ſhall be ours.
" It ſhocks us to the ſoul to hear you name
" That fine ambition, and deſire of fame;
" Which butch'ring all, can plunder'd ſtates divide
" While men to men as brothers are allied.
" Should glory, falſe as this, your fancy cheat,
" If meanly thus aſpire you to be great;
" Not envy's due, but pity to the blind
" Grant Heav'n that reaſon ſtill direct our mind!
" If haughty ſcience, which you *Greeks* admire;
" If your politeneſs all theſe wrongs inſpire;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 77, *Virg. Æn.* 10.
Verſe 92, *Qu. Curtius.* 7, 8.

" Thrice

" Thrice happy we who all your arts diſown,
" Bleſt with our native Innocence alone!
" Still may we glory, ſtill with pleaſure ſee
" Our minds unpoliſh'd, barbarous, and free;
" Still juſt, humane, and faithful to our pow'r
" With wills unbiaſs'd to our lateſt hour.
" Content with little, ſcorn that vain parade
" By which men ſlaves to Avarice are made!
" The greateſt bleſſings we in life can find
" Are health, and ſtrength of body, and of mind:
" With wiſe œconomy, and void of care,
" T' enjoy our moderate and ſimple fare.
" Religious rites with conſtancy attend,
" Be kind to neighbours, faithful to our friend;
" Obedient alway to fair Virtue's call,
" By ills unmov'd, benevolent to all.
" Not puff'd by fortune, we without a fear
" Diſdain all flatt'ry, and the truth declare.
" Behold, O King, behold the barb'rous race
" That would your friendſhip and good will embrace.
" If Heav'n with raſhneſs hath reſolv'd to plague,
" And fondly you reject our proffer'd league;
" Too late ſhall you perceive, and that with coſt,
" What valiant neighbours and allies you loſt.
" And learn; who Peace thus cultivate with care
" Are bleſt with ſouls invincible in War.
" While thus they ſpake, I with attention gaz'd,
" Their rev'rend forms my admiration rais'd.
" Their flowing beards of length, and whiteneſs rare,
" Wav'd o'er their boſoms with neglected air:
" Their arched brows thick o'er their eyes were
" ſpread,
" And ſhort the ſnowy honours of their head.
" Lively their looks, firm courage in their face,
" Their ſpeech had ſomewhat of uncommon grace.
" Their whole addreſs ingenuous ſeem'd, and plain,
" But magiſterial, form'd the heart to gain.
" The furs they wore upon their ſhoulders tied
" Suffic'd not well their nervous arms to hide.
" Diſplay'd ſuch muſcles to our wond'ring eyes,
" As ne'er in *Greece* diſputed for the prize.

" I gave

" I gave my anſwer—when they peace requir'd,
" That I as much their amity deſir'd.
" Together now the friendly league we drew,
" Fix'd the conditions with ſincereſt view;
" Call'd Heav'n to witneſs, and in turn I ſent
" My envoys too their Monarch to preſent.
" But oh! the Gods who ſuch diſguſt had ſhown,
" And driv'n me far from my paternal throne,
" Were ſtill reſolv'd to perſecute me more,
" And make me yet more wretched than before.
" Our hunters (who as yet no news had heard
" Of this agreement, and the peace declar'd)
" That ſelf-ſame day this ſavage troop attack
" Who from our army came exulting back.
" A part they maſſacred, the reſt purſu'd
" Who ſought for ſhelter in the neighb'ring wood.
" Lo! here the war with recent flames ariſe:
" No more our oaths or promiſes they prize.
" Th' *Apulians* now, and *Locrians* in rage
" To make the battle ſtronger, they engage
" Call the *Lucani*, *Brutii* to their aid,
" And with *Brunduſium* have alliance made;

" Ev'n

NOTES.

Verſe 171, *Th'* Apulians *now, and* Locrians—*Apulia* in *Magna Græcia* extended from the river *Trento* to the ſtreights which divided *Italy* from *Greece*. It was divided into three parts, viz. *Daunia*, lying between the *Trento* and the *Aufidus*, now called *L'Oſanto*; *Peucetia*, extending from the *Aufidus* to the iſthmus between *Brunduſium* and *Tarentum*, and *Meſſapia* which was likewiſe called *Calabria* and *Iapygia*. The *Locrians* were ſituated on the eaſtern coaſt of *Italy* near the ſtreights which divide *Italy* from *Sicily*. Theſe people originally came from *Phocis*, where they inhabited on each ſide of Mount *Parnaſſus*.

Verſe 173, *Call the* Lucani, Brutii—*Lucania* lay between the *Silarus* and *Laus*, now the *Laino*, the former parting it from the country of the *Picentini*, and the latter from that of the *Brutii*. It was divided from *Peucetia* by what is now called the *Brandano*, and from *Calabria* by part of the *Tarentine* Gulf. The *Brutii* were ſeated in the peninſula which extends from *Lucania* to the ſtreights which divide *Italy* from *Sicily*. They were originally *Arcadians*, and their metropolis was *Conſentia*, now called *Conſenza*.

Verſe

" Ev'n to the feeble *Neritus* they ſend,
" And fierce *Crotona* is become their friend.
" See from *Lucania* comes the rapid car,
" With cutting ſcythes provided for the war.
" See each *Apulian* cover'd for the field
" With ſkins of monſters which himſelf hath
" kill'd.
" A knotty club each hardy warrior bears
" With iron ſpikes; tremendous he appears.
" By rigid labour ev'ry nerve they brace,
" In ſize reſembling the gigantic race.
" So vaſt their limbs and ſo robuſt their frame,
" Aw'd by their aſpect, we retire with ſhame.
" The *Locrians* ſtill revolving in their mind,
" They once were *Greeks*; more courteous are,
" and kind:
" But to the *Grecian* diſcipline unite
" Barbarian fervour, and reſiſtleſs might.
" Adopt their laws of life, their ſcanty fare;
" And hence are grown invincible in war.
" Small ſhields of oſier, and of ſkins they chuſe,
" Of length immenſe the ſabres which they uſe:
" Light o'er the lawn the nimble *Brutians* go
" Fleet as the foreſt ſtag, or bounding roe:
" No printed footſtep on the ſands they leave,
" Nor can th' unbending graſs their weight perceive.

NOTES.

Verſe 174, *And with* Brundaſium—A town of *Calabria*, and the moſt famous ſea-port in all *Italy*.

Verſe 175, *Even to the feeble* Neritus—A ſmall town in the kingdom of *Naples*, now called *Nardo*, about a league from the Gulph of *Tarentum*.

Verſe 176, *And fierce* Crotona—A city of *Thuſcany* between the lake *Perugia*, and *Arezzo*. Before the arrival of *Pyrrhus* in *Italy*, it is ſaid to have had a wall twelve thouſand paces in circumference.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 179, *Virg. Æn.* 7.
Verſe 187, *Virg. Æn.* 3.
Verſe 197, *Virg. Æn.* 4. *Ov. Met.* 10.

" Swift on their foes as lightning-glimpſe they dart,
" And in a trice as ſuddenly depart.
" Experteſt archers doth *Crotona* ſend,
" A common *Grecian* would in vain pretend
" Their arms to handle, or their bows to bend.
" O! ſhould ambition once their boſom ſeize,
" Theirs were the prize in ev'ry game of *Greece*.
" Each arrow dip they in a deadly juice
" Which herbs by dire *Avernus'* lake produce.
" No fame peculiar can thoſe forces boaſt
" From the *Tarentine*, or *Brunduſian* coaſt;
" Save that ſmall glory nervous limbs impart,
" And brutal courage deſtitute of art.
" Indeed the ſhouts with which they rend the ſkies
" On ſight of adverſe armies, oft ſurpriſe.
" Yet ſling they well, and ſhow'rs of ſtones prepare
" Which thick as hail can darken all the air.
" Yet void of diſcipline. Thus ſees my friend
" Againſt what nations we muſt now contend.
" You know the riſe, and progreſs of the war:
" This the detail which you deſir'd to hear."
He ſpake; *Telemachus* ſoon took th' alarm,
And nothing thought remaining but to arm:
When *Mentor* ſtrove this ardour to reſtrain,
And preſt the King ſtill further to explain.
" How is it," ſaid he, " that ſuch tribes as theſe;
" How come the *Locrians*, who derive from *Greece*,
" Againſt the *Greeks* ſo raſhly to combine,
" And all their powers with barbarians join?
" How is't ſo many Colonies we view
" Safe on this coaſt, and not attack'd like you?
" Alas! *Idomeneus*, you ſaid before
" The Gods reſolv'd to perſecute you more.

NOTE.

Verſe 207, *Which herbs by dire* Avernus' *lake*—A lake near *Puzzuoli* in the kingdom of *Naples*; from the mortal quality of its waters, feigned by the poets to belong to the infernal regions.

IMITATION.

Verſe 214, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

" Far

" Far diff'rent reaſons I, methinks, can find;
" That all for your inſtruction is deſign'd.
" Great as your ſuff'rings are, they have not taught
" Preventive knowledge, or diſcretion brought.
" Such upright dealing in ſo rude a race
" Plainly evinces you might live in peace.
" But over weening pride, and haughty airs,
" Can ſoon involve us in the worſt of wars.
" With eaſe ſome proper hoſtage could you give,
" And ſome from them of equal rank receive:
" Could with their embaſſy ſome leaders ſend
" To guard them back, and to their camp attend.
" Ev'n now ſince flames of diſcord freſh aroſe,
" Some little might be done, t' appeaſe your foes:
" By repreſenting right the ſad miſtake
" That ſtrangers to the league had made th' attack.
" You might have offer'd ſureties for the peace
" Of ſuch a kind as ev'n themſelves ſhould pleaſe:
" And grievous penalties on all have laid
" Who durſt infringe th' alliance you had made.
" But pray inform me; ſince this dire miſchance
" What your condition, how may you advance?"
" I thought," replied he, " we muſt ſtoop too
" low
" Should we thus humbly to barbarians go.
" Who now in haſte had ſummon'd all of age,
" And form'd their battle ready to engage.
" Who to their neighbours round had ſent for aid,
" And us both odious, and ſuſpected made.
" I rather choſe my forces to divide,
" And ſeize ſome paſſes on the mountains' ſide.
" Ill were they guarded, and ſucceſs we found:
" By this can ſtreighten all our foes around.
" I next determin'd fortreſſes to build,
" Which ſoon with arms, and armed troops I fill'd.
" Who from that eminence o'erwhelm with darts
" The few that venture to approach theſe parts.
" While we ourſelves at pleaſure can annoy
" Their faireſt dwellings, and their lands deſtroy.
" Thus, though inferior, can we well oppoſe
" And ſtill make head againſt our num'rous foes.

" For what remains; you eaſily perceive
" How ſmall the hopes that we in peace can live.
" We dare not now evacuate thoſe tow'rs,
" For ſoon would they invade with all their pow'rs:
" And they as citadels thoſe tow'rs ſurvey,
" Deſign'd by us to make them all our prey."
" Dread Sir," ſaid *Mentor*, " Wiſdom great as
" yours
" Without diſguiſe the naked truth endures;
" Unlike thoſe ideots who advice reject,
" And want the ſoul their errors to correct.
" Who all their power and their int'reſt uſe
" T' uphold their follies, and their faults excuſe.
" Know then, this ſavage and this barb'rous race,
" When condeſcending thus to ſue for peace,
" No common ſigns of moderation gave;
" Think you through weakneſs they your friendſhip
" crave?
" Or want they courage equal to the war,
" Unable ſtrength ſufficient to prepare?
" Not ſo. Ev'n now they burn with martial rage,
" Each valiant neighbour to their ſide engage.
" Why ſee you not th' example they have giv'n?
" Falſe fame alone to theſe extremes hath driv'n.
" You fear'd to raiſe the ſpirits of your foes,
" But not to make them all their ſtrength diſcloſe.
" Your conduct haughty, and unjuſt they found;
" And therefore join'd with all the nations round.
" And what avail theſe towers which you boaſt,
" Save only to provoke this num'rous hoſt?
" To drive them to deſpair, and make them ſtrive
" By your diſgrace in freedom ſtill to live?
" The walls you rais'd your ſafety to inſure
" Now threaten moſt your ruin to procure.
" The firmeſt fence and bulwark of a ſtate
" Is that which Juſtice and good Faith create:
" When all around your moderation ſee,
" And live from dread of your encroachments free.
" The fort impregnable, the ſtouteſt wall,
" By thouſand chances unforeſeen may fall.
" The fate of armies, various as the wind,
" For ever changing and unfix'd we find.

" But

" But love of friends will all your foes diſarm,
" Ne'er can they vanquiſh, rarely will alarm.
" No worthy Prince, when wrongfully aſſail'd,
" Hath ever yet of due aſſiſtance fail'd:
" All will aſſemble in that King's defence
" Whoſe worth they value, and eſteem his ſenſe.
" Supported thus by all the nations round,
" That in your own their happineſs ſhall found;
" Far greater ſtrength and glory ſhall you know
" Than theſe deſtructive towers can beſtow.
" O! had you ſhunn'd this jealouſy with care,
" Form'd no ambitious projects for a war,
" This riſing town much happier times had ſeen,
" And you the Umpire of *Heſperia* been!
" But let us now the proper means explore,
" T' amend whatever was amiſs before.
" O'er all th' extended coaſt, you ſay, in peace
" Are ſettled divers colonies of *Greece*.
" Theſe people all ſhould in your favour riſe,
" And ſeem indeed your natural allies.
" They cannot ſure forget their former love
" To *Minos*, offspring of Almighty *Jove*.
" Nor all the wonders which yourſelf perform'd
" When *Troy*'s proud turrets were beſieg'd and
" ſtorm'd.
" What time your valour in the common cauſe
" 'Mong *Grecian* Princes found ſo great applauſe.
" Why loſe an hour their fury to aſſuage
" And to your ſide thoſe colonies engage?"
" The ſtates you mention," ſaid he, " to a
" man
" Will all a ſtrict neutrality maintain.
" Yet once were well inclin'd our cauſe to own,
" Till ſtruck with ſplendour of this riſing town.
" They now, like others, their ſuſpicions have;
" We form deſigns their country to enſlave.
" And think if conqueſt ſhould our arms attend,
" Beyond theſe hills our vict'ries would extend.

IMITATION.

Verſe 310, *Hor.* l. 3. Ode 29.

" Thus all are foes, and all are jealous grown :
" Not one ally ſupports our tott'ring throne.
" Ev'n thoſe who ſhun t' oppoſe us in the field,
" Still hope our fall : are enemies conceal'd."
" Amazing ſtate !" ſaid *Mentor*, " thus t' employ
" The ſhade of pow'r, its ſubſtance to deſtroy !
" Abroad, the object of your neighbours fear,
" At home, too feeble to ſupport a war.
" Ah wretched, wretched Prince ! whoſe ſuff'ring
" days
" To no degree of prudence yet could raiſe !
" Would you again by ruin learn the things
" Which threaten danger to the greateſt Kings ?
" But leave this war to me—And only tell
" What *Greeks* refuſe in amity to dwell ?"
" *Tarentum* chief," he cried—" Three year
" are paſt
" Since firſt *Phalantus* her foundations caſt.
" A num'rous race he from *Laconia* led,
" Whoſe mothers had defil'd the nuptial bed:
" And ventur'd to indulge unlawful joy,
" In tedious abſence of their Lords at *Troy*.
" T' appeaſe thoſe Lords return'd, who all had
" known,
" Theſe virtuous matrons would the fact diſown :
" The baſtard-brood, who neither parent knew,
" To ſuch a pitch of lewd diſorder grew;
" No more the laws their fury could reſtrain,
" They choſe *Phalantus* o'er their tribes to reign :
" A bold aſpiring youth, poſſeſs'd of art
" T' advance his intereſt, and win their heart.

NOTES.

Verſe 362, Tarentum *chief—Tarentum*, which anſwers to the preſent *Otranto*, was a city of *Magna Græcia*: founded by the *Spartans* under the conduct of *Phalantus*, and *Tarras*, or as he is otherwiſe called *Tarentus*. Its dominion took in the greateſt part of the South coaſt of *Italy*.

Verſe 378, *Brave* Philoctetes—The ſon of *Pæan*, and companion of *Hercules*.

" He

" He landed here with all his *Spartan* crew,
" *Tarentum* ſoon a ſecond *Sparta* grew.
" Brave *Philoctetes* (who ſuch fame acquir'd,
" And who at *Troy* ſo greatly was admir'd;
" Who brought *Alcides'* arrows to the town,
" And gain'd thereby an infinite renown)
" Hath rais'd *Petilia* on the opp'ſite coaſt,
" Which, though no equal battlements it boaſt,
" Doth yet outvie *Tarentum*, and excel
" In civil polity and ruling well.
" Here *Metapontum* too o'erlooks the plain
" By *Neſtor* founded with his *Pylian* train."
" And doth *Heſperia*," *Mentor* cried, " yet hold
" A friend like *Neſtor* valorous, and bold;
" Whoſe brav'ry oft at *Ilium* you have tried,
" And you not yet engage him to your ſide?"
" Alas," return'd the King, " he's loſt, he's gone;
" The fierce *Mandurians* have my *Neſtor* won:
" The foremoſt rank in politics they claim
" In fact, barbarians only in their name.
" With great addreſs could they perſuade my friend,
" That all *Heſperia* to my yoke muſt bend."
" New light," ſaid *Mentor*, " ſhall he ſoon receive:
" Nor long in error like to this ſhall live.
" Ere yet from *Pylos* he the ocean croſt,
" And brought his legions to *Heſperia*'s coaſt;
" Or we had ſail'd *Ulyſſes* to explore,
" The Prince beheld him on the *Pylian* ſhore.
" Still, ſtill the great *Ulyſſes* will he own,
" And all that friendſhip which he ſhew'd his ſon.
" But firſt his foul ſuſpicions muſt we heal,
" Thoſe apprehenſions which your neighbours feel
" Are what alone have lighted up the war:
" And theſe we firſt muſt diſſipate with care.

NOTE.

Verſe 386, *Here* Metapontum—Another town of *Italy* on the *Tarentine* Gulph.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 383, *Virg. Æn.* 3.
Verſe 386, *Dion. Alex.* 368.

" Then

" Then will fair peace return, and halcyon days :
" Mine be the taſk their fury to appeaſe."
The King to his embrace tranſported flew,
But wanted words his gratitude to ſhew.
" O wiſe," he cried, " and venerable friend,
" Sent by the Gods my follies to amend !
" Should any elſe thus venture to adviſe,
" My indignation, I confeſs, would riſe.
" No tongue but yours could e'er to peace perſuade,
" Or ſuch a change in my reſolves have made.
" Determin'd was I that my foes ſhould yield,
" Or I would bravely periſh in the field.
" But better is it paſſion ſhould ſubſide,
" And I your wiſdom follow as a guide.
" Hail ! happy Prince, who ne'er like me can ſtray,
" While ſuch a friend as *Mentor* points the way :
" Whoſe mind's enrich'd with prudence from above,
" Not wiſdom's Goddeſs more diſcreet can prove.
" Away, conclude, and promiſe all you pleaſe :
" I'll give the ſanction to your wiſe decrees."
Conferring thus, a ſudden noiſe they hear
Of rattling chariots, and the din of war.
Of brazen tubes that breath'd a martial ſound,
Of neighing ſteeds, and ſhouts that ſhook the ground.
" Hark, hark," the guard exclaim'd : " the foes
" at hand,
" Have fetch'd a compaſs, and their paſſage gain'd :
" Mock'd all our armed citadels and tow'rs ;
" And now inveſt *Salentum* with their pow'rs."
Great conſternation fill'd each female breaſt,
And hoary heads their miſery expreſt :
" Was it for this we left our fertile *Crete*,
" T' attend a wretched Monarch in retreat ?
" Croſt we for this the floods, a town to rear
" Which ſoon like *Troy* in ruins muſt appear ?"
Meanwhile from battlements, and bulwarks new,
The burniſh'd armour of the foe they view :
Helmets and ſhields reflecting *Phœbus'* rays,
That ev'ry eye was dazzled with the blaze.

IMITATION.

Verſe 446, *Virg. Æn.* 7. and *Æn.* 11.

On

On ev'ry ſide was ſeen the ported ſpear,
Thick as when *Ceres* crowns the jocund year:
When fertile *Enna* and *Sicilian* plains,
With golden harveſts recompence the ſwains.
Arm'd for the fight the ſcythed chariots ſhone,
And ev'ry nation could with eaſe be known.
The better to ſurvey this adverſe pow'r,
Both follow'd *Mentor* to a lofty tow'r.
There once arriv'd, he ſoon convinc'd the King,
That valiant *Philoctetes* led the wing:
And oppoſite to him was *Neſtor* known,
Who march'd with brave *Piſiſtratus* his ſon.
For *Neſtor* ſoon their notice could engage,
Sunk by the weight of venerable age.
" Unhappy King," cried *Mentor*, now aloud,
" Who thought theſe heroes would have neuter
" ſtood!
" Alas! they diff'rent ſentiments diſcloſe,
" Are both in arms; and joining with your foes.
" And, if I right diſcern that further band,
" So rang'd and ſo obedient to command;

NOTE.

Verſe 450, *When fertile* Enna, &c.—In the middle of *Sicily* (which on account of its great fertility was looked upon as the granary of the *Roman* Empire) ſtood the ancient city of *Enna*: ſurrounded by beautiful plains; remarkable for its fruitful ſoil, and the great variety of lakes and rivers which watered its territory. Theſe waters were greatly commended by the ancients, inſomuch that *Bochart* derives its name from *Ennaam*, which ſignifies in the *Phœnician* language a fountain of pleaſures. Here was a famous temple dedicated to *Ceres*, and *Proſerpine*. The inhabitants ſhewed a ſpacious cavern, which they ſaid, opened of itſelf to make *Pluto* a way into his infernal kingdom. The people of *Syracuſe* had an annual ſolemnity near the fountain *Cyane*, which ſprung up under *Pluto*'s feet at the time when he ſtole *Proſerpine*, who was gathering flowers in the adjacent fields. *Caſtro Ianni* is now thought to have been the ancient *Enna*.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 450, *Ovid. Faſt.* 4.
Verſe 461, *Hom. Od.* 3.

" Who

" Who march ſo ſlow beneath their valiant head,
" Are daring *Spartans* by *Phalantus* led.
" All, all oppoſe, no ſingle friend appears:
" Without deſign do you excite their fears."
This ſaid; deſcending to that gate he hies,
Where all in front the hoſtile tents ariſe,
Commands it open, and a ſignal gave,
That none their ſtation on the walls ſhould leave:
Struck with his noble and majeſtic mien,
And graceful air in ev'ry action ſeen;
The great *Idomeneus* no more could vent
His ſecret thoughts, or queſtion his intent.
The foe ſurpris'd a ſingle warrior view'd,
Who firm undaunted in their preſence ſtood:
Saw him from far, an olive branch extend,
In token this that he approach'd a friend:
And when in hearing of the hoſtile bands,
Straight he th' aſſembling of their chiefs demands;
From tent to tent the ſpeedy ſummons ran,
And thus in council, fearleſs he began.
" Ye chiefs, inveſted with the high command
" Of ſtates that hold *Heſperia*'s happy land;
" I know, and I applaud your gen'rous zeal:
" Your cauſe is freedom and the public weal.
" Permit me yet thus briefly to explain,
" That you with eaſe this freedom can maintain:
" Extend your fame, promote the public good;
" Without th' effuſion, and the guilt of blood.
" O *Neſtor*, *Neſtor*, wiſeſt of mankind,
" (Who plainly I perceive this hoſt have join'd)
" You know what fatal ills on war attend,
" Tho' juſt our quarrel; and tho' Heav'n our friend.
" Of all the ſcourges which the Gods prepare,
" The moſt deſtructive and the worſt is War.
" O think what troubles could the *Greeks* employ,
" Ten tedious years before ill-fated *Troy*!
" How often fortune ſhifted to their foes,
" What foul diſſention 'mong their chiefs aroſe!

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 482, *Virg. Æn.* 8.
Verſe 500, *Thucyd.* l. 4.

" O think

" O think what *Greeks* were number'd with the dead,
" What tribes beneath the valiant *Hector* bled;
" In pow'rful ſtates what ſtrange diſorders grew,
" By war forbidden each its Prince to view!
" And when from *Troy* they ſail'd triumphant back,
" Some on *Caphareus* found a dreadful wreck,
" While ſome a fate ſtill more diſaſtrous prov'd,
" Slain in the boſoms of the wives they lov'd.
" O Gods! that war ſo glorious for the *Greeks*,
" Still your reſentment, who firſt arm'd them, ſpeaks.
" And O *Heſperians!* 'tis my earneſt pray'r,
" You ne'er may purchaſe victory ſo dear!
" Low proſtrate in the duſt doth *Ilium* lie:
" Yet better were it could the *Greeks* deſcry
" Her ancient ſplendour, and her ancient tow'rs;
" And *Paris* yet indulg'd his lewd amours.
" O *Philoctetes*, who ſuch ills have known,
" So long in *Lemnos* wretched, and alone,
" Dread

NOTES.

Verſe 511, *Some on* Caphareus—This was a promontory to the Eaſt of the iſland of *Eubœa* or *Negropont*, very dangerous on account of the many rocks and whirlpools on that coaſt. *Nauplius* King of *Eubœa* being enraged, that his ſon *Palamedes* had been unjuſtly condemned by the artifices of *Ulyſſes*, and *Diomedes*, at the ſiege of *Troy*, lighted fires on the top of this dangerous cape, to make the *Grecians* believe it was a ſafe harbour—that being the cuſtom in thoſe early ages. His malicious plot ſucceeding, above two hundred of their ſhips were daſhed to pieces, and many thouſands periſhed. It happened, however, that *Ulyſſes* and *Diomedes* both eſcaped; and *Nauplius*, grieved at the diſappointment, caſt himſelf headlong from the rocks. *Caphareus* is at preſent called *Capo d'Oro*, *Capo Chimi*, and *Capo Figera*.

Verſe 513, *Slain in the boſoms*—As was *Agamemnon* by *Ægiſthus*, the gallant of his wife *Clytemneſtra*

Verſe 523, *So long in* Lemnos—An iſland in the *Archipelago* or *Ægean* Sea, lying between Mount *Athos*, now called *Monte Santo*, and the *Thracian Cherſoneſus*. Its preſent name is *Stalimene*. The firſt inhabitants of this

" Dread you not all theſe troubles to renew,
" Another war thus off'ring to your view?
" Nor hath *Laconia* quite exempted been
" From thoſe misfortunes other *Greeks* have ſeen.
" Enough ſhe found to interrupt her joy:
" Her chiefs, her armies, and her King at *Troy*.
" Hear all ye *Greeks*, who left your native land,
" In ſearch of comforts on th' *Heſperian* ſtrand:
" Your travels hither, and the toils you bear,
" Are all but ſequels of the *Trojan* war."
Here *Mentor* paus'd, and to the *Pylians* turn'd;
Whom *Neſtor* greeting ſoon as he diſcern'd,
" Is it then you," ſaid he, " that I behold?
" 'Tis joy indeed my *Mentor* to infold,
" Much time has paſt, and many a circling year,
" Since firſt at *Phocis Mentor* deign'd t' appear,
" Then ſcarce fifteen: yet in that tender age
" Your future wiſdom could I well preſage.
" What ſtrange adventures brought you here, declare;
" And what your ſcheme to terminate the war!
" Long has *Idomeneus* our patience tried,
" And now compell'd us to chaſtiſe his pride:
" Yet is it peace we aſk. And ev'ry ſtate
" Hath reaſons good to wiſh that peace compleat:

NOTES.

this country were the *Sapeans* and *Sintians*. a people of *Thrace*. In it was dug up a certain kind of earth which was eſteemed a ſovereign remedy againſt all ſorts of poiſons, wounds, and bloody fluxes. But as it does not appear that *Philoctetes* made any uſe of this, its virtues probably were not diſcover'd ſo early as the *Trojan* war.

Verſe 539, *Since firſt at* Phocis—*Phocis* was a part of *Græcia Propria*, now *Turkey* in *Europe*, ſituate between *Theſſaly* and the Bay of *Corinth*, famous for its mountains *Parnaſſus*, *Helicon*, and *Cythæron*, the firſt ſacred to *Apollo*, as the two laſt were to the Muſes: and not leſs celebrated for its great Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delphos*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 546. *Cic. Off.* 1.

" He

" But never can we on this Prince depend,
" Who breaks all promiſe, and deceives his friend:
" With him all treaties are precarious grown,
" One view he has in all, and one alone;
" That firm alliance to diſſolve, and break,
" From which we all ſecurity muſt ſeek.
" He forms deſigns t' enſlave the nations round:
" This only method then by us is found,
" To lay *Salentum* level with the ground.
" His breach of faith compels us this t' aſſay,
" Or he muſt periſh ſoon; or we obey.
" If juſt propoſals for a peace you bring,
" And we can truſt ſecurely to the King;
" Gladly this num'rous hoſt their arms will quit,
" And all acknowledge your ſuperior wit."
" Full well," ſaid *Mentor*, " prudent *Neſtor* knows
" The truſt *Ulyſſes* thought he could repoſe:
" Who to my care *Telemachus* conſign'd,
" His blooming ſon; to form his tender mind.
" That youth impatient grown the fate to learn,
" And all his much lov'd father might concern;
" Did firſt at *Pylos* to yourſelf repair,
" Who there receiv'd him with a friendly air:
" Nay, ſent your ſon *Piſiſtratus* t' attend,
" And acted worthy of *Ulyſſes'* friend.
" Departing thence a circuit great we take,
" The tour of *Sicily* and *Egypt* make;
" To *Cyprus* next our travels to complete,
" And laſt we landed in the Iſle of *Crete*.
" Hence ſeeking *Ithaca* by winds were toſt,
" Or Heav'n's decrees, upon th' *Heſperian* coaſt.
" In fact, well timed our coming may appear,
" To ſtop the rage of this tremendous war.
" 'Tis now no more *Idomeneus* that ſpeaks,
" 'Tis great *Ulyſſes'* ſon your friendſhip ſeeks:
" Myſelf, and he, will to our utmoſt ſkill
" Now all engagements, and all vows fulfil."

IMITATION.

Verſe 559, *Ter. Eunuch. Grotius.*

While *Mentor* thus the *Pylian* chief accoſts,
Encompaſs'd round by the confed'rate hoſts;
High on the walls *Idomeneus* diſmay'd,
With young *Telemachus* the whole ſurvey'd.
His *Cretans* all in arms intent appear,
To ſee th' event; and burning ſtill to hear.
For *Neſtor*'s fame admitted no increaſe:
Eſteem'd by all the Oracle of *Greece*.
Experience join'd with nervous ſenſe, conſpir'd
To make him moſt of all her Kings admir'd.
Among the leaders that to *Ilium* came,
He only ſtern *Achilles* knew to tame:
Could make the rage of *Diomede* ſubſide,
Quench *Ajax*' fire, and *Agamemnon*'s pride.
Upon his lips did ſoft perſuaſion dwell,
And ſweeteſt ſounds like ſtreams mellifluous fell.
Each captiv'd hero on thoſe accents hung,
Enchanted all by magic of his tongue.
Aw'd by his ſtern command diſorders ceaſe,
None elſe could tumults of the camp appeaſe.
His ſpeech ſtill nervous, ſweet; but paſt its prime:
And ſomewhat injur'd by the ſhocks of time.
Old ſtories would he tell of ages paſt,
T' inſtruct the riſing youth, and form their taſte;
Tho' now leſs briſk and lively his diſcourſe,
Still was it delicate; and ſtill had force.

This prodigy of *Greece* when now compar'd
With *Mentor*, void of majeſty appear'd.
No more that voice harmonious could engage,
Clouded his air, and wither'd ſeem'd his age.

NOTE.

Verſe 598, *Quench* Ajax's *fire, and* Agamemnon's *pride*—*Ajax* the ſon of *Oileus*, and King of *Locris*, raviſhed *Caſſandra Priam*'s daughter even in the Temple of *Minerva*, after *Troy* was taken: but was puniſhed for ſo doing and ſtruck dead by thunder. *Agamemnon* was King of *Mycenæ* in *Argos*, and Commander in Chief of all the *Grecians* at the *Trojan* war.

IMITATION

Verſe 600, *Hom. Il.* 1.

To

To *Mentor*'s years were ſtrength and vigour join'd:
Firm conſtitution, and exalted mind.
His ſpeech, though plain, by manly ſenſe prevail'd:
Reſpect commanding where the other fail'd.
Short, to the point th' expreſſions he would chooſe;
No vain harangues, no repetitions uſe.
Th' affair in hand alone would he purſue,
No foreign ſubject introduc'd to view.
If more than once the truth muſt be diſplay'd,
Firm on the mind t' imprint it, or perſuade;
By various turns new luſtre would he give,
By ſweet alluſions at his point arrive.
With this preſerv'd he an obliging air,
Uncommon ſweetneſs all his features wear;
When he the truth to others would convey,
And condeſcend to thoſe that ſhould obey.
Struck with a pair ſo venerable found,
Th' aſſembled multitudes all pour'd around:
While thoſe who to *Salentum*'s fall conſpire
Each preſt on each, to hear, and to admire;
Salentum's King ſurrounded with his hoſt,
T' obſerve their looks no ſingle moment loſt:
Mark'd ev'ry motion with the utmoſt heed,
And in their geſtures aim'd his fate to read.

IMITATION.

Verſe 619, *Hor. Art. Poet.*

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *ſeeing* Mentor *in the midſt of the confederates, is deſirous to know what paſſes between them; commands the Gates of* Salentum *to be opened to him, goes to join* Mentor; *and his preſence among the Allies contributes to make them accept thoſe conditions of Peace which* Mentor *propoſed on the part of* Idomeneus. *The Princes, as friends, make their entrance into* Salentum. Idomeneus *accepts the articles which had been agreed on. They give hoſtages on both ſides, and join in one common Sacrifice between the City and the Camp for the confirmation of this Alliance.*

ULYSSES' ſon, who with impatience glow'd,
Broke from the throng which now around him ſtood:
Then wing'd his ſpeed, and ſought with eager haſte
The gate, whence *Mentor* to the foe had paſt.
He ſpoke, the brazen valves were open'd wide;
The King, who ſtill believ'd him at his ſide,
Aſtoniſh'd ſaw that he the plain had croſt;
And ſtood by *Neſtor*, and the adverſe hoſt.
The *Pylian* chief, who quickly knew that face,
Advanc'd to meet him with a fault'ring pace:
At once the Prince to his embraces ſprung,
And ſpeechleſs round his neck his arms he flung.
At length, "O! Sire," he cried, "(for you'll excuſe
"If I that venerable term ſhall uſe
"Who vainly ſeek the author of my birth)
"Your various bounties, and experienc'd worth
"Muſt all obedience and affection claim;
"And give me right to call you by that name.
"My Sire, my deareſt father, is it you?
"O may *Ulyſſes* thus yet bleſs my view!

"If

" If ought can recompence the loſs I bear,
" 'Tis you, that rival his paternal care."
Touch'd with theſe words, the venerable man
His flowing tears no longer could reſtrain:
And pleas'd beheld the ſympathetic ſhow'r
Which young *Telemachus* began to pour;
While ev'ry drop that trickled from his face
Gave luſtre new, and heighten'd ev'ry grace.
The winning ſweetneſs of this youth unknown,
The daring courage which he now had ſhown;
Who fearleſs ventur'd to approach th' allies,
Had fill'd them all with wonder, and ſurprize.
" And is not this," they reaſon'd, " *Mentor*'s heir
" Who came ſo late with *Neſtor* to confer?
" The ſelf-ſame wiſdom ſee we in them both,
" A contraſt beautiful of age, and youth.
" This, like a tender plant with bloſſoms pure;
" That, ripe with years and bent with fruits mature."
Mentor, who gladly ſaw and paſt belief
The Prince thus treated by the *Pylian* chief,
Th' auſpicious moment ſeiz'd—" And lo!" he cried,
" *Ulyſſes*' ſon your glory, and your pride!
" *Ulyſſes* ſure all *Grecians* will approve:
" Yourſelf, O! *Neſtor*, too that hero love.
" Behold! his ſon an hoſtage will I leave
" The deareſt pledge that *Grecians* can receive.
" He for *Idomeneus* ſhall all fulfil
" Prepar'd and ready to perform your will.
" Ne'er would I give conſent, be Judges all!
" This noble youth ſhould like his father fall;
" Ne'er wiſh from ſad *Penelope* to hear:
" I raſhly ſacrific'd a life ſo dear:
" T' uphold the follies of *Salentum*'s King,
" Or any crimes which from ambition ſpring.
" Ye tribes aſſembled here from diſtant lands!
" With pledge like this, thus precious in my hands;
" Who comes himſelf your ſcruples to remove,
" Sent by thoſe guardian Gods that peace approve;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 24, *Cic. in Som. Scip.*
Verſe 58, *Sil. Ital.*

" With this would I now treat; uſe all my pow'r,
" T' eſtabliſh peace, 'till time ſhall be no more."
At ſound of peace a cry confus'd aroſe,
From rank to rank it ſpread among the foes.
For many diff'rent int'reſts were engag'd,
And ev'ry nation now diſtinctly rag'd:
Thought time was loſt while fighting was prolong'd,
By ſuch diſcourſe imagin'd they were wrong'd:
Amuſement all, their fury to abate,
And ſave the ſpoils which ſhould their av'rice ſate.
But chief the fierce *Mandurians* inly griev'd
And fear'd once more the King would have deceiv'd.
With cries tumultuous often interpos'd,
And thought a ſpeech which ſo much art diſclos'd,
Would ſoon their league, and firm alliance break;
In truth, were jealous of the name of *Greek*.
Wiſe *Mentor* ſoon theſe riſing doubts deſcried,
And aim'd the more their counſels to divide.
" Juſtly," he cried, " theſe people ſeek the war,
" And reparation of the wrongs they bear;
" But yet no proper reaſon can they find,
" No cauſe ſufficient can be well aſſign'd;
" Why all theſe valiant colonies of *Greece*,
" Fix'd on the coaſt, and cultivating peace,
" Should thus be odious, and ſuſpected found
" By all its old inhabitants around.
" Thoſe *Greeks* united rather ſhould appear,
" That all their neighbours may their pow'r revere:
" Should yet with modeſty their rights defend,
" Nor aim t' uſurp dominions of their friend:
" *Salentum*'s King, it muſt not be denied,
" Provok'd your rage by breach of faith, and pride:
" But now is ready to deſerve your love,
" And ev'ry foul ſuſpicion to remove.
" See! for his ſide *Telemachus* declare,
" Myſelf too hoſtage for his faith appear:
" Frankly our perſons to yourſelves we yield,
" 'Till all the King hath promis'd be fulfill'd.
" If right I judge, th' occaſion of the war
" Is, that the *Cretans* have preſum'd ſo far,

" To

" To ſeize the paſſes which your hills command;
" By this enabled to o'er-run your land,
" And waſte thoſe dwellings you alone requir'd,
" When from the coaſt contented you retir'd.
" Theſe paſſes have they fortified with tow'rs,
" With military ſtores, and armed pow'rs:
" Say, is not this the ſource of all your care?
" Is ought beſide the ſubject of the war?"
Their Chief advancing now before the reſt,
In name of all, their grievances expreſt:
" Th' eternal Gods are witneſſes," he cried,
" That we all methods for a peace have tried.
" Nor ever thought on violence, and force,
" 'Till war alone was left for our reſource.
" Ambitious, reſtleſs, we theſe *Cretans* find,
" No leagues can hold them, and no vows can bind:
" Raſh, inconſiderate race! who fondly dare
" To drive a warlike nation to deſpair.
" Which now in nothing can for ſafety truſt,
" 'Till firſt *Salentum*'s level'd with the duſt.
" Long as poſſeſſion of theſe tow'rs they have,
" They aim, we think, our country to enſlave.
" If peace alone they ſought with all around,
" Contented would they take th' allotted ground:
" Without ambition to extend their reign,
" Would ne'er attempt thoſe paſſages to gain.
" Alas! their artifice you little know,
" Ourſelves have found it through the depth of woe.
" Ceaſe then, thou fav'rite of the Gods above,
" To war ſo juſt th' obſtruction ſtill to prove:
" Without this war fell diſcord ne'er can ceaſe,
" *Heſperia* ne'er be bleſt with laſting peace.
" O! nation vers'd in ev'ry treach'rous art,
" Deceitful, cruel, with ungrateful heart;
" Sent by the Gods that are become our foes,
" T' avenge our crimes and trouble our repoſe!
" Yet Heav'n, to whom our puniſhment belongs,
" Will one day amply vindicate our wrongs:
" Yes, ye tremendous pow'rs! our foes ſhall know,
" That you like juſtice to themſelves can ſhow."
Theſe words with ardour freſh the troops inſpire,
And ev'ry breaſt now caught the martial fire.

From

From rank to rank *Bellona* ſtalk'd around,
And *Mars* rekindling flames of war was found.
T' extinguiſh theſe had *Mentor* toil'd in vain,
Yet once more he aſſay'd, and thus began.
" If thus deputed by *Salentum*'s King,
" I nought but feeble promiſes could bring;
" My weak propoſals well might you refuſe,
" More ſure and cogent arguments I uſe.
" For if with me *Ulyſſes'* offspring join'd,
" Still inſufficient ſeem the league to bind;
" Twelve valiant youths ſhall yet this work compleat,
" Sprung from the nobleſt families of *Crete*.
" And, as from us you hoſtages receive,
" 'Tis juſt in turn that you the like ſhould give.
" The King a peace deſires that's ſimple, pure,
" He will not ſtoop a baſe one to procure.
" By him, as by yourſelves, that peace is ſought
" Through moderation, and reſult of thought.
" With ſoul diſdaining ſoft inglorious eaſe,
" The threats of war without a fear he ſees.
" Alike to conquer, or to fall prepar'd:
" Yet peace to greateſt vict'ry hath preferr'd.
" No army fears, but fears to blaſt his fame
" With foul injuſtice, and a tyrant's name:
" And thinks it no diſhonour to a King,
" Some reparation of his faults to bring.
" With ſword in hand doth he for peace declare,
" No terms preſcribes with magiſterial air;
" Eſteems it not if violence obtrude,
" The gen'ral intereſt would he have purſu'd.

NOTE.

Verſe 141, *From rank to rank* Bellona—She was the Goddeſs of War, and was known by the name of *Enyo* among the *Greeks*. The daughter of *Phorcys* and *Ceto*. At *Cumana* in *Cappadocia* was a famous temple dedicated to her, where her prieſts and attendants amounted, in *Strabo*'s time, to ſix thouſand and upwards. She was ſuppoſed to be the conſtant companion of *Mars*, together with *Diſcord* and the *Furies*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 141, *Virg. Æn.* 8.

" A peace

" A peace all parties ſhall acknowledge juſt,
" To cure all jealouſy, and all diſtruſt.
" In ſhort, ſuch only is his ſtate of mind,
" As you, I'm ſatisfied, would gladly find.
" 'Tis your concurrence I alone require,
" And ſoon pacific thoughts ſhall I inſpire:
" If waving ev'ry prejudice, and fear,
" Calm, and compos'd, you condeſcend to hear.
" Attend, ye chiefs diſcreet, ye ſquadrons bright,
" That bravely thus in freedom's cauſe unite;
" Attend while I my ſentiments diſcloſe,
" And for *Idomeneus* theſe terms propoſe.
" Firſt, whoſo aims his borders to extend,
" Againſt the law of nations ſhall offend:
" Nor he, nor you, each other ſhall invade;
" But each contented reſt with what he had.
" The paſſes ſtrengthen'd, by his lofty tow'rs,
" He gives conſent be held by neutral pow'rs:
" You, *Philoctetes*, and you, *Neſtor*, claim
" A *Greek* original, a *Grecian* name:
" Yet in a cauſe like this, you frankly cloſe
" With all that now *Idomeneus* oppoſe.
" Hence no ſuſpicion e'er can light on you,
" That you this monarch's int'reſt ſhould purſue.
" For public good alone theſe arms you bear,
" And for *Heſperia*'s liberty declare.
" Guard then theſe paſſes, be yourſelves truſtees:
" And this occaſion of the war will ceaſe.
" On each of you doth private int'reſt call
" To ſave *Salentum*, and prevent her fall:
" (Nor let a ſiſter colony be loſt,
" Through rage and fury of th' *Heſperian* hoſt)
" Alike ſhould you avert that foul diſgrace,
" And former failings of the King efface.
" Hold you the balance. Bear not ſword and fire,
" Againſt thoſe *Grecians* who your love require:
" But rather ſhew the glorious taſk you choſe,
" To mediate peace, and terminate their woes.
" Such terms, ſay you, might merit great applauſe,
" Were we ſecure the King would ſtoop to laws:
" Then hear me further with indulgence kind,
" This ſcruple ſoon I'll baniſh from your mind.

" To

" To make all ſure, let either party give,
" And, as I ſaid, twelve hoſtages receive:
" Let theſe as pledges in your hands remain,
" 'Till you poſſeſſion of thoſe paſſes gain.
" When thus in ſafety ſhall *Heſperia* be,
" And you *Salentum* at your mercy ſee,
" Together with her King; will this ſuffice?
" Can any recent jealouſies ariſe?
" Fear ye yourſelves? the King you dar'd not truſt:
" Yet with intention pure, and conduct juſt:
" To you commits he, and to you alone,
" His life, his people's freedom, and his own.
" If it be true that ſolid peace you chuſe,
" Lo here! what honeſtly you can't refuſe.
" Once more, conceive not that unmanly fear
" Hath made *Idomeneus* for peace declare:
" 'Tis the reſult of juſtice, and good ſenſe.
" He wants not proper means for his defence;
" And ſcorns your cenſures, if that fear you name,
" Which he propoſes with a virtuous aim.
" He owns at firſt he grievouſly might err,
" 'Tis now his pride thoſe errors to repair.
" The headſtrong fool unable to diſcern
" The things 'tis moſt his intereſt to learn:
" With clamour hopes, and overbearing pride,
" T' uphold his errors, and his faults to hide:
" But he that to his foe ſhall condeſcend
" Thoſe faults to own, and offer to amend;
" By that evinces he no more can err,
" And that his enemies have all to fear;
" Unleſs ſome quick accommodation riſe
" With one of ſoul ſo valiant, and ſo wiſe.
" Beware, beware, like moderation learn:
" Leſt o'er yourſelves he triumph in his turn.
" If proffer'd peace, and juſtice you reject;
" They will avenge, and will the good protect.
" From ev'ry God ſhall he aſſiſtance find,
" That once, he fear'd, againſt him were com-
" bin'd.

IMITATION.

Verſe 234, *Claudian. Ovid.*

" Myſelf

" Myſelf and young *Telemachus* ſhall fight
" In virtue's cauſe; and vindicate the right.
" Ye bleſt divinities, attend and know!
" Ye *Stygian* pow'rs that rule in depths below!
" I call you all; impartial to ſurvey
" The fair propoſals I have brought this day!"
He ended here, and in his hand uprear'd,
The olive branch, pacific ſign, appear'd.
The chiefs who neareſt ſtood, in vaſt ſurpriſe
Beheld th' amazing luſtre of his eyes:
His awful preſence, and majeſtic grace,
Surpaſs'd the greateſt of all human race:
All ears were charm'd with muſic of his tongue,
Sonorous, ſweet, it drew the heart along.
So in the ſilence of the night obſcure,
Can magic words the ſilver moon allure;
Arreſt the planets in their mid career,
Stop the rotation of the ſtarry ſphere;
Make ocean calm, make ev'ry wind obey,
And check the rapid currents in their way.
Amidſt th' imbattled hoſts he took his ſtand,
Suppreſs'd their tumults, and their rage reſtrain'd:
Calm and compos'd like *Bacchus* was he ſeen
When rav'nous tigers wait him on the green,
Which charm'd with heav'nly notes, and accents ſweet;
At once ſubmiſſive fawn, and lick his feet.
Huſh'd were the troops the moment he began,
Chief gaz'd on chief, tranſported by a man
Whoſe elocution nothing could withſtand,
Who, though unknown, ſeem'd deſtin'd to command.
On him each warrior fix'd his raviſh'd eyes,
Fear'd ev'n a word, a ſingle breath ſhould riſe;
Leſt haply ſomething ſtill behind remain,
And proper audience *Mentor* ſhould not gain.
None could propoſe t' amend what he had ſaid,
And none a ſingle circumſtance could add;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 266, *Virg. Ecl.* 8. *Hor. Epod.* 5. and *Epod.* 17.
Verſe 276, *Hor.* l. 2. *Od.* 19.

Yet

Yet ſtill they burn'd to hear, admir'd his parts;
And found his ſenſe engrav'd upon their hearts.
At once he credit, and eſteem procur'd,
Intent they ſeem'd to catch each falling word.
Some little time as motionleſs they ſtood,
But ſoon low murmurs crept through all the crowd;
And ſoft applauſe which no reſemblance bore
To that confuſion which had reign'd before.
Unuſual gladneſs in the hoſt was ſeen,
Compos'd was ev'ry aſpect, and ſerene.
Th' enrag'd *Mandurians* felt their ire at ſtand,
And ev'ry dart fell guiltleſs from their hand.
Amaz'd *Phalantus* with his *Spartans* felt
Their iron ſouls ſo ſuddenly to melt,
And ev'ry nation's vain reſentment ceaſe,
While all were eager for this glorious peace.
Brave *Philoctetes* worn with toil, and care,
Exulting moſt, diſſolv'd into a tear.
Neſtor tranſported with diſcourſe ſo ſweet
Found language fail, but roſe his friend to meet,
And cloſe embrac'd. Theſe tokens of his love
To all th' encircling chiefs a ſignal prove:
Peace, peace, they cried: O venerable man
Who all diſarm, and all affections gain.
Juſt then roſe *Neſtor* to harangue the field,
This with impatience great the troops beheld:
They fear'd ſome new objections might ariſe,
And ſhouts of Peace again invade the ſkies.
To quell the tumult could no means be found,
'Till peace was echo'd by the Chiefs around.
Neſtor, who plainly ſaw diſcourſe too long,
Would find an ill reception from the throng;
Thus acquieſc'd—" O *Mentor*, you perceive
" Th' advantage piety and goodneſs give:
" When Wiſdom once with Virtue joins her pow'r,
" Calm'd are our minds, our paſſions are no more.
" Our juſt reſentments inſtantly retire,
" A laſting peace and friendſhip we deſire.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 288, *Cic. ad Her.* 3.
Verſe 321, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" With

" With joy accept we all which you propoſe,
" No longer now ſhall be *Salentum*'s foes."
He ſpake; the Chiefs at once their hands extend,
In token each that he was now a friend.
Swift to *Salentum Mentor* croſs'd the plain,
Commands it open, baniſh'd all their pain:
And bade *Idomeneus*, without a fear,
Straight to the council of th' allies repair.
The *Pylian* chief embrac'd *Ulyſſes'* ſon,
And in this pleaſing interval begun.
" Thou lovely offspring of the wiſeſt man
" That *Greece* can boaſt, or *Grecian* realms contain;
" May you at wiſdom like to his arrive,
" But far more happy, and ſucceſsful live!
" Say, have you nought diſcover'd of his fate?
" The dear remembrance of his former ſtate,
" Your ev'ry feature which ſo well agrees,
" Contribute much our fury to appeaſe."
Phalantus, form'd by nature fierce and bold,
Who never yet *Ulyſſes* could behold;
Yet heard with grief th' afflictions he had known,
And dropp'd a tear in pity for his ſon.
His ſtrange adventures they deſir'd to hear,
And eager preſs'd him ſomewhat to declare:
When *Mentor* ſaw they from *Salentum* bring
The valiant *Cretans* headed by their King.
When firſt th' allies *Idomeneus* diſcern'd,
Their former malice, and their ſpleen return'd
Till *Mentor*'s prudence interpoſing came,
And in a moment quench'd the bick'ring flame.
" Haſte, haſte," he cried, " this treaty let us end;
" Which every God ſhall witneſs, and defend.
" May they with juſtice, and with vengeance due,
" And ev'ry dreadful plague of war purſue
" The wretch profane, who ſhall preſume to break
" This ſacred league or interruption ſeek!
" Guard they the good! but ev'ry torment ſhed
" Upon his perjur'd, execrable head!
" May he the hatred of all mortals prove,
" And deteſtation of the Gods above!
" Ne'er may he live his treach'ry to enjoy,
" But hell-born furies all their arts employ;

" In forms, and figures of tremendous kind
" With anguiſh, and deſpair, to haunt his mind!
" May ſome ſtrange death, and ſudden, be his doom,
" Depriv'd all hopes or proſpect of a tomb!
" His carcaſe vile of hungry dogs be food,
" And gnawing vultures batten in his blood!
" Sunk in the loweſt realms of dreary night,
" May greater pains his infamy requite,
" Than *Tantalus*, or lewd *Ixion*, knew,
" Or *Dan'us* daughters when their lords they ſlew!
" But may this peace immoveable remain,
" Like *Atlas'* ſelf which doth the heav'ns ſuſtain:
" And all who now to its conditions ſwear,
" Behold it ſtill with reverential fear!
" Taſte all its fruits conſign'd to deathleſs fame
" That late poſterity may bleſs their name!
" Be this, which on the baſe of Juſtice ſtands,
" Be this a model to far diſtant lands:
" That future times, and nations yet unborn,
" Which thus with concord would their realms adorn;
" Like fair *Heſperia* may to greatneſs riſe,
" And learn from you true happineſs to prize!"

He ſaid; each Monarch with an oath confirms,
That he moſt ſtrictly would obſerve the terms.
On either part twelve hoſtages were ſhown,
Ulyſſes' ſon deſiring to be one.
All jointly *Mentor* as a pledge refuſe,
His conſtant preſence at *Salentum* chuſe:
At once to awe its council, and its King;
And all agreements to perfection bring.
Between th' embattled hoſt and ſtately town,
With gilded horns, and each a flow'ry crown;

NOTE.

Verſe 378, *Like* Atlas' *ſelf*—A king of *Mauritania* famous for his ſkill in Aſtronomy, thence feigned to have borne the heavens on his ſhoulders. He was deſcended from *Japet* and *Clymene* the daughter of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, and gave name to Mount *Atlas*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 378, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

Twice

Twice fifty heifers yet unſkill'd to bear
The galling yoke, or drag the crooked ſhare;
As many milk-white bulls in order ſtood,
And bath'd the altars with their purple blood:
While coſtly wines in rich libations flow'd.
Beneath the ſacred knife huge piles ariſe,
The hills re-echo'd to their mournful cries.
The foothſay'rs round, a tribe prophetic, bore
Their part, the trembling entrails to explore:
On ev'ry altar blaz'd *Arabia*'s gums,
Her choiceſt odours, and her beſt perfumes:
Thick clouds of incenſe roſe on ev'ry ſide;
That heav'nly fragrance fill'd the circuit wide.
Meanwhile the troops of either hoſt advance,
No more with hoſtile front, and lance to lance:
But courteous all with converſe ſweet relate
Each to his friend, the ſtory of his fate.
Already ſeem'd they to forget diſtreſs
And to anticipate the joys of peace.
For divers *Cretans*, who in early life
At *Troy* contended in that glorious ſtrife;
With *Neſtor*'s forces now familiar grew,
Their former comrades, who like dangers knew.
Theſe all embracing in the tend'reſt way,
Each to his friend their various toils diſplay;
And ev'ry ſtrange misfortune they had found,
Since *Aſia*'s pride was levell'd with the ground.
Thus on the graſſy turf reclin'd they lay,
Their heads with roſes crown'd, and garlands gay:
Together thus indulg'd their genial ſouls,
And quaff'd rich liquors from capacious bowls:
Salentine wines, while joyful ſhouts aſcend
That all their labours had ſo bleſt an end.
When *Mentor* high exalted o'er the reſt
All unexpected roſe, and thus addreſt.
" Ye ſceptred Kings and chiefs aſſembled here,
" Who now in ſhining Synod thus appear;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 403, *Hom. Il.* 1.
Verſe 426, *Virg. Æn.* 9.

" Henceforth a ſingle ſtate may you controul,
" With diff'rent heads one body, and one ſoul!
" The righteous Gods from whom we all began,
" Who ſtamp'd their image on the ſoul of man;
" Still, ſtill eſteem the creature of their hand,
" And bid us knit in love's eternal band.
" In truth all mortals from one ſtock derive,
" Howe'er diſpers'd, or diſtant they may live:
" All then are brothers, and as ſuch with care
" Should like affections, and like friendſhips ſhare.
" Accurs'd be they who to acquire renown
" Shed brother's blood, more properly their own!
" Yet war may prove a neceſſary ill;
" For which mankind are bound to anſwer ſtill.
" O! ſay not fame on impious wars attends:
" Fame can't begin, where human nature ends.
" Whoe'er to ſentiments humane, and good,
" Prefers his glory at the expence of blood;
" Is man no more: by pride transform'd his mind,
" Himſelf a monſter of moſt ſavage kind.
" Falſe fame alone, falſe praiſe ſhall he purſue;
" Since virtue only can obtain the true.
" Diſſembling ſycophants may pleaſe his ear
" With tinſel-praiſe which he delights to hear:
" But could one faithful friend advice impart
" And frankly ſpeak the ſecrets of his heart;
" Theſe devious paths he'd ſhew ne'er lead to fame,
" And foul injuſtice forfeits all our claim.
" In truth no ſubjects ſhould that King eſteem,
" Who ſhews ſo great a diſregard for them:
" Who thus the rein to vile ambition gives,
" Profuſe and laviſh of his people's lives.
" Happy the Prince whoſe people are his care,
" And who in turn is to his people dear!
" Who ne'er in needleſs wars his realm involves,
" Who all inteſtine broils with care diſſolves:
" In whom his ſubjects have a treaſure found,
" And live the envy of the nations round!
" You then that rule *Heſperia*'s happy plains,
" And in her ſtately cities hold the reins;
" At ſtated times, ere thrice to crown the year
" The golden Sun hath finiſh'd his career,

" Convoke

" Convoke th' aſſembly: let all here attend,
" And ev'ry Sov'reign whom we call our friend:
" In league, and friendſhip to engage anew,
" Conſult, debate; and public good purſue.
" While thus united you together ſtand;
" In ſafety ſhall ye hold this fertile land.
" At home ſhall glory, and abundance know;
" Abroad, unhurt be terrors to your foe.
" To plague mankind afreſh ſhould Diſcord fell,
" With looks malign emerge from blackeſt hell;
" She, ſhe alone can e'er rekindle war,
" Or ſtop thoſe bleſſings which the Gods prepare."
" You ſee," ſaid *Neſtor*, *Pylian* ſage, " you ſee
" (When thus to peace we readily agree)
" How much thro' vile ambition we abhor
" T' extend our empire, by injurious war.
" But oh! what ſalutary means remain
" That neighbour prince, that tyrant to reſtrain
" Whoſe law is int'reſt, this his only view,
" For which all nations he'll alike purſue?
" Think not *Idomeneus* excites my fear,
" That Prince no longer dreadful can appear.
" No. 'Tis *Adraſtus*, *Daunia*'s warlike head,
" 'Tis he, and he alone, can raiſe our dread.
" Th' immortal Gods no longer he eſteems,
" And all of human race his ſlaves he deems:

NOTES.

Verſe 476, *At ſtated times*—The *Olympic* and other *Grecian* Games were inſtituted, we are told, for the like purpoſes. And that the *Swiſs* Cantons in particular, to this day, have their certain times of meeting, to take a view of their forces, to conſult upon their ſeveral intereſts, and renew their alliances.

Verſe 500, *No. 'Tis* Adraſtus—Son of *Talaon* and *Eurinome*, and King of *Argos*, famous for the war he undertook againſt *Thebes* in favour of his ſon-in-law *Polynices*. After his failing in that enterprize, he took refuge firſt at the altar of Mercy in *Athens*, and became next King of *Sicyon* in *Peloponneſus*.

IMITATION.

Verſe 500, *Hom. Il.* 2.

" All born t' extend the glory of his reign,
" Obey his nod; and drag his ſervile chain.
" Nor aims he as a Prince to win their love,
" Nor as a father to his ſtate to prove:
" But claims the worſhip due to Heav'n above.
" Thus far, blind fortune hath his wiſhes crown'd;
" And made him triumph o'er the nations round.
" In haſte we came *Salentum* to attack,
" And cruſh at once an enemy ſo weak;
" As yet not firmly ſettled on the coaſt,
" And then encounter with his ſtronger hoſt.
" Already tow'ring his ſucceſſes riſe,
" And numerous towns are torn from our allies.
" *Crotona*'s troops that hazarded the fight,
" Have twice been baffled; twice been put to flight.
" No means untried will his ambition leave,
" Alike to him to conquer or deceive.
" Immenſe the treaſures he hath late amaſs'd,
" Well train'd are all the forces he hath rais'd.
" His leaders vet'rans, and experienc'd all:
" True to their Prince, and ready at his call.
" His watchful eyes advantages ſurvey,
" Conſtraining all his orders to obey:
" Chaſtiſing thoſe reluctant to command,
" Rewarding others with a lib'ral hand.
" His martial ſoul diſdaining e'er to yield,
" Inſpires like courage into all the field.
" Greateſt of Sov'reigns would he ſtand confeſt
" Could truth and juſtice but inform his breaſt.
" But oh! not Heav'n now knows he to revere,
" Nor reputation prize, nor conſcience fear.
" Thinks good report a toy of lighteſt kind,
" To bubble children; and for fools deſign'd.
" By all around with terror to be view'd,
" And roll in wealth; the only ſolid good.
" In this alone true glory ſeems to place,
" To trample under foot all human race.
" Soon at our doors ſhall he the ſpoils divide,
" Unleſs united thus we ſtem the tide:
" Unleſs we firm, and reſolute appear,
" Adieu! to liberty, and all that's dear.

" Alike

" Alike concern'd then is *Salentum*'s King
" Againſt th' invader all his pow'r to bring:
" Whoſe haughty ſoul no rival will endure,
" Nor leave one ſtate in liberty ſecure.
" If once defeated we the yoke receive,
" Next to *Salentum* he the law will give.
" Haſte then, ye warriors, lead th' imbattled hoſt;
" Ariſe, prevent, or be for ever loſt!"
While *Neſtor* thus for their aſſiſtance calls,
Th' *Heſperian* Kings, and Chiefs, approach'd the walls;
There, at *Idomeneus*' requeſt, unite
In ſocial mirth, to paſs the friendly night.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

Neſtor, *in the name of the Allies, demands aid from* Idomeneus *againſt the* Daunians *their enemies.* Mentor, *who wiſhes to new-model the City of* Salentum, *and train the inhabitants to huſbandry, prevails upon them to reſt ſatisfied with having* Telemachus *at the head of an hundred noble* Cretans. *After his departure,* Mentor *takes an exact Survey of the City, and the Port: informs himſelf of every thing, cauſes* Idomeneus *to make new regulations in regard to Commerce and Police; divides the people into ſeven Claſſes, whoſe rank and birth he diſtinguiſhes by the difference of their habits; makes him retrench all luxury, and arts which turn to no account; in order to employ thoſe Mechanics in Agriculture which he renders highly honourable.*

THROUGH all th' extended plain refulgent riſe
The tents, and rich pavilions of th' allies;
Of colours various as the ſhow'ry arch;
Where reſt th' *Heſperians* wearied with their march.
When firſt the Monarchs enter'd with their train,
And of the town a beauteous proſpect gain,
Amaz'd they ſeem'd, that in ſo ſhort a ſpace
The *Cretan* Prince thoſe noble piles could raiſe:
And that his ſtate thus glorious ſhould appear
Amidſt th' obſtructions of a cruel war.
Much they admir'd the wiſdom of his reign;
Who could with ſo much induſtry, and pain,
Erect a kingdom of ſo fair a kind:
A work well worthy of his royal mind.
No ſmall advantage hop'd they from the peace,
Since all th' allies would find their ſtrength increaſe;

If

If he a party to the league was made,
And for the *Daunian* war ſhould furniſh aid.
This point t' obtain they all their int'reſt us'd,
And gain'd conſent which could not be refus'd.
But *Mentor* well appriz'd of what relates
To raiſing high proſperity of ſtates,
Ev'n from the firſt inferior much eſteem'd
Salentum's force, and weaker than it ſeem'd.
Her Monarch from the reſt he led apart,
And thus diſclos'd the ſecrets of his heart.
" Succeſs you ſee hath our endeavours crown'd,
" Freed is *Salentum* from her fears around:
" On you depends it now that ſhe ſhall riſe,
" And lift her lofty turrets to the ſkies.
" On you depends it to exalt your name,
" And rank with *Minos* in the rolls of fame.
" Like him with prudence to confirm your throne,
" And make your people's happineſs your own.
" You ſee what freedom of addreſs I uſe,
" As thinking truth, not flattery you chuſe.
" While theſe your grandeur view with raviſh'd eyes;
" To me abſurd's your conduct, and unwiſe."
At ſound ſo harſh the Monarch's colour came,
His viſage alter'd; and his eyes ſhot flame.
Scarce he the riſing choler could reſtrain,
Scarce from opprobrious language could refrain.
Mentor perceiv'd it, and, with due reſpect,
Majeſtic roſe this harſhneſs to correct.
" When thus abſurd your conduct I declare,
" I find that word is grating to your ear:
" All others might have fear'd that term to uſe,
" Nice is the taſk when Monarchs we accuſe.
" Their ſtation challenges our utmoſt care,
" Nor muſt we treat them with neglectful air:

NOTE.

Verſe 18, *And for the* Daunian *war*—The *Daunii* are ſuppoſed to be deſcended from the *Pelaſgi*, the ancient inhabitants of *Epirus*, and one of the oldeſt nations in the world: who, being driven out of *Æmonia* by *Deucalion*, ſettled in *Italy*.

" Truth

" Truth can itſelf ſufficiently offend,
" Although no rude expreſſion it attend.
" Yet fondly I believ'd my friend could bear,
" Without diſguiſe, his failings now to hear.
" At once t' inure you was my only aim,
" To hear all matters by their proper name:
" That you to knowledge of this truth be brought,
" When others ſpeak, they ſpeak not all their
" thought.
" Would you indeed a perfect Monarch be,
" From vice, from folly, and from error free?
" Whoe'er your faults ſhall venture to reveal,
" Be ſure he means much more than he can tell.
" For me, your pleaſure gladly I'll fulfil,
" And ſoften all expreſſions to your will;
" But better were it that, devoid of art,
" I plainly ſpake the language of my heart.
" Unbiaſs'd I, and no importance bear;
" So can in ſecret all my ſenſe declare.
" None elſe will dare with freedom to adviſe,
" You'll ſee but half, and that too in diſguiſe."
These words again the King to reaſon brought,
Who bluſh'd to own how delicate his thought.
" Ah *Mentor*, *Mentor*, you perceive," he cries,
" What dire effects from adulation riſe.
" To you indebted for my crown I ſtand,
" Who propp'd my ſtate, and ſav'd my ſinking land:
" I'll think it happineſs from you to learn
" Whatever truths my welfare may concern:
" But oh! have pity on a wretched King,
" Whom pois'nous flatt'ries to deſtruction bring:
" Who in the worſt of days could never find
" One gen'rous friend, to open all his mind.
" No, not a man that lov'd me half ſo well,
" To riſk my anger and the truth reveal."
At this the tears came trickling from his face,
In tend'reſt ſort he *Mentor* roſe t' embrace.
When thus the ſage—" Heav'n knows the grief
I feel,
" Compell'd thus rudely all your faults to tell.
" But ſhall I prove a traitor on record;
" Behold your foibles, and no light afford?

" Suppoſe

" Suppoſe yourſelf ſhould *Mentor*'s office bear ;
" You had not err'd but that you choſe to err,
" And fear'd conſulting with a friend ſincere.
" Say, have you ſearch'd the regions round to find
" The man of pure diſintereſted mind ;
" Of ſenſe and parts ſufficient to adviſe,
" And contradict in what he ſaw amiſs ?
" Have you with care encourag'd thoſe to ſpeak
" Who ſhun the taſk, and leaſt your favour ſeek ;
" Whoſe upright ſouls no int'reſt have in view,
" But would with juſt rebuke your faults purſue?
" And when with ſervile flatt'rers you convers'd,
" Have you at once the fawning tribes diſpers'd ?
" Have you with modeſt diffidence of thought
" Still to the teſt your own opinions brought ?
" Alas ! no act of yours did yet declare
" That love of truth, or that deſire to hear.
" But let us ſee if you have now a ſoul
" Can ſtoop to counſels which your faults controul.
" I'd tell you then—that what theſe Monarchs
" praiſe
" Their blame ſhould, rather their reſentment, raiſe.
" For while without your foes unnumber'd wait,
" And threaten dangers to your infant ſtate ;
" Within, are works of infinite expence,
" And piles ſuperb, improper for defence.
" Hence all your troubles, as yourſelf admit,
" Your day of labour, and your ſleepleſs night.
" Thus waſte you all the treaſure you poſſeſs,
" Without one thought your numbers to increaſe ;
" Or cultivate this coaſt with proper care,
" Which ev'ry fruit would in abundance bear.
" Say, is not this the method to be great ;
" And are not theſe the pillars of your ſtate ;
" T' abound in ſubjects who ſhall throng your court,
" And lands well till'd thoſe ſubjects to ſupport ?
" To make your people multiply apace,
" You want at firſt an unmoleſted peace :

IMITATION.

Verſe 127, *Liv.* lib. 1.

" By

" By prudent laws, and huſbandry alone,
" Should you endeavour to confirm your throne.
" To brink of ruin hath ambition brought
" While empty greatneſs thus tranſports your
" thought.
" Haſte then, repair thoſe errors which betray'd,
" Suſpend your buildings, ſtop your vain parade:
" Which elſe will ſurely ruin your affairs,
" And blaſt your empire in your infant years.
" Fair peace, and plenty, to your people give;
" In joys connubial ſuffer them to live:
" For know when ſubjects fail o'er whom to reign,
" That you no longer can a King remain:
" Ne'er meaſure empire by extent of ground,
" But by the numbers in that empire found:
" For theſe alone muſt conſtitute your ſway,
" When loyal all, and ready to obey.
" The ſtraiteſt confines let your kingdom have,
" Stock'd with a people numberleſs, and brave;
" Induſtrious all, well order'd let them prove,
" True to their country, and the king they love;
" More fame, more pow'r, and ſolid bliſs you'll find
" Than all thoſe conqu'rors that diſturb mankind."
" How then ſhall I behave," return'd he, "how?
" Shall I my weakneſs to theſe Kings avow?
" True, I've neglected huſbandry and trade,
" Though ſeated on a coaſt for traffic made.
" A ſtately town was all I had in view:
" Shall I, my deareſt *Mentor*, ſhall I ſhew
" Amidſt th' aſſembled Kings my foul diſgrace,
" Expoſe my raſhneſs, and my crown debaſe?
" Whate'er the price, if *Mentor* but command,
" Without reluctance I the ſhock will ſtand.
" From you I learn—A Prince that's truly great,
" Deſign'd by heav'n for welfare of his ſtate;
" Whoſe views all centre in their good alone,
" Should for its ſafety ſacrifice his own."

IMITATION.

Verſe 137, *Cic. Orat. pro Marcello.*

" There

" There ſpake," ſaid *Mentor*, " with becoming
" grace,
" There ſpake the Father of the human race.
" 'Tis not from works magnificently fine
" A King is ſhewn, but ſentiments divine.
" Yet is it fit your honour be ſecur'd,
" By this the ſafety of your ſtate's inſur'd.
" Leave it to me—from me theſe Kings ſhall
" know,
" You ſtand engag'd, and by a ſolemn vow,
" If yet *Ulyſſes* lives, with all your pow'r
" To reinſtate him, and his throne reſtore:
" To aid the Prince his ſon, if he be dead,
" And chace thoſe vile pretenders to his bed.
" A war like this, they'll readily agree,
" Claims all your forces, both by land and ſea:
" They'll reſt contented if at firſt you bear
" But little portion in the *Daunian* war."
The King tranſported by the words he heard,
As one with comforts quite o'erwhelm'd appear'd.
" My deareſt friend," he cried, " while thus you ſeek
" To caſt a veil on my condition weak,
" You ſave my people's credit, and my own,
" The reputation of my riſing town.
" But oh! permit me further to explore,
" What troops have I *Ulyſſes* to reſtore?
" O! ſay, with what ſimilitude of truth
" Pretend I to aſſiſt this royal youth;
" Who doth in preſence of theſe Kings prepare
" To act in perſon in the *Daunian* war?"
" Let this," ſaid *Mentor*, " no diſturbance give:
" I ſcorn a falſhood; will not ſo deceive.
" The ſquadron ſent your commerce to reſtore,
" Shall viſit in their way th' *Epirot* ſhore:
" And two commiſſions ſhall at once receive
" T' invite the merchants, and that trade retrieve;
" Which duties moſt exorbitantly great
" Too raſhly baniſh'd from *Salentum*'s ſtate.
" Be this the firſt: the next ſome news to gain
" If yet *Ulyſſes* on the earth remain?
" For ſhould he live; he muſt approach thoſe ſeas
" Which part *Heſperia* from the realms of *Greece*.

" Nor long ſince we aſſuredly have heard,
" That on *Phæacia*'s borders he appear'd.
" But ſhould all proſpect fail of his return,
" And we for ever muſt his abſence mourn;
" Yet may ſome ſervice by this fleet be done
" For young *Telemachus*, his blooming ſon.
" This fleet to *Ithaca* ſhall ſpread his fame,
" And fill the lands with terror of his name:
" Confirm his ſubjects, awe th' adjacent coaſt;
" Which now believes him with his father loſt.
" With great confuſion ſhall the ſuitors learn,
" That, aided thus, he meditates return.
" This to *Penelope* ſhall hopes afford,
" Who'll look with horror on a ſecond lord:
" Thus you his int'reſt ſhall preſerve with care,
" Who fights your battles in the *Daunian* war."
Charm'd with theſe words *Idomeneus* replies,
" Bleſt is the Prince upheld by counſel wiſe!
" (One faithful friend is treaſure greater far
" Than conqu'ring troops o'ercharg'd with ſpoils
" of war.)
" But doubly bleſt if he his bliſs perceive,
" And due attention to advice ſhall give!
" For oh! too oft are diff'rent paths purſu'd,
" We view with dread the virtuous, and the good:
" Abhor their preſence; and without a fear
" To fawning traitors bend our royal ear.
" Such was my hapleſs fate—and I'll diſcloſe
" From hence what ſcenes of miſery aroſe:
" While to one faithleſs ſlave, one flatt'rer kind;
" Who for his faults like favour hop'd to find."
Th' aſſociate Kings from *Mentor* quickly learn'd,
How much *Salentum*'s Monarch was concern'd,
To guard the int'reſt of *Ulyſſes*' ſon;
While he in perſon to the war was gone.
Well pleas'd they acquieſce, o'erjoy'd to find
They held a Prince of ſuch heroic mind:

IMITATION.

Verſe 222, *Plin. in Panegyr.*

Who

Who came ſo well attended to the plain,
Twice fifty noble *Cretans* in his train.
The King the flow'r of all his peerage ſent,
(So *Mentor* counſel'd) and with this intent:
" Be this," ſaid he, " your aim in time of peace,
" T' augment your numbers, and promote increaſe.
" But leſt your ſtate too much their eaſe ſhould love,
" Averſe to arms, and ignorant ſhould prove;
" Send forth your nobles in their blooming years
" To gain experience in ſome foreign wars.
" Theſe may ſuffice to feed the martial fire,
" With love of glory all the reſt t' inſpire
" Teach them to meet ev'n death with fearleſs heart,
" And ſtill preſerve the military art."
Soon from *Salentum* march'd the high allies,
Charm'd with her Prince, and his adviſer wiſe:
Well pleas'd to find *Telemachus* attend,
Who only griev'd at parting from his friend.
While theſe depart a ſolemn leave to take,
And vow'd a truce no time ſhould ever break;
Lock'd in his *Mentor*'s arms the youth appears,
Hung o'er his neck, and bath'd him with his tears.
" No more," ſaid he, " can I my grief controul:
" Alas! this parting racks me to the ſoul.
" Inſenſible to fame, and all her charms,
" The pomp of conqueſt; and the blaze of arms;
" Again, methinks, I view thoſe wretched days
" When forc'd in *Egypt* from your fond embrace;
" A wretched exile I with pain ſurviv'd,
" Of ev'ry hope of your return depriv'd."
To raiſe his drooping heart, and calm his mind,
With ſweeteſt accent *Mentor* thus rejoin'd.
" Far diff'rent parting this, from that before:
" Spontaneous, ſhort, and conqueſt to explore.
" 'Tis fit, my ſon, more courage you expreſs:
" Still may you love, but with affection leſs.
" Uſe you at length to live without your friend
" Who will not always on your ſteps attend.
" 'Tis wiſdom, virtue, ſhould your actions fire:
" And more than *Mentor*'s precepts ſhould inſpire."
The Goddeſs here, who long by *Mentor* veil'd
From mortal eyes, her radiant form conceal'd,

Her flaming Ægis o'er his ſhoulders plac'd,
Inſpir'd new courage; and his ſtrength increas'd.
With ſenſe, and foreſight, now enrich'd his mind:
And modeſt thoughts; with merit rarely join'd.
" Away," ſhe cried, " and to no dangers yield
" When fit occaſion calls you to the field!
" A coward Prince is more inglorious far
" Than one untutor'd in the ſchool of war.
" The valiant chief muſt bid adieu to fear,
" From all ſuſpicions of that fault be clear.
" If this the care of ev'ry ſtate demand,
" To ſave its chief who muſt the reſt command!
" With greater reaſon may that chief deſire
" That ev'ry eye his fortitude admire.
" Be this great truth imprinted in your breaſt,
" That one by Heav'n ordain'd to rule the reſt,
" Should be their model; ſhould be free from blame,
" And kindle in their hearts an equal flame.
" Let valour then *Ulyſſes'* ſon commend,
" Refuſe no perils which to glory tend.
" But rather bravely in the field expire,
" Than any ſhould ſuſpect your martial fire.
" When honour calls, the flatterer accurſt
" To check your noble ardour will be firſt:
" And yet if heeded; will be firſt to ſay
" You wanted courage, and his Prince betray.
" Yet court not danger raſhly, and in vain;
" When you by daring no advantage gain.
" Valour's no virtue, but an empty ſound,
" Unleſs conjoin'd with prudence it be found.
" Contempt of life without ſome certain baſe,
" Is brutal fierceneſs, infamy, diſgrace.
" Whoe'er in dangers is not ſtill the ſame,
" Deſerves a bully's, not an hero's name.
" His tortur'd ſoul tranſported muſt appear,
" Ere he can riſe ſuperior to his fear.
" For ſimple nature is in him too weak,
" Some foreign aid is he reduc'd to ſeek.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 283, *Hom. Od.* 1.
Verſe 298, *Liv.* lib. 7.

" In

" In ſuch a ſtate ſhould he diſdain to fly,
" He'll loſe that precious gem his liberty:
" O'erwhelm'd with anxious doubts his breaſt he'll
" find,
" Want that compos'd, that ſteady frame of mind;
" To give juſt orders in thoſe conflicts rude,
" And take th' advantage for his country's good.
" For grant him all the private ſoldier's fire,
" Yet wants he judgment ſuch as chiefs require:
" Nay, ev'ry private centinel can ſhow
" More of true courage, than this wretch can know.
" The meaneſt ſoldier muſt be free from dread,
" Be firm, be ſteady, to obey his head;
" For he who raſhly ſhall his life expoſe,
" May turn the ſcale of vict'ry to his foes:
" Perverts all order, breaks all martial laws;
" And fatal ills may his example cauſe.
" When thus a fond ambition is purſu'd,
" Heedleſs of ſafety, and the public good,
" Reproof, and ſhame, ſhould be its recompence:
" To praiſe, and honour, it hath no pretence.
" Beware, my deareſt child, leſt you purſue
" Ev'n fame, and glory, with too haſty view.
" The way to gain them is, with patient mind
" Compos'd, and calm; to wait th' occaſion kind.
" Then moſt doth virtue merit our eſteem,
" And then with greateſt luſtre doth ſhe beam;
" When humble, plain, and modeſt, ſhe appears:
" No pride indulging, no fantaſtic airs.
" And, in proportion to the toils we know,
" Should both our courage, and our prudence grow.
" For what remains, my ſon, be this your praiſe:
" No envy to attract, no foe to raiſe.
" Nor be you jealous of another's fame,
" But give him all the honours he can claim.
" Yet praiſe diſcreetly: pleas'd the good to tell,
" Forget the ill; and cautiouſly conceal.
" Before the chiefs by long experience taught,
" Appear with modeſt diffidence of thought.
" Grey hairs have wiſdom which you cannot reach:
" With def'rence hear them, nor preſume to teach.

" Adviſe with thoſe whom affable you find,
" Attribute all to their inſtruction kind.
" And ſhun at all times to give ear to thoſe,
" Whoſe pois'nous breath would make thoſe chiefs
" your foes.
" What confidence and truſt to age belongs,
" With freedom give: and if you ſuffer wrongs,
" With honeſt plainneſs open all your heart,
" Explain your reaſons, and thoſe wrongs impart.
" If modeſt Virtue can their boſoms warm,
" You gain your point; your conduct ſure to charm.
" Your dignity of ſoul they'll ſoon diſcern,
" You'll draw that from them which you want to
" learn.
" If they too haughty, and imperious prove,
" And will not deign your ſcruples to remove:
" Then are you certain of the wrongs you bore,
" And that they merit your eſteem no more.
" Acquitted by yourſelf may reſt in peace,
" 'Till foul injuſtice with the war ſhall ceaſe.
" But guard you well that no inſidious tongue,
" Which ſows diſſention through th' embattled
" throng,
" E'er know your grievance, or your heart ſur-
" priſe,
" Whate'er diſhonours from thoſe chiefs may riſe.
" My ſtation ſhall be here—the King to aid
" In all deſigns for public welfare laid.
" To ſhare his labours and with prudent care,
" Teach him how beſt thoſe errors to repair;
" Which evil counſels, and his flatt'rers baſe,
" So late inſpir'd, his kingdom to diſgrace."
The Prince, who now no longer could refrain,
Obſerv'd that Monarch's conduct with diſdain:
His various foibles ſcann'd with eye ſevere,
'Till *Mentor* ſternly check'd his fond career.
" Is this," ſaid he, " a matter of ſurpriſe,
" That ev'n the beſt, the virtuous, and the wiſe,

IMITATION.

Verſe 358, *Cic. Offic.* 1.

" Should

" Should yet be men? and, howſoever great,
" Still ſhew the weakneſs of their mortal ſtate?
" Weigh you aright the precipices found,
" Th' unnumber'd dangers which a throne ſurround?
" 'Tis true *Idomeneus* was early taught,
" With wanton pride, to feed his tow'ring thought.
" But what could ev'n philoſophy avail;
" Who thus exalted, flatter'd, but might fail?
" I grant that thoſe whoſe ſervices he us'd
" Have much their Maſter's confidence abus'd.
" Yet wiſeſt Kings, however great their care,
" Are oft entangled in that fatal ſnare.
" A Sov'reign Prince muſt truſt to many friends,
" Unable of himſelf to gain his ends.
" And private men much better can adjuſt
" The various taſk, and know to whom they truſt.
" In courts all maſk'd appear: and monarchs live
" By crowds encompaſs'd, practis'd to deceive.
" Alas! my deareſt youth, too ſoon you'll find
" How very few to virtue are inclin'd.
" Long may you ſtrive thoſe virtuous few to gain,
" Long ſeek for talents; and long ſeek in vain.
" Men muſt be tried, and ſifted, ere they're known:
" And ev'ry day no ſooner come, than gone.
" Endleſs purſuit of what is ne'er enjoy'd,
" 'Till firſt in public buſineſs they're employ'd.
" All inconſiſtent, falſe, with private views,
" While each his own dear intereſt purſues.
" Deaf to all counſel, let who will perſuade,
" And rarely better by correction made.
" The greater is your ſtate, the greater far
" In choice of miniſters muſt be your care:
" Numbers are wanting to ſupport your throne,
" And do what kings can never do alone.
" Yet in proportion to the crowd you uſe,
" Muſt be the riſque, and danger when you chuſe.
" A man to-day with unrelenting eyes
" May wretched monarchs cenſure and deſpiſe:

IMITATION.

Vol. 4 6, *Cic. Offic.* 1.

" And

" And yet to-morrow, ſhould he bear the ſway,
" Act the ſame follies, and ſtill more than they.
" The private ſtation if with prudence join'd,
" Can cover all infirmities of mind:
" Shew talents to the ſight moſt paſſing fair,
" And make men worthy of all ranks appear.
" But 'tis pre-eminence alone can prove
" Our worth; the ſphere in which we ought to
" move:
" As optic glaſſes of contrivance rare,
" Preſent all objects greater than they are;
" So is't with grandeur, and exalted height,
" Which ſets all failings in a ſtronger light.
" Where ev'ry ſlip may dire events create,
" And ev'ry fault, convulſions in a ſtate.
" Where ev'ry eye is ſtill intent on one,
" And ready all to ſtigmatize the throne.
" Yet thoſe who judge, but little know the cares,
" Are unacquainted with the weight he bears.
" With ſtricteſt rigour all his actions ſcan,
" Would have him perfect, and be more than man.
" Be ſov'reign Princes ne'er ſo wiſe, and good,
" Weakneſs is ſtill inherent in their blood.
" Their genius has its bounds, their virtue too:
" Their paſſions, habits, humours, ebb and flow.
" They ſhare in common with each other man,
" Nor eaſy is't the maſtery to gain.
" Surrounded by a falſe deſigning band,
" No ſuccour find they ready at their hand:
" Freſh diſappointments meeting ev'ry hour
" Or from themſelves, or delegated pow'r.
" One fault repair'd, another inſtant ſprings:
" Such the condition of the beſt of Kings.
" The longeſt reign, with greateſt bleſſings
" crown'd,
" Will much too ſhort for their deſigns be found:
" Thoſe wounds to heal, thoſe errors to retrieve,
" Which they at firſt too trifling might believe.

IMITATION.

Verſ 456, *Ter. Adelph.*

" All

" All theſe, and more, a thouſand, thouſand woes
" To conſtant dangers royalty expoſe.
" Nature muſt bend beneath th' oppreſſive weight,
" And we ſhould pity, and bewail their fate.
" Have we not cauſe to pity their diſtreſs,
" Who 'midſt ſuch numbers ſhall the helm poſſeſs;
" Whoſe wants are infinite; whom few indeed
" Can fitly rule, while they the means impede.
" In truth, mankind with ſorrow may reflect,
" That none can e'er ſufficiently protect;
" None like themſelves; who like indulgence aſk:
" The Gods alone are fitted to the taſk.
" Yet Kings their grief in ſtronger terms may
" ſpeak,
" That mortals as they are, imperfect, weak;
" They're ſtill compell'd o'er multitudes to reign,
" Of heart corrupt, deceitful, and profane."
Lively to this *Telemachus* return'd—
" By pers'nal faults this King his ruin earn'd.
" Theſe loſt him *Crete*, and his paternal throne;
" Who, but for you, had been again undone."
" His faults," ſaid *Mentor*, " I acknowledge great:
" But ſearch you *Greece*, ſearch ev'ry poliſh'd ſtate;
" Find, if you can, a ſingle Prince whoſe fame
" Is all unſullied; and deſerves not blame.
" The greateſt genius in the peopled earth,
" Hath in his very frame, and from his birth,
" Some ruling paſſion, which betrays him ſtill
" And draws him on inſenſibly to ill.
" Thoſe are the greateſt, moſt deſerve reſpect,
" Who dare acknowledge, and their faults correct.
" Think you *Ulyſſes*, your much honour'd ſire,
" (Model of *Greece*, whoſe virtues all ſhould fire)
" Think you, all great and glorious though he be,
" He lives from foibles, and from failings free?
" If wiſe *Minerva* had been leſs his friend,
" Who inch by inch did on his ſteps attend,

IMITATION.

Verſe 502, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 3.

" How

" How oft had he, unequal to the weight,
" A wretched victim fall'n to adverſe fate!
" How oft has *Pallas*, guardian of his life,
" Reſtrain'd, upheld him in the glorious ſtrife!
" To lead him ſafely to a deathleſs fame
" Through virtue's paths, and eternize his name!
" But think not yet, when high in regal ſtate
" Enthron'd you view him at his native ſeat:
" (A glorious ſight which you ſhall ſurely ſee)
" To find him there from imperfections free.
" *Greece*, *Aſia*, lov'd him in deſpight of theſe:
" And farthelt iſles remov'd by diſtant ſeas.
" The thouſand ſhining qualities which grace,
" Dart ſuch a luſtre, as his faults efface.
" Happy! if you thoſe qualities admire,
" And as your pattern imitate your ſire!
" Uſe you betimes with prudence to reflect;
" From mortals mortal excellence expect.
" Raw unexperienc'd youth will raſhly blame,
" And takes diſguſt at what might lead to fame.
" Thus prepoſſeſs'd no virtues they diſcern,
" And find it all impoſſible to learn.
" 'Tis not enough *Ulyſſes* you ſhould praiſe,
" Reſpect, revere, and emulate his ways,
" Imperfect as he is: but you muſt love
" The poor *Idomeneus* whom I reprove.
" Good is his nature, gen'rous, and ſincere,
" His views are upright, and his conſcience clear,
" Brave as the braveſt: whoſe unfetter'd ſoul
" No falſhood ſtains, no vices can controul.
" His outward talents great without diſguiſe,
" And all proportion'd to his ſtation riſe.
" That winning ſweetneſs, and that patient ear,
" With which he deigns the worſt of truths to hear,
" Avows his crimes with purpoſe to amend,
" And never more his people to offend;

IMITATION.

Verſe 536, *Sen. Epiſ.* 28 and 57.

" Self-

" Self-conquer'd make him ſeem a King com-
" pleat,
" And ſpeak a ſoul magnificently great.
" A proſp'rous ſtate, or counſels of a friend,
" May private life from certain faults defend:
" But 'tis uncommon virtue muſt engage
" The flatter'd tyrant, to ſuſpend his rage.
" And far more glorious is it thus to riſe,
" Than if no errors ſhould his heart ſurpriſe.
" Perhaps none faulty like *Salentum*'s King:
" But none ſuch proofs of reformation bring.
" For me, his virtues I admire, and love,
" Ev'n then when moſt his conduct I reprove.
" Admire him you: for know theſe counſels kind
" Are leſs for him than for yourſelf deſign'd."
By words like theſe ſage *Mentor* ſtrove t' explain
The foul injuſtice of thoſe cenſures vain;
When we to any our diſlike declare,
Thoſe chief, who burdens of a ſtate ſhall bear.
He ended thus—" 'Tis time you now purſue
" Your deſtin'd march; my deareſt Prince, Adieu!
" One thing remember; thoſe who heav'n revere,
" From puny mortals can have nought to fear.
" Here will I wait, while you untaught to yield
" Shall combat greateſt dangers in the field.
" Be ſtrong: be this your comfort in diſtreſs;
" *Pallas* ſhall aid you, *Pallas* give ſucceſs."
Here felt *Telemachus* a ſecret joy,
Minerva's bounties all his thoughts employ.
'Twas ſhe, 'twas *Pallas*, as he thought, that ſpake;
Who thus of *Mentor* call'd th' idea back.
" My ſon, forget not my repeated cares,
" And what I ſuffer'd in your tender years.
" The pains I took to make you wiſe, and good;
" Valiant like him, whence you derive your blood.
" Do nought unworthy of *Ulyſſes*' fame,
" Obſerve my precepts, and incur no blame."

IMITATION.

Verſe 567, *Hom. Odyſſ.* 1.

Now

Now roſe the golden Sun with dazzling ray,
The mountain tops proclaim'd approaching day.
Forth from the town the ſceptred Kings in haſte
In bright proceſſion to their forces paſt.
Th' imbattled troops around *Salentum* ſpread,
All ſtrike their tents; and march beneath their head.
On ev'ry ſide was ſeen the briſtling ſpear,
The flaming buckler, and the blaze of war;
With clouds of duſt which darken'd all the air:
Salentum's Monarch with his faithful friend,
Far as the diſtant plains their ſteps attend.
When halting there all take a tender leave,
And in remembrance kind ſome pledge receive.
All doubts now vaniſh, and all ſcruples ceaſe,
Th' allies depended on a laſting peace:
Plainly they ſaw the *Cretan*'s noble mind,
Which babbling fame deſcrib'd of diff'rent kind;
Yet thoſe who judg'd, no certain rule could frame;
In heart, in nature, he was ſtill the ſame:
But was by wicked flatterers ſeduc'd,
To them he truſted; was by them abus'd.
Scarce was the army with its leaders gone,
When through all quarters of his infant town
The *Cretan* Prince his kind aſſociate brought:
To learn his ſenſe, and eager to be taught.
"Firſt then," ſaid *Mentor*, "let us fairly ſee
"In town, and country, what your tribes may be?
"Compute their numbers, and attempt to find
"Of theſe what ſtock of the laborious kind?
"Next let us view the product of your ſoil,
"What annual profit to reward their toil;
"What *Ceres*' golden gifts; what fruitage ſprings,
"Wine, oil, and other neceſſary things?
"By this may we diſcover by degrees,
"If earth repays you with a due increaſe,
"To feed theſe ſubjects, to ſupply your court;
"If you have ought ſuperfl'ous to export?
"Proceed we next to view your naval ſtore,
"Thus can we judge preciſely of your pow'r."
He ſaid, and to the harbour took his way,
Examin'd ev'ry veſſel in the bay:

What

What was its market, whither did it trade,
What it return'd; what merchandiſe convey'd?
Th' expence to fit them for each foreign land,
And what the credit merchants would demand?
He next enquir'd what companies there were,
And if their charters were obſerv'd with care;
To ſum up all, what dang'rous riſques they ran
Of ev'ry kind, as well as from the main:
Preventing thus the ruin of all thoſe
Who life, and fortune, will for gain expoſe.
His ſentence was—that ev'ry Bankrupt baſe
Some penalty incur, ſome foul diſgrace:
Since e'n thoſe few of reputation clear
Are avaricious, and proceed too far.
T' aboliſh this, he regulations made,
That none henceforth a bankrupt be in trade:
Appointed Magiſtrates to take th' amount
Of all effects; and keep a ſtrict account.
What gains, and what expence in foreign land,
And what the enterprize each took in hand?
Permitting none to riſque another's goods,
Or truſt their own whole fortune to the floods.
Societies he prov'd could bear the ſtorm,
And act what ſingly none could e'er perform.
He urg'd obedience with ſevereſt clauſe,
And pains, on all that violate their laws.
Thus made he commerce on the open ſea,
Quite unreſtrain'd to all, and wholly free.
No cuſtoms he impos'd, no taxes laid,
Which might obſtruct, or clog the wheels of trade:
But gifts to all propos'd of faireſt ſort,
Who brought the ſtranger to *Salentum*'s port.
From ev'ry climate ſoon, of ev'ry name,
In crowds the merchants to *Salentum* came:
Commerce uprais'd her head with pleaſing pride,
And trade was fix'd unerring as the tide.
From ev'ry quarter treaſures they receive,
And wealth pour'd in like wave ſucceeding wave.

IMITATION.

Verſe 654. *Ov. Met.* 15.

Free were all imports, exports were the ſame:
And nothing uſeleſs to their harbour came.
Whate'er ſuperfluous was rais'd at home,
Left riches more ſubſtantial in its room.
Preſiding Juſtice held aloft her ſcale,
Kept thouſands firm, and ſuffer'd none to fail.
Fair public Faith exerting all her pow'rs,
With candour mounted on theſe royal tow'rs,
Now call'd the traders from far diſtant ſhores.
Whate'er the ſtate or country which they leave,
If whence the Sun from forth the azure wave
Rejoicing comes, or where at eve retires
And in the vaſt *Atlantic* dips his fires;
All here in peace a ſafe aſylum found,
And bleſs *Salentum* as their native ground.
He next th' interior Government ſurvey'd,
Their public works, their magazines, and trade.
Forbidding merchandiſe of ev'ry kind
Which ſerv'd to ſoften, and debaſe the mind.
Fit dreſs, fit food, reſolv'd he to ordain,
And ſhew'd how beſt their ſtation to maintain.
To ev'ry rank fit buildings he aſſign'd,
And proper moveables of ev'ry kind.
No gold, no ſilver, were henceforth allow'd:
And this confirm'd he thus with reaſon good.
" This way alone, *Idomenens*," he cried,
" Shall you ſuppreſs extravagance, and pride:
" Set you th' example firſt; reform your court,
" 'Twill ſoon be follow'd by the meaner ſort.
" External grandeur muſt you ſtill maintain,
" And due reſpect ſhall you with eaſe obtain;
" If guards in public on your perſon wait,
" If compaſs'd round with officers of ſtate.
" Let then your robe attract each vulgar eye,
" Of choiceſt wool compos'd, and *Tyrian* dye.
" The ſelf-ſame wool let all your nobles wear
" But let it diff'rent in its hue appear.
" And let ſome ſlight embroidery of gold
" To yours be added, to enrich the fold.
" Without or ſilver, gold, or precious ſtone;
" By diff'rent colours may all ranks be known.

" Let

" Let Birth precedence have. The foremoſt place
" Be giv'n to Peers of moſt illuſtrious race.
" While thoſe whom you employ in poſt of truſt
" Will acquieſce, and own th' allotment juſt.
" Of ev'ry honour will they yield the prime
" To ſuch as claim from immemorial time.
" Unleſs too high you ſuffer them to ſoar,
" Giddy with wealth, intoxicate with pow'r.
" Be it your care the mod'rate to approve,
" Give modeſt merit your eſteem, and love.
" None live ſo little envied upon earth
" As thoſe of ancient race, and noble birth.
" To cheriſh Virtue next, and actions great,
" And make all forward preſs to ſerve the ſtate,
" Sufficient is it that you all invite;
" That titles, ſtatues, ſhall their zeal requite.
" And that their children ſhall from hence have claim
" To ev'ry honour that may lead to fame.
" White be the garb of thoſe, with fringe of gold,
" Who firſt precedence in your ſtate ſhall hold.
" And let a golden ring their finger grace,
" About their neck a golden medal place
" Expreſſive of yourſelf. The next in blue
" With ſilver fringe, ſhall ſtand expos'd to view:
" The ſelf-ſame ring their peerage ſhall declare,
" But theſe no medal on their breaſt ſhall wear.
" The third next claſs may bear it cloth'd in green,
" On them no ring, no fringe, be ever ſeen.
" The fourth in lively yellow ſhall be dreſt,
" As when *Aurora* ſtreaks the gilded Eaſt.
" The next a diff'rent colour ſhall diſcloſe,
" As blooms the pink, or buds the virgin roſe.
" Leſs bright the ſixth, leſs florid, and leſs gay:
" Grave be their habit, like the vi'let grey.
" While the laſt order ſhall at once unite
" The flaming yellow, with the ſpotleſs white.
" Fit habits here for ev'ry rank you ſee,
" For all conditions you account as free.

IMITATION.

Verſe 711, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* 34.

" The Slaves ſhall all be clad in duſky brown:
" And thus, without expence, may well be known
" Each man's condition; thus you baniſh far
" What arts or uſeleſs, or effem'nate are.
" The Poor, which now ſome dang'rous trade purſue,
" To nobler arts ſhall then direct their view:
" To huſbandry and tillage lend their hand,
" Or aim by commerce to enrich your land.
" No change permit, no diff'rence to ariſe,
" Or in the ſtuff, the faſhion, or the dyes.
" 'Tis all unworthy men of gen'rous mind,
" For ſerious, nobler thoughts by heav'n deſign'd,
" In empty trifles to exert their pow'rs,
" Or affectation vain miſpend their hours.
" Nor ſhould the women, though the ſhame were leſs,
" Be e'er indulg'd in folly, and exceſs."
As when a ſkilful gardener with care
Prunes each luxuriant plant to make it bear;
So labour'd *Mentor*, and with hand as kind,
Retrench'd all Vices that corrupt the mind.
Strict œconomic law to all he gave,
The diet fix'd of freeman and of ſlave.
" Strangely abſurd," he ſaid, " that men of wealth
" Should think it grandeur to impair their health:
" That coſtly viands ſhould ſo much prevail,
" Which ſink the ſoul; and ſad diſeaſe intail!
" By moderation ſhould their bliſs be known,
" By fair beneficence their pow'r be ſhewn.
" By worthy actions ſhould they riſe to fame,
" Perpetuate thus their character, and name
" The ſober palate can with pleaſure taſte
" Of homely diet, and a plain repaſt.
" From temp'rance only we true joys can know,
" That only health, and vigour can beſtow.
" Be then at once all luxury ſuppreſt,
" Yet be their food, and diet of the beſt,
" With no delicious ſauce; exceſs is bane:
" And certain cauſe of miſery to man."

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 756, *Juv. Sat.* 1.
Verſe 770, *Hor.* lib. 1. Sat 7.

The

The King his error inſtantly perceiv'd,
To find his people now ſo long had liv'd
In oppoſition to that ſober law;
By which Great *Minos* kept his *Crete* in awe,
" But ſhould you," *Mentor* ſaid, " this law revive,
" Unleſs yourſelf the great example give,
" 'Twere uſeleſs all—ſince nought can ſanction bring
" Like the fair conduct of a virtuous King."
Then firſt reform'd was ſeen the royal board,
Which now no longer dainties might afford.
The bread indeed was exquiſitely fine,
With frugal portion of *Italian* wine
Of native growth; a noble gen'rous juice,
Such as *Salentum* could herſelf produce.
Meats, plain as thoſe *Idomeneus* had known,
With other *Greeks*, at *Troy*'s devoted town.
None ventur'd to condemn theſe orders good,
Or cenſure meaſures by the King purſu'd.
But all grew wiſe, more frugal than before,
Exceſs was flown, profuſion was no more.
Next *Mentor* labour'd much to baniſh far
Each melting ſound, each ſoft effem'nate air
Of am'rous muſic; and the myſtic ſong
Which to lewd *Bacchus* and his rites belong.
Theſe quench good morals, bring aſſurance vain,
And bad as wine intoxicate the brain.
To genial feaſt was melody aſſign'd,
And ſacred worſhip of the Gods confin'd:
To chant their praiſes, and thoſe heroes brave
Who fair examples to their country gave.
The pediments enrich'd with curious art
For temples of the Gods were ſet apart:
For theſe alone the portico was made,
The ſwelling arch, and ſtately colonade.
For other buildings his decrees ordain
A diff'rent model, elegant, and plain:
Yet ſuch as beauty ſtill preſerv'd, and grace;
And numbers could contain in little ſpace.

IMITATION.

Verſe 806, *Cic. Off.* 1.

Turn'd to ſome healthful point was ev'ry houſe
Whoſe fair apartments independent roſe.
Its order and proportions had regard
To ſtrength alone, and was with eaſe repair'd.
To ev'ry larger fabric he allow'd
One ample parlour, which encompaſs'd ſtood
With ſmall pilaſters fronting to the court;
Near which were lodgings for the better ſort.
In theſe he all magnificence forbad,
Pomp of attendance, and all vain parade.
Thus diff'rent dwellings for all orders ſoon
Delightful roſe, to beautify the town:
At ſmall expence more regular appear'd
Than what the pride of others late had rear'd:
Which though ſuperb, and exquiſite to ſight,
Were leſs convenient, and gave leſs delight.
Small time ſuffic'd this infant town to grace,
In troops the workmen flock'd from ev'ry place.
Whate'er of ſkill adjoining *Greece* could boaſt,
Whate'er be furniſh'd from th' *Epirot* coaſt.
The terms were theſe—that when their toil was done,
They ſhould poſſeſs the ſuburbs of the town:
There clear the waſte, and till the barren ground,
There multiply, and fill the country round.
To make the canvaſs breathe, to ſpeak the ſtone,
Were arts too high for *Mentor* to diſown:
Yet he confin'd th' employment to a few,
Nor would that multitudes thoſe arts purſue.
He founded ſchools in which ſhould men preſide
Of taſte exact, and their diſciples guide.
"In arts," ſaid he, "which needleſs may appear,
"All ſhould be great, be ſtriking, and be rare.
"Then ſuffer none within theſe ſchools to dwell
"But youths of genius, likely to excel.
"By ſouls leſs great be other arts purſu'd,
"Which more contribute to the public good:
"Great acts, and men t' immortalize, will aſk
"Both paint, and ſculpture; and be this their taſk.
"Let public virtue, actions of renown,
"In public buildings then be fairly ſhewn.

"Let

" Let acts like theſe your monuments adorn,
" And publiſh worth to ages yet unborn."
Nor frugal as he was, did *Mentor* ſpare
T' erect the Theatre, the Circus fair,
Where fi'ry ſteeds might urge the rapid race,
And whirl the chariot through the duſty ſpace.
Where brawny wreſtlers might diſpute the field,
Where the ſtout boxer might his ceſtus wield:
Or other exerciſe of diff'rent kind
For man's improvement, and his health deſign'd
Unnumber'd trades reſolv'd he to ſuppreſs
Which foreign faſhions introduc'd, and dreſs:
The gay embroid'ry of exceſſive price,
And figur'd plate extravagantly nice;
Where to the raviſh'd ſight at once were giv'n
Men, beaſts, and birds, and Deities of Heav'n:
And order'd none henceforward ſhould preſume
Strong liquors to retail, or choice perfume.
The plaineſt furniture to all their tribes,
And ſuch as might endure, he next preſcribes.
Convincing thoſe who now as poor complain
What riches ſtill ſuperfluous remain.
Yet wealth like this deceitful is and baſe:
Would they true wealth, true affluence embrace,
A diff'rent courſe muſt they reſolve to ſteer,
And humbly ſtoop from that exalted ſphere.
The way to wealth, is heartily to hate
Whate'er we find impoveriſh the ſtate:
Curb wanton pride, and that alone deſire,
Which ſimple Nature, and her wants require.
Their arms, their magazines, he next reviews
If all were fit, and ready for their uſe?
" The ſureſt method to avoid a war
" Is this," he cried, " for battle to prepare."
Alas! he found deficiency in all,
And proclamations iſſu'd forth to call
The various artiſts, who ſhould moſt excel
In works of braſs, of iron, or of ſteel.

IMITATION.

Verſe 876, *Lucret.* lib. 5.

On

On ev'ry ſide the heated furnace glows,
While clouds of ſmoak, and bick'ring flames aroſe.
As when with front terrific *Ætna* ſhrowds
Her awful brow, with whirlwinds and with clouds:
While ever and anon, as ſhe reſpires,
Vaſt cakes are thrown of ſubterranean fires.
The beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
The neighb'ring hills, and all the coaſt around
Re-echo to the ſtroke. It ſeem'd that iſle
Where mighty *Vulcan* condeſcends to toil:
Where at his word the *Cyclops* rude are driv'n
To forge new thunders for the King of Heav'n.
Thus in profoundeſt peace, through *Mentor*'s care,
Were fit proviſions making for a war.
With him the Monarch left his town a while,
To view a vaſt uncultivated ſoil:
Their preſent arable lay half untill'd,
Though ev'ry part would fruits abundant yield.
But penury, and ſloth, depreſs'd their mind,
They wanted utenſils of ev'ry kind:
No proper huſbandry could there be found
Where hands were wanting to improve the ground.
" Dread Sir," ſaid *Mentor*, " you perceive how
" ſtor'd,
" How ready is this earth t' enrich its lord.
" But lords are much too few, or rather none:
" Take we all uſeleſs artiſts from your town!
" Teach them t' improve theſe hills, theſe beauteous
" plains,
" Who now corrupt our morals by their pains.
" 'Tis true that thoſe who ſedentary live,
" Brought up to trades which no fatigue can give;
" Are ill diſpos'd to cultivate their land:
" But, lo! I ſee a remedy at hand.
" 'Mong theſe, partition of your lands be made,
" And call the neighb'ring nations to their aid;

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 894, *Virg. Æn.* 8.
Verſe 903, *Virg. Georg.* 1.

" Let

" Let them be lords, let them poſſeſſion have;
" And let the ſtrangers for their ſervice ſlave.
" Hard will they toil, ſhould you a promiſe make
" They of the riſing profits ſhall partake:
" Theſe, as you liſt, ingraft into your ſtate;
" Which greatly wants its numbers to compleat.
" If theſe obſervant of the laws ſhall prove,
" If they by diligence deſerve your love;
" No better ſubjects can a throne ſurround,
" None more conducive to your pow'r be found.
" Meanwhile thoſe artiſts from the town remov'd,
" Shall teach their infants and their ſons belov'd,
" To reliſh all the ſweets the country yields,
" And work with pleaſure in theſe healthful fields.
" Your builders too, that late from *Greece* arriv'd,
" And your metropolis ſo well contriv'd;
" All ſtand engag'd, with unremitting pains,
" To labour for you, and to rid your plains.
" Whenever theſe your city ſhall compleat;
" Account them all as members of your ſtate:
" And they with ſecret tranſport ſhall be fill'd,
" To live ſecure in government ſo mild.
" As theſe from youth have been inur'd to toil,
" If once they gain an int'reſt in the ſoil,
" Mix'd with what artiſts from the town you draw,
" Their good example will thoſe artiſts awe.
" Th' event will be—with ſuch a ſturdy race
" You'll find your tribes and huſbandry increaſe.
" Nor doubt but people num'rous as the ſand
" Will quickly multiply, and fill the land:
" If you by wedlock forward the deſign,
" And make it eaſy in thoſe bands to join.
" Obvious the way— for moſt incline to wed,
" 'Tis want that frights them from the marriage bed.
" Let but your taxes and your impoſt ceaſe,
" Men and their families ſhall live in peace.
" The grateful earth will never fail to feed
" Th' induſtrious ſwain, and ſatisfy his need.

IMITATION.

Verſe 958, *Virg. Georg.* 2.

" None

" None feel the pinch of famine, and diſtreſs,
" But thoſe who earn it by inglorious eaſe.
" With num'rous offspring be the lab'rer crown'd,
" (If good the Prince) his wealth ſhall more abound.
" His tender infants are his comforts made,
" And early to their ſire ſhall furniſh aid.
" The puny ſtripling is a guardian good,
" While bleating flocks ſhall crop their flow'ry food.
" Thoſe more advanc'd, to greater truſts preferr'd
" In verdant vales may tend the lowing herd.
" And thoſe who now to manhood ſhall aſpire,
" Shall in the furrow'd field attend their ſire.
" Meanwhile the mother, as her part beſeems,
" Shall mingle with her maids the dulcet creams:
" Shall for her ſpouſe, and much lov'd boys, prepare
" The homely diet, and the ſimple fare.
" What time fatigu'd they homeward bend their
" way,
" Spent with the toil, and labour of the day;
" She with unſparing hand the wood ſhall pile,
" Round which the happy ſwains their cares beguile
" With jocund ſong, and tale, the live long night,
" Till gentle ſlumbers ſhall to reſt invite.
" Shall preſs the ſnowy curd, and from her ſtore
" Bring forth her firmeſt fruits, her cheſnut-ſhow'r:
" Fair as when Autumn gilds the various year,
" And they ungather'd on the ſtalk appear.
" With joyous pipe returns the jovial ſwain,
" And to his liſtning tribe in ſportive vein
" Repeats incondite rhythms, or carrols new;
" Which from the neighb'ring villagers he drew.
" Lo! *Colin* drives from field th' inverted plow,
" With necks reclin'd th' o'erlabour'd oxen go,
" Nor heed the goad, with feeble ſtep, and ſlow.
" Yet all their labours with the day have end,
" And ſleep with poppies crown'd, a common friend,

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 972, *Hor. Epod.* 2.
Verſe 990, *Virg. Georg.* 2.
Verſe 994, *Hor.* lib. 3. Ode. 1.

" Sheds

" Sheds balmy dews on all; as heav'n ordain'd:
" And charms all nature with his vapours bland.
" Black care is hush'd: each lock'd in sweet repose,
" To-morrow's trouble nor regards, nor knows.
" Hail! happy race, who no distrust can feel,
" Whose breast no pangs of dire ambition swell.
" Hail! happy race, if heav'n a Prince shall send
" Of worth, your harmless freedom to defend.
" But oh! what words can paint the savage mind
" Which (mad with pride, or with ambition blind)
" Would rob them of the fruits which Nature gives,
" So dearly bought with labour of their lives?
" She, bounteous Queen, beneficent and good,
" Would furnish millions with all proper food.
" 'Tis pride, and those who most her gifts abuse,
" To sore distress such multitudes reduce."
" But what," replied *Idomeneus*, " if these
" Transplanted from the town prefer their ease;
" And should refuse to cultivate, and sow,
" The fair possessions which I thus bestow?"
" If so," said *Mentor*, " use a method new;
" Diff'rent from that which other Kings pursue.
" Them av'rice prompts to load with heavy hand
" Th' industrious peasant, who the most has gain'd:
" Their tax to raise this seems the readiest way,
" Thus drones escape, and nothing find to pay.
" A rule so bad by you be ne'er pursu'd;
" Thus to oppress the virtuous and the good,
" Give countenance to vice, encourage sloth;
" At once to ruin Prince, and people both.
" Lay you new taxes, and amercements great,
" With pains on all who thus defraud the state.
" As martial laws the coward slave requite,
" That quits his station in the dang'rous fight.
" Exempt from tribute let th' industrious live,
" To these all favour, all indulgence give.
" Augment those tokens of your princely love
" As they increase and shall your soil improve.

IMITATION.

Verse 999, *Virg. Georg.* 2.

" Soon

" Soon ſhall you find them multiply apace,
" Labour no more ſhall be eſteem'd diſgrace:
" Shall be their choice, and in repute ſhall grow,
" When no obſtructions in their way you throw.
" The ſelf-ſame hands victorious in the field
" Shall then be ſeen th' enormous plough to wield;
" And equal honour will it ſoon be found
" T' improve, as to defend their native ground.
" Then crown'd with golden ears ſhall *Ceres* reign,
" And univerſal *Pan* o'erſpread the plain.
" While ſmiling *Bacchus* under foot ſhall preſs
" The purple grape, and ev'ry hill poſſeſs.
" A glorious vintage ſhall thoſe hills produce,
" And roll a torrent of nectareous juice.
" Each winding ſtream and vocal vale along,
" Shall echo blithe repeat the rural ſong;
" While oaten reeds accompany the lay,
" And the ſleek heifer ſhall ſecurely play
" In flow'ry lawns; or by the riv'let clear;
" And from the prowling wolf have nought to fear.
" O ſay, *Idomeneus*, appears not this
" The height of happineſs, and earthly bliſs:
" Thus to diſpenſe felicity to thoſe
" As yet unborn, fix nations in repoſe?
" And is not fame, like this, more brilliant far,
" Than all ambition yields, or raging war?
" Which, ev'n in conqueſt, worſt of ills is found,
" Makes ſcience languiſh, ſpreads deſpair a-
" round,

NOTE.

Verſe 1042, *And univerſal* Pan—The God *Pan* was originally worſhipped at *Mendes* in *Egypt*, but ſeems likewiſe to have been the peculiar favourite of the *Arcadians*; who repreſented him under the form of a goat, and erected a famous temple to him in the city of *Tegea*.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 1043, *Virg. Georg.* 1.
Verſe 1047, *Hor.* lib. 4 Ode. 12.

" And

" And ſcarce the victor ſpares: while in her rear
" Devouring plagues, and peſtilence appear?
" Thrice bleſt the Prince to whom kind heav'n
" imparts
" A ſoul ſublime to gain his people's hearts.
" Whoſe glorious reign ſuch virtues ſhall adorn
" As merit praiſe from ages yet unborn!
" No conqueſt wants he to whom none are foes,
" No race ſo brutiſh would his arms oppoſe:
" Th' united earth will at his footſtool fall,
" And hail him lord of the terreſtrial ball." 1070
" Alas!" the King return'd, " when thus in
" peace
" My people flouriſh, and ſhall faſt increaſe;
" They'll feel of luxury the potent charm,
" And turn the pow'r I give them to my harm."
" Fear not," ſaid *Mentor*: " 'tis the poor pretence
" Of flatt'rers vile with Princes of expence.
" Who, to ſupport extravagance ſo great,
" Muſt load with taxes their unhappy ſtate.
" 'Tis anſwer'd thus—The laws we now decree
" Leave none from cares of agriculture free. 1080
" Bleſt as they are with neceſſary things,
" Hence no exceſs, and no diſorder ſprings.
" All pomp is flown.—Their plenty will be leſs
" When *Hymen* reigns, and families increaſe.
" When each is num'rous, and their ſoil is ſcant;
" All muſt inceſſant toil, or ſuffer want.
" Sloth and th' indulgence of their vain deſire,
" Make men revolt, and feed rebellion's fire.
" Bread they will have, and plenty crown their board:
" But this will nought ſuperfluous afford. 1090
" Nought but thoſe fruits, the product of their lands,
" By ſweat obtain'd, and labour of their hands.
" In temp'rance thus your people to retain,
" For ev'ry houſe fit lands muſt you ordain.
" In ſeven fair ranks your ſubjects may you view:
" To each preſerve we its precedence due.
" Let then no member of whatever claſs
" Preſume ſome certain boundaries to paſs:
" Let none pretend his meaſure is too ſhort,
" But all have land ſufficient for ſupport. 1100

" This rule once fix'd, the Peer's ſuperior pow'r
" Will ne'er be able to oopreſs the poor:
" All will have ground, yet properly confin'd;
" And thence t' improve it be the more inclin'd.
" In future times, if your domain be ſtrait,
" Lead forth your tribes to aggrandize your ſtate.
" One thing beſide muſt you obſerve with care,
" That none of wine enjoy too great a ſhare:
" If vineyards now too numerous be found,
" Give orders they be thinn'd, and rid the ground.
" For nought like wine diſorders can create
" Diſeaſes, ſloth, ſedition, and debate.
" This as a cordial-med'cine ſhould you give
" To ſolace ſorrow, and the ſick relieve:
" Or keep it as a thing ſelect, and nice,
" For annual feaſt, and ſolemn ſacrifice.
" Yet hope not this important point to gain,
" Unleſs yourſelf obſerve the golden mean.
" In Virtue's paths to lead the riſing age
" No laws like thoſe of *Minos* can engage.
" Thoſe ſtrictly keep. And public ſchools erect
" T' improve their minds, their innocence protect.
" In theſe of piety be lectures giv'n,
" Reſpect of laws, and reverence of Heav'n.
" Teach them in theſe to hold their honour dear:
" To wealth, to pleaſure, and to life prefer.
" Next to your aid you Magiſtrates muſt call,
" To watch the morals and the ways of all.
" Watch them yourſelf,—for this your rule you hold,
" That as a ſhepherd you ſhould guard your fold.
" And day and night with vigilance attend,
" Your flock from ev'ry danger to defend.
" When thus a Monarch ſhall his care diſplay,
" To ills unnumber'd ſhall he ſtop the way.
" Should any crimes your diligence elude,
" Be they at once with vengeance due purſu'd.
" To puniſh ſome will clemency appear,
" If thus of vice you check the dread career.

IMITATION.

Verſe 1110, *Sueton. in Domit.* cap. 7.

" Blood

" Blood ſhed in time great quantity may ſave,
" Without repeating, you'll obedience have.
" But oh! th' infernal rule, whence is it grown,
" By ſad oppreſſion to preſerve the Throne?
" Leave men in ign'rance, nor their minds improve
" By Virtue's laws, nor aim to gain their love?
" Drive them through fury, and forlorn deſpair,
" To kindle in the ſtate rebellious war.
" Till free no more, they ſeize the fatal hour,
" To ſtrip the tyrant of his boaſted pow'r?
" Is this conducive to a tranquil reign,
" Are theſe the means true glory to attain?
" This truth imprint then on your inmoſt ſoul;
" The nations aw'd with abſolute controul
" Are thoſe where Princes have the leaſt to boaſt
" Of ſov'reign pow'r, and rule a ſlaviſh hoſt;
" Who ſeize all riches with rapacious hand,
" And reign alone in a deſerted land.
" Then Science droops; the fertile field no more
" With fair increaſe the granary ſhall ſtore.
" Diſpeopled towns proclaim an iron reign,
" And languid Commerce feels the mighty drain.
" When ſubjects fail, th' exiſtence ends of Kings;
" From them their grandeur and their glory ſprings.
" That Monarch ſure is to himſelf a foe
" Who ſtops the fountains whence his riches flow.
" Of wealth and men th' unhappy realm deprive;
" The laſt a wound incurable ſhall give.
" For ſay what comfort can the Sov'reign have
" Whoſe ev'ry ſubject is a lifeleſs ſlave?
" They crouch indeed, and ſeemingly adore,
" Shrink at his nod, and tremble at his pow'r:
" But reſt a little, and with patience wait;
" The meaneſt efforts ſhall unhinge a ſtate.
" This tame ſubmiſſion will be quickly paſt,
" This pow'r prove too extravagant to laſt.
" No refuge has it in the people's love;
" Fatigu'd, enrag'd, they ev'ry prop remove:

IMITATION.

Verſe 1174, *Hor.* lib. 3, Ode. 4.

" Conſtrain'd

Conſtrain'd are all by ſuch tyrannic ſway,
" To hope advantage from ſome happier day.
" Behold! at once, and with the ſlighteſt ſtroke,
" Low at their feet the painted idol broke.
" Hate, rage, contempt ſhall animate the fight:
" Diſtruſt, and fear, all paſſions ſhall unite;
" And who in zenith of his pow'r could find
" No ſingle friend that durſt reveal his mind;
" Shall, in diſtreſs, no ſingle mortal know,
" That will excuſe or ſave him from the foe."
This converſe o'er; as *Mentor* had ordain'd,
The *Cretan* Prince diſtributed his land:
With uſeleſs artiſts ſtock'd each vacant field,
And all directions haſtily fulfill'd.
But for the builders kept their deſtin'd ſeat,
Till theſe their labours in the town compleat.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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